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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1894.

THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER.

By J. W. SHERER, C.S.I.

I.

YES, she was really engaged. The proposal had been made at the picnic in Jan Alee's garden, and the answer, postponed for parental advice, was finally favourable. Had she done right? She thought she had—because a girl coming out to well-placed people in India was expected to marry someone, and there was nothing against the man she had accepted but his age. He was quite fifty, and she only twenty-one. As he was very healthy, however, he might live till eighty. Fifty to eighty—(thirty years); a good long spell of happy married life, and age got over—all was right. A civilian, pleasant-looking, with a good professional income, some private means; a nice house, Calcutta furniture, &c. She had certainly done right. His age was tiresome, but there are drawbacks to everything.

Marrying Henry Wilmot would have been different, but the whole affair with him had somewhat the aspect of a fairy tale. It failed in actuality. He would have proposed certainly, but he was poor. She would have accepted him, if her people would have allowed her, but they would not have done so. Dreams, dreams! He had probably forgotten her—nay worse, was engaged, it might well be, to some one else.

These thoughts were coursing through the brain of Ellen Woodford, as she sat in the summer-house of her father's garden at Gokul,

a small station in North-West India. It was a Sunday, towards the close of November ; there was no riding that morning, and it was nearly seven, but Ella did not order tea, as Mr. Stanton would be sure to come. What had occurred in Jan Alee's garden was known to the small community of the station, but it was not to be publicly talked about till after the large party the Collector proposed giving on the next Tuesday. A horse's hoofs were heard, and a servant springing up from behind some bushes, announced "Miss Baba, the Collector Sahib." On this, a well-built man with blue eyes and brown hair powdered with incipient grey, entered the summer-house. Ella ordered tea, and as the servant disappeared, Stanton took her gently in his arms and kissed her. After a few mutual inquiries, the Collector said : "I did a stroke of business yesterday. Early in the morning I heard that H.M.'s 22nd Hussars (the Win or Fall Boys), will pass through a corner of my district, and halt Tuesday night within twenty miles. So I sent a fellow to their camp to ask any who liked to come to the party. The answer has just arrived. Murray, who commands, is a friend of mine. He will come, and will bring Ellis and Lovell. Algy Lovell, it seems, is their show-man. So I have made a hit, I think. I have promised to horse a dog-cart for them."

"I dare say they dance well," cried Ella ; "it will be great fun. You have managed capitally."

How little they knew what they were saying !

We remember the scenery of our important moments : and Ella often afterwards associated the striped squirrels crossing the paths, the crested hoopoo nodding his head as he picked up the ants, the white trumpet-flowers of the *Millingtonia* already loosening from the boughs, the whole vignette in short of the harbour, with the announcement of the advent of the hussars.

Ella was daughter to the district judge, and had arrived in October. Her parents had had good health, and had therefore not been much at home, so that she scarcely knew them. She had been brought up by two excellent maiden ladies, who, if they had only secured her the usual shallow education, had at least attended to her health. During her last year in England, her mother's clergyman brother had obtained a living near Reading, at which place Ella resided. He hastened, on, for the first time, having suitable accommodation, to ask his niece to spend her summer holidays with his family. There was at the vicarage a pupil polishing his classics up before final examinations at Oxford, whose name was Henry Wilmot. He was very bright and cultivated, and intercourse with him seemed to the

girl, who had had up to that time little expansion, like the discovery of new worlds. There were all the materials for a first love, and indeed it was present, but with no favourable auguries. Wilmot was poor; he had little but his brains, and they are equivalent naturally at first to a very small income. Ella was tacitly predestined to an advantageous match elsewhere.

Very sensibly, they did not entangle themselves in conditional promises—acquiescent in that sorrowful adage ‘it might have been otherwise,’ and so parted. But Ella had had her vision of loftier possibilities, and it rested with her—a lasting memory if not an active influence.

George Stanton was not what is called clever, but he was an active-minded man, and with good sense got on very fairly. The natives liked him, for though strict he was just, and listened to no tale-bearer. He had refused a judgeship, for he felt a distaste for the niceties of law, and loved the freedom of district life—the shooting, the tenting tours, and the intercourse with the farmers and the peasants.

It had never been thought that Stanton would marry. He had got on so long without a wife, that people had begun to put him down as a confirmed bachelor. But the coming of Ella had wrought a change. It was really love at sight. From the first evening he saw her in her father’s carriage on the Watered Road, he felt he was wounded. He at once set about brushing himself up, bodily and mentally.

He rode very briskly, pulled up sharp, throwing his horse on its haunches; he talked freely, answered brightly, affected a new interest in unaccustomed things—music, drawing, Berlin wool, harmony of colours, &c., &c. And, with perhaps rather an old-fashioned courtesy, he admired, delicately flattered, and paid unremitting attentions to the girl who had struck him down; and, as these things do not take long in India, he was ready to propose by the time the picnic in Jan Alee’s garden came off.

The judge, Woodford, though a bouncing, boasting creature, large of bulk and loud of voice, was essentially kind, and determined to let Ella do as she liked. Nor would Mrs. Woodford, who, though desirous of scheming, was a remarkably silent woman, have directly interfered, but she could not check a few ejaculations which were all in the Collector’s favour: “Good family;” “Brother in Council;” “Kind disposition;” “To all intents and purposes still in his prime;” “A careful man and well off;” “Your father would be

gratified." These and other sentences were intended to sink into Ella's mind, and probably did so.

And Ella, in accepting the Collector, argued with herself: "Not Henry; not that sort of thing. But Henries are uncommon, and then—visions *are* brighter than realities. Everybody says so."

The two had tea in the arbour, and talked over plans till it was dressing-time, when Stanton took leave, saying they should meet in the church-bungalow at morning service.

The looked-for Tuesday arrived. A luncheon in tents in Stanton's pretty grounds was the first item in the programme; and, when the scratch crowd of a small station had assembled, the hussars were found to be present.

Colonel Murray was a fine soldierly man, with frank, easy manners; Ellis, again, a merry soul, full of his jokes, and showing his amusement at them by much laughter; but Lovell—the great Algy Lovell—was certainly very handsome and attractive. His complexion was what our French friends call *basané*, for the epithet "dark" must be used with caution in connection with the locality under notice—his features well moulded, his eyes hazel, with long lashes, and the small mouth full of quite regular teeth. Women liked him better than men did, partly because he took little notice of men, and partly because he was not unselfish enough to be what is termed "a good fellow." His practices at cards and races were sharp; he did not smoke much, and though fond of wine, had the use of it quite in control—taking apparently least when much was drunk by others. But with women he at once laid himself out to gain their confidence. It was a theory of his that girls were bad judges of male character, and he found, or thought so, that the interest he feigned in all that concerned them was generally acceptable. He listened well, never talked about himself, and, without any offensive inquisitiveness, asked, in a careless way, so many questions, and remembered the answers so correctly, that it was hardly possible to believe he was not unaffectedly desirous of forming a confidential friendship. He was in the flower of his first prime, graceful and easy in his movements, and as Ella heard, excelled at polo, billiards, and the like. He had at once singled out the judge's daughter, though the doctor had a pretty one, and Miss Graves, the planter's sister, was a fine girl—indeed, some of the married women retained good looks. By Ella's side the hussar took part in all the *al fresco* amusements of the afternoon, and showed a constant desire to please and be pleased. Everything went off well, and was carried out with spirit. There was a small dinner at seven,

to which of course the judge's party were asked, and afterwards all was made ready for a dance. The cavaliers appeared faultlessly attired ; for even in such a hurried visit, appearance was of more importance than trouble, and they had brought valises. All departments, including those of opium, and the railway in progress not far off, with contributions from the factories, furnished twelve ladies, which for Gokul was not a bad number. One half-caste lady, Miss Martina Rosario, whom Stanton would not omit, and whom Ella, in the course of the evening, especially commended to Algy's good nature, was by him so deftly guided through a waltz that she afterwards exclaimed, "My ! if I fly far, far away with that gay soldier, what wonder ?" And the hussar's compliance with her request Ella put down to a kind heart. Algy's manner was encouraging to revelations, and the fiancée thought it well to talk a little of her engagement and prospects. The observation elicited was, "One does not know whether to love Mr. Stanton for his exquisite taste, or to hate him for his splendid success. However," the flatterer added in a low tone, "you are quite right to take him. The Collector is evidently an excellent fellow. Nice himself, nice house, nice garden, and I dare say plenty of money. You must spend it for him ; you know bachelors are apt to hoard. You will come to the hills, I make no doubt." Ella said she might run up for a month at the close of the season, with her husband.

"I am certain Stanton is an exception," cried Algy, "but many husbands are quite out of place in those delightful altitudes."

Lovell's comrades were wont to say that he seldom went to a ball without proposing, though to be sure only in the subjunctive mood. He was a younger son, a poor devil, a pauper trooper, sworn to celibacy like the priests—but if it had been otherwise what doubt could there be in which direction his thoughts would have turned ? And he would sometimes pause for a reply. If he had been eligible what chance should he have had ? He did not spare Ella a problem of this kind. If he had been rich and she free, what a different course events might have taken. He was not presumptuous, he hoped, in dreaming. Would she not admit that it was at least possible other results might have been in store for her ?

The hussars having to march at 4 A.M. hurried away after midnight. In parting with Stanton later on, Ella thanked him for a brilliant day, and added, "All owing to your happy thought." The girl was so weary, she fell asleep when once in bed, without time for thinking. But when she awoke in the morning she was not happy. She was too sensible to fall in love out of regard for a handsome face

and a fascinating manner, with the abrupt adoration of a school girl ; but still Lovell belonged to a species previously unknown to her, and his appearance and conversation placed very strongly before her the claims of youth on youth. She was not pleased with herself ; perhaps she had allowed the hussar to be too much with her. One lady, who, like the toad, never travelled without venom, in congratulating her, as others had done, when saying good-night, laughed and whispered, "We might have supposed a certain lieutenant was the bridegroom elect."

She and her mother were to have luncheon and mulligatawny soup with the Collector. Could she face it? She wanted quiet to think. It burst upon her with appalling clearness that she was certainly intended for a contemporary, and yet she was bartering her privileges for a comfortable settlement. Stanton was a good man, but he might have made love to her mother! A union between autumn and spring was always treated as more or less of a joke. Lovell was very likely a fribble ; but Henry was of her own age. Dear Henry! Was it loyal to her old love for Henry to marry an elderly man because he had handsome furniture? She felt quite wretched. She did not know it, but nature was only pressing one of her adages—"Like to like." Married people were seldom happy if their stations in life were different ; did not the same rule apply to ages? She should so like to refer to her father or mother, but she really did not know them ; they would misunderstand her, and think her a coquette.

But luncheon had to be got through somehow.

It was not difficult to explain silence and an absent manner as results of having done too much.

But in the evening Stanton came to her father's house. She had had time to rest, and yet was still glum. She did her best, but the estranged heart cannot conceal its disastrous secret. And, of course, when Stanton perceived a change, his manner made matters far worse. However, Ella decided that as there seemed no one in whom she could confide, and from whom she could ask advice, she would lay the case simply and truthfully before Stanton himself ; and by arrangement with him, Sunday morning was fixed for a confab on what she not unreasonably called a very important matter.

And at the time agreed upon and in the summer-house the interview took place. Ella told him she did not ask for a release. She was prepared to carry out her word, if Stanton, after hearing her avowal, still thought that happiness might be looked for. And the avowal was one which a man who was attached to a girl, not for her money,

but for her person and character, could never hear without deep chagrin. Ella was exceedingly indebted to Stanton for all his kindnesses, and if devotion, attention, and a desire to please could make a good wife, and could satisfy her husband, then there was no reason why existing plans should be altered. But if love was necessary, if it was absolutely essential, to the success of their married career, well, then she must speak the truth; she had closely examined her heart, and she found there esteem, approval, admiration, gratitude, but not absorbing affection. Stanton behaved very well. There was something quite pathetic in the simplicity with which he related that the tender passion was to him a surprise; that the warmest attachment to Ella had come over him; but how that was, he could not say. He had been hurried on by an ardour which he was unable to control, and from which he could not escape; but he saw now he had underrated the sacrifice he was demanding from her. He would unconditionally let her off her engagement; for, to imitate her own frankness, he could have nothing short of love; and he entreated her to forgive the presumption which had led him to forget the long distance between their ages. "I thought," he said, "it was not too late. I felt that my one chance had come. I clearly saw that it was *now* or *never*. I dreamt, prayed, nay, believed that it might be *now*, and I will manfully bow my head, since I perceive it is *never*. Believe me," he ended, "I shall always have the deepest interest in your future, and I sincerely thank you for the happiest illusion of my life. It is *over*, and I return to my solitude." He took Ella in his arms for the last time. He did not kiss her, but pressed her to his heart; then mounted his horse and galloped off through the oleanders towards his own house.

II.

A HURRIED note from Stanton, saying he was called into the district, threw the duty of conducting the morning service on the judge. He disliked it exceedingly, being, with all his bluster, shy, and apt to read aloud in a confused manner. That evening Ella had to tell her parents what she had done. She had broken off the advantageous match. To do Woodford justice, his first thought seemed to be pity for his colleague. "Poor Stanton," he said; "he will be awfully put out." The judge was not logical. In what he added, sequence of thought was not to be found. "*I* don't care a straw. I never asked you to marry Stanton, or Stanton to marry you. If Stanton supposes I want to force you upon him, he is mistaken. Why should

I force you upon anybody when I have paid so much for your education? I think it a great compliment for a Woodford to take anybody's hand. The Woodfords are good-looking. You have the gift through me, Ella. But you think Stanton old? So he is. More active in body than I am, but his mind is not nearly so young. He has not the fibre for a judge. But I am sorry for him. Not that I care the least." Mrs. Woodford never made speeches, but she let drop during the evening some ejaculations which indicated internal disturbance: "Must have known he was old when he proposed." "The station will think it so odd." "Just after the nice party!" "They will be saying one of those booby hussars stole your heart away."

As it really turned out, a talkative lady, a notorious Sapphira, hit upon promulgating a story which survived with all the tenacity of the unfittest. It was to the effect that Stanton's family did not like the match. The Brother in Council thought the girl too young. Poor Ella was not very well that cold weather. The station was exceedingly dull. Woodford's particular avocation did not admit of his going into tents, but all who could, availed themselves of camp life. Stanton kept far away, in a wild part of the district, where shooting was plentiful. He did not even come in for Christmas. The monotony, added to some remorse and the general disturbance of awakened youth asking for reciprocated feelings, weighed on Ella's spirits. As the spring advanced, the doctor said the girl was not in a condition to face the hot weather with safety. It was decided that Ella should accompany her mother to the hills, and the judge should take his month at the end of the year and bring them down. Mussoorie was the place chosen.

A house was secured just above the Mall, and calls were made, and every intimation given of a willingness to join in society. A willingness, indeed, far more felt by the mother than the daughter, for the latter was unstrung and the prey of varying emotions. Amongst those who had come up for the whole season was Algy Lovell, and he soon appeared at Osborne, which was the ambitious appellation bestowed on Woodford's bungalow. As he entered the room, Ella was curious to know how he would strike her. He was as handsome as ever; carefully dressed, with an agreeable manner, a pleasant voice, but she wondered that she had not noticed on the first occasion they met—that the artificial was too apparent. And there was observable also in him now, at least, some restraint and stiffness. The truth was that though Lovell delighted to express significant sentiment when he was the meteor of a ball-room, and he could dis-

appear as easily as he had flashed on the horizon, he fought shy of a serious acquaintance with a young lady. His intentions—which were only to amuse himself—would not stand the test of parental inquiry. He preferred, for any lengthened period, the society of married women.

When the Woodfords first came up, the flowering rhododendrons still lingered on the hillside, giving some notion of the spectacle they had presented ; a few coloured heads hanging here and there like the last lamps of a festival.

There succeeded a period of small picnics and short expeditions to places within easy distance, for the sun was oppressive, and this lasted till purple skies began to lower over the immeasurable distances of the plains, portending the approach of the rains.

Algy was often met, and was cordial enough, but Ella, who owed him nothing but a sense of the rights of her youth, felt less and less interest in him. She knew he did not understand her—spoke of the “great mistake of her jilt,” and made use of other similar expressions indicative only of the sterility of his own heart.

Besides, he was not going on quite nicely.

There was a certain Mrs. Bendigo amongst the visitors. She was not a grass widow, as the phrase goes, but the veritable relict of a veterinary surgeon. She does not require much description. She was over-dressed, notwithstanding her bereavement, loud, fast, and vulgar, but incontestably a handsome woman, and by no means undowered with acuteness. When her name was mentioned, Lovell's was sure to occur in the succeeding sentence. But though all these circumstances gradually effaced the handsome hussar from Ella's thoughts, curiously enough his personality had with her the effect of reviving her attachment to Henry Wilmot. Poor, or ineligible, or what not, Henry was her contemporary, understood her, appreciated her better self, and had elevated her affections by bestowing his own.

And so, remorse from one set of thoughts and regret from another divided their influence over her mind, and undoubtedly rendered her a somewhat uninteresting unit in the so-called gay circles of the place. Algy had been heard to say at the club, “Miss Woodford is no good. She is probably spoons on a curate at home.” Social intercourse was, however, kept up as well as could be managed during the wet weeks, and the days passed automatically away, as they do to the frivolous and the pensive alike.

About this time it began to be mentioned in the newspapers that a rich young man, who had recently got into Parliament at a bye-

election, by name Smithers, had come out to Calcutta, through the monsoon, having paired to the end of the session, and had gone up to Simla. It was his intention, when the weather would admit of leisurely travel, to visit the people in their homes that he might judge for himself of their social condition. From time to time, in the hill correspondence of the provincial press, short paragraphs concerning this gentleman duly appeared. He was a *persona grata* at Government House; he was clever, spoke well, acted well in theatricals, and, best of all, took a great interest in Anglo-Indian young ladies, and it was thought might make a selection from amongst their ranks if the gods favoured his designs. His money, gossip declared, was made in trade, but it was added with characteristic frankness, "There is nothing of the bounder about him personally."

These reports had a curious effect on Ella. She began seriously to consider with herself, whether a prospect might not open before her of a wholly different life to any she had ever contemplated. A life free from all the petty cares and restrictions so often cramping development and stunting the growth of character. A life of influence, of benevolence, and usefulness, blessed in blessing, reaping happiness from sowing it broadcast. The traveller himself, possibly delightful, and stated at any rate to be young, and destined to move in circles where all that was best and brightest in London would be found. And if Mr. Smithers was determined to choose a wife amongst Indian girls, Ella Woodford had her chance with the rest. Why not? These fancies, certainly very much of the texture of dreams, were nevertheless powerful enough to improve Ella's spirits perceptibly. And her animation increased when the newspaper scribes reported that the brilliant M.P. had gone down the hill, as the weather had cleared; but it was understood would visit other hill-stations before finally going south.

When the rains are over, a month of real enjoyment sets in, and pleasure uses all its means to enhance the delights of sunshine and scenery. One afternoon, Ella had walked with a lady friend round Waverley, and, having left her companion in the part called the Happy Valley, was preparing to return by herself. The evening was falling, and as she came to one corner where the boughs drooped above the path, she perceived overhead several of the large grey monkeys which are called lungoors. They are not dangerous, but, observing alarm, would perhaps be mischievous enough to snatch at a bonnet or break a parasol. Unaccustomed from her short residence in the country to an incident of the kind, Ella was thinking of

retreat, when a young man came suddenly up from behind. He advanced with that aggressive Saxon step which animals, and indeed men of less presence of mind, seldom await. He was very plainly dressed, wore coloured glasses to protect his eyes, and had all the appearance of a gentleman in an inconspicuous station of life. But the voice !

There could be no doubt about that ; it was Henry Wilmot's voice—and however mysterious the apparition, there stood the man ; and the two were soon walking side by side, asking and answering questions. There was, it seemed, an educational opening for a university man in the schools which had been recently established at hill-stations. The London Press, too, were willing to pay for the letters of an eastern wanderer, if they were written with sufficient point and force. Ella's father was an influential man, and might, perhaps, be able to advance the interests of an aspiring usher. The moon was rising, and on reaching the Camel's Back the friends turned towards Waverley again, for the minutes seemed to fly too rapidly. On parting they agreed to meet again, and they met more than once, and the old love returned, and it came to this, that Wilmot declared himself so encouraged by Ella's reciprocation of his avowals, that, with her acquiescence, he decided to come forward. Their interviews were not remarked, for the girl, in her disturbed state of mind, often walked out with her dog under cover of some botanical researches. And as Henry could not get a room at the hotels he lived at the foot of the hills, and crept up on a pony without mingling in the general throng. But the judge was approaching, and their resort to quiet pathways would be less feasible. One of their last evenings, Ella expressed a wish to see the sun rise, and Wilmot said he could get a bed somewhere near, and would be at the public garden before daybreak. Near there was a house built on the summit of a peak. It was a smart ascent to reach it, and with some, this fact rendered the residence undesirable. This year it was not let, but a Eurasian woman had charge of it. The lovers mounted the knoll in the solitary morning, and being admitted by a staircase, they ascended to the flat roof. As they looked towards the east, on their right hand below lay first the valley of the Doon, ramparted with the Sewalic range, and beyond that again the vast featureless Gangetic Plain, grand in the sense in which the prairie is grand ; but in the north and east extended the wondrous and mysterious chain of snowy summits.

Amongst John Martin's imaginative drawings, there is one prepared for Bunyan's book, and entitled "The Celestial City." There,

from one bank of the dark river, is seen a beautiful land of wood-crowned heights, and meadow and valley, stretching far away; and above all seems to hang a sky, fantastic with the shapes of summer clouds. But a closer inspection shows that their aerial outlines represent the towers and domes, the arches and gateways of a noble township—fairer than those known to us on earth—nay, doubtless, the city we have been so long seeking, and are bidden to seek. And so with this Himalayan landscape, amongst the delicately-tinted vapours that shrouded the sunrise, arose some peaks of such unexpected altitude—so distant, so virgin—that the enchanted spectators cried, “Are these of the earth, or of the sky?”

Of the earthy, earthy? Nay, of the earth—heavenly. Moved by such a scene, the two lovers experienced moments unknown to them before. They felt that whilst their love was human, still in its unselfishness, in its faith, in its harmony of wish and aim, it rose far above a natural instinct. It was of the earth—heavenly.

They had come upon the field with treasure in it, and they were ready to give all to possess the domain.

In the elastic air their nerves were strengthened to contend with circumstances; both seemed ready to bear the happiness or trial that might be in store.

Mr. Woodford arrived. And Ella thought the affair should be at once disclosed, for the suspense might deaden Henry's energy in looking for work. It was agreed that the girl was to tell her father and mother on a certain evening—and the next day Wilmot was to call. A slight delay was caused by the young man's wish to visit Dehra, the pretty capital of the Doon Valley, an expedition which Ella's anxious heart associated with the possible necessity of borrowing money. Poor child! she was in a tumult of feelings. She recognised the capabilities of Henry; she was proud of his love, and certain of his constancy. But there were drawbacks. The match seemed one the world would call unfortunate. Gossips had told her the story was, that she had given up Stanton in hopes of Lovell. Now, they would say, she would sooner marry anybody than not marry. And that whimsical idea of pleasing the rich traveller!—a reverie, to be sure, but still it is not agreeable to give up even reveries, as if all such were doomed to perish. The day was finally fixed by the lovers. It was a Monday. Ella was to speak that night. Tuesday, Wilmot was to come up the hill and call.

Mr. Woodford had been out all the afternoon, and did not get home till half an hour before dinner. However, the girl managed an interview in the drawing-room with both parents. She put the

best face she could on the matter ; related at length how she had first met Henry, how they had loved, how they had parted unfettered, how they had strangely renewed intimacy, how feelings were found unchanged, and what they wished for—now. She dwelt on her lover's abilities, on his hopes of an educational appointment, and how certain it was that a man of his calibre would succeed. He was to call next morning, and Ella was sure that her father would at least give him a fair hearing. Woodford was very much astonished, and doubtless secretly annoyed, but he answered with sufficient self-possession, that of course he would see Mr. Wilmot, but that gentleman could not have chosen a worse day, for the English traveller, Smithers, M.P., was to arrive in the forenoon, and the club was in some perplexity. It was proposed to offer him rooms, but no one would turn out, and unless some person did so, he, Woodford, had promised to receive the stranger at Osborne. "Therefore," he cried, "you must write to your man, and say Wednesday, not Tuesday ; or even later would be better. Upon my word, Ella, you are a regular flirt, as your father was before you. Why, I declare I thought you might have captured this golden beetle crawling about. The girls have gone silly, I declare. Love in a cottage. Trash ! Perhaps your schoolmaster could wait till this Smithers tyranny be overpast. But do as you like."

Ella sent a note by an express messenger to Dehra, to ask Henry to postpone his visit one day. She disliked this. She knew Wilmot was generous and unassailable by weak doubts. Still it looked as if Smithers was to be seen before the irrevocable was arrived at, or even discussed.

The next morning rooms had to be prepared for the M.P., no one at the club having volunteered self-sacrifice, though all recommended it. And as the day wore on, a noise of voices and feet, and the tread of ponies at the front door, showed that the expected visitor had arrived. Ella was in the drawing-room with her mother, when, to the girl's great surprise, she found that one of the speakers was certainly Henry. Then, she thought, the messenger has miscarried, and the intended call has not been put off. What an imbroglio ! And Woodford entered, leading Wilmot—actually Wilmot, who, well-dressed, without glasses, and with the easy air of one who feels himself welcome—entered the apartment.

"Charlotte, my dear, Mr. Smithers. My daughter, Miss Woodford."

"We have met before," said the new arrival, laughing.

The mystery was soon explained. Edward Stopford, brother to

Mrs. Wilmot, Henry's mother, had been what is called "wild." Not vicious or unprincipled, but rebellious—dissatisfied, inclined to view civilisation as rather a "rotten affair," and so had left the old country for Australia—and broken off all connection with his family. Going into trade he had foolishly changed his name to Smithers, for what drawback is trade in these latter days? He amassed wealth in the long years, but was carried off, just as he had determined to see whether the effete metropolis called London was really so bad after all. He left his property to his favourite sister's son, on the stipulation that the heir should take the name of Smithers. "For Smithers," said he, "made the pile, not Stopford."

The Smithers engagement was one of the two great events of the Mussoorie season.

The other was the Bendigo row; for the widow threatened to bring a breach-of-promise suit against Algy Lovell, and the hussar submitted the whole circumstances to Colonel Murray, promising to be guided by his opinion.

Alas! that opinion was that he was bound in honour to marry the intending prosecutrix, and it was accompanied by a strong hint that his leaving the corps would be acceptable. Algy sent in his papers and bolted, and it was significant to learn that an influential regimental comment was to this effect—"Time he cleared out; glad he is gone."

Yes, the handsome, the good-all-round, the fascinating Lovell, went, as others have done, to the banks of Lethe, without commiseration. Sad that it should be so.

Ella's marriage took place at Gokul, in the cold weather, and was duly recorded in the *Pioneer* newspaper. A day or two after its publication a copy of that journal reached some tents in the remote jungle. Stanton, on reading the announcement, dropped the print from his hands and fell into a brown study. Men, without much demonstrative sentiment, often grow attached to lines to which they have taken a fancy. And as the lonely Collector sprang up at last, to go to work, a passage that had been in his thoughts seemed indicated by the forlorn whisper in which he said, "Ay, sweet indeed, on lips that are for others!"

A NEW POOL OF BETHESDA

“**I**N the gloomy days of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves”—such, at least, is Voltaire’s version of the way we pass that much-abused month—I was seized with a desire to exchange for a few weeks the fogs of perfidious Albion for “the palms and temples of the South.” To the pilgrim in search of warmth and sunshine, Algeria has much to recommend it. Its climate is as good as that of Egypt. It has no *mistral* like Nice, and no *Tramontana* like Rome. Its scenery is as fine as any to be found in the Mediterranean basin, and last, but not least, it is within sixty hours of London—and to Algeria I accordingly went.

It is a peculiarity of the travelling Briton that, as soon as he gets to a new place, he wants, or is supposed to want, to get out of it; and a fresh arrival at an hotel is as certain to be asked whether he is “going on” as if he had just entered a London “crush.” Once comfortably lodged at the excellent *Hôtel Continental*, in *Mustafa Superieur*, I was beset with questions as to the places I meant to visit; and when I let out that I had never even heard of the Baths of *Hamam R’Irha*, I was urged to lose no time in making their acquaintance. The place must be seen to be appreciated. After a month’s use of the baths gouty old gentlemen took to climbing mountains. Ladies who for months had been crippled with rheumatism threw away their crutches and danced a “pas de quatre.” In vain I protested that I was as well as a man could be with the experience of a hard election contest behind him and the prospect of a still harder parliamentary session before him. The air and scenery could not fail to benefit and delight the sturdiest as well as the most delicate visitors. To such appeals there was no possible rejoinder, and, finding that the baths were only sixty miles from the capital, I resolved to explore for myself the marvels of this new Pool of Bethesda.

Algerian railway-trains are, perhaps, the slowest in the world. They proceed at a gentle trot, seldom exceeding the speed of an old stage-coach, and stopping occasionally for twenty minutes or half an

hour, apparently to enable the engine-driver and stoker to enjoy a quiet cigar under the shade of a stray eucalyptus-tree. However, everything in this world, even an Algerian railway journey, has an ending, if you can only live through it ; and after four or five hours of dusty travelling I alighted at the *Bou Medfa* station on the Oran railway, where I found a comfortable trap to take me the seven or eight miles which separate that place from my destination.

Algeria in November is not unlike a very dry Scotland, if it is possible for the human imagination to conceive such a phenomenon. It is said that Alexandre Dumas père, having fainted from the heat at a Madrid bull-fight, and being offered a glass of water by a good Samaritan, gasped out, "Take it to the river, he wants it more than I do ;" and I could not help thinking that the streams we crossed (if a stony ravine with a few drops of water in it could be dignified by the name) would have elicited a similar exclamation from that witty Frenchman. But we were assured that in spring these rivers, swollen by wintry rains, grew into torrents which swept away solid bridges and dealt destruction far and wide. At a bend of the road, however, a very different spectacle presented itself. On the site of the old Roman town of *Aquæ Calidæ* (the remains of which are distinctly visible), at a height of 1,900 feet above the sea, M. Arlès-Dufour, formerly a member of the well-known firm of Lyons silk merchants (who, by the way, speaks English like a native), has obtained from the Government a concession of land for 99 years, and, by a fabulous expenditure, has literally turned a desert into a paradise. With sunshine and moisture it is said that you can do anything ; and, by employing the waste waters of the baths to irrigate his grounds, the proprietor has contrived to create a magnificent garden, filled with palms, bananas, oranges, lemons, and every variety of tropical and semi-tropical vegetation. Immediately above it he has built an hotel, with a southern frontage of 300 feet, capable of holding 100 guests. The present building, however, only occupies one side of a square which, when completed, will accommodate some 400 persons. Under its roof you can be comfortably lodged and boarded for 12 francs a day—a charge which includes an excellent room, a plain and wholesome dietary, and a capital wine grown on the premises, of which the proprietor is justly proud, to say nothing of an effervescing alkaline table water, which is not only pleasant to the taste, but an important element in "the cure," being said to be of much service in cases of anæmia, dyspepsia, and other disorders of the liver, as well as in those of malaria and renal calculus. Considering that M. Dufour has to get his meat

from Algiers and his butter from France, this charge can hardly be considered excessive. My companion, a very observant and intelligent young doctor (who looked upon the place with a professional eye), drew my attention to the fact that the lower part of the walls and the floors of each room were covered with polished tiles—a great improvement upon the heavily-upholstered furniture and thick woollen carpets and curtains which make some of the most frequented hotels on the Riviera a *habitat* for dust and a nest for infection. In the neighbourhood of the hotel are baths for the Arabs (at a penny each), a military hospital, and a small *Dependance* with a farm attached to it.

The waters, which were well known to the Romans and form the main feature of the establishment, are collected into two large reservoirs or swimming-baths, immediately under the hotel, the temperature of which varies from 107° F. to 110° F. But their praise must be “hymned by loftier harps than mine.” Suffice it to say that Mr. G. D. Pollock, Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales, has warmly recommended them to those “who suffer from the chronic forms of rheumatism which defy the attacks of medicines and puzzle the cunning of the experienced prescriber”; while he is of opinion that a winter residence in so favoured an atmosphere would be beneficial “in cases of chronic bronchitis, especially for those who suffer from damp and cold.” Dr. Lauder Brunton, too, has pronounced them to be “very serviceable in cases of chronic rheumatism (articular or muscular), gout, stiff tendons, erratic pains and neuralgias of rheumatic origin, and in certain diseases and injuries of the osseous, lymphatic, circulatory, nervous, and cutaneous systems.” But for further information on these matters I must refer the reader to the articles and letters which have appeared in the medical journals on the subject. I may, however, mention that a gentleman well known in London society told me himself that his life was saved by a visit to the baths after a serious attack of malaria contracted in the marshy districts of the Colony.¹

¹ Dr. Bennet, the eminent physician of Buxton, who spent some time at *Hamman R'Ihra*, has contributed to the *Journal of British and Foreign Health Resorts* of March 1891 an article, in which, after speaking in the highest terms of the curative properties of the water, he adds: “The climate of *Hamman R'Ihra* is very similar to some of our English health-resorts, especially that of Buxton, but with a much higher and more equable temperature during the winter months. The air is pure, bracing, and tonic, permitting daily outdoor exercise, which produces a sensation of exhilaration and buoyancy. When it is considered imperative that persons suffering from gout, rheumatism, phthisis, asthma, or bronchitis, either in the acute or chronic stage, should seek some foreign health-resort, I am inclined to believe,

On the general attractions of *Hammam R'Ihra*, however, a layman may dilate with more confidence. Of the surrounding scenery, indeed, it is not so easy to give a just impression ; for Algeria, like most semi-tropical countries, has a different scenery for every season of the year. I have visited the colony twice : once during a rainy spring, when you "scarce could see the grass for flowers," and once in a very dry autumn, when no rain had fallen for six months ; and when, from the aspect of the steel-blue sky and brick-coloured earth, none seemed likely to fall for many a day to come. It is said that one of the drawbacks of social life in India is the difficulty of beginning a conversation in a land where the weather is always the same. And possibly I might have found myself in a similar predicament at the table d'hôte of the Hôtel des Bains if fortune had not placed me next to a very stout and voluble German lady, who at once plunged into a picturesque and detailed description of the various disorders which had led her to seek salvation in the baths. But the prolonged drought had had no effect upon the garden and grounds of the hotel, which, thanks to the never-failing irrigation, looked as green and as fresh as in spring-time, and for out-of-door picnics and mountain rides and walks the weather can scarcely be too dry, especially as at that altitude even the noonday heat is generally tempered by a refreshing breeze. Of excursions in the neighbourhood there is no lack. *Milianah*, familiar to the readers of *Tartarin de Tarascon*, and Blidah, with its celebrated *Ruisseau des Singes*, are within an easy day's journey ; and for those who do not object to an eight-hours jolt in a diligence, the fine Cedar Forest of Teniet-el-Had will well repay a visit. But the grandest scenery of Algeria lies to the east of the capital, in which direction an expedition may be made to *Setif* and the Gorge of *Chabet-el-Akhira*, which has been compared to the *Via Mala*, as well as to *Tizi Ouzou* and through *Kabylia* to *Fort National*, commanding a magnificent panorama of the *Djurjura* Range, which reminded me of the view from the Bel Alp without the Glaciers. Beyond these places are Constantine, "whose grandeur and picturesque situation are probably unsurpassed by those of any other city in the world," and the oasis of *Biskra*, where a Briton may combine a view of the real Sahara with a com-

from personal experience and observation, that such cases would receive more rapid and lasting benefit from a residence in Algeria, on account of its purer, drier, and more invigorating atmosphere, than on the Riviera—usually prescribed—where the mean temperature is lower during the winter months, the atmosphere more humid, the climate generally more uncertain on account of the prevalence of the mistral, and the general sanitary condition not so good."

fortable hotel, an excellent cuisine, and all the other "resources of civilisation." But the last two excursions can hardly be recommended to an invalid ; for travelling in Algeria is made difficult and uncomfortable by the interminable length of the railway journeys and the absence of good sleeping accommodation *en route*. In any case, the traveller, before starting upon his tour, would do well to consult my friend Sir Lambert Playfair's admirable handbook of Algeria and Tunis, where he will find as much useful information about the history, scenery, hotels, and general characteristics of the Colony as can be packed into 300 closely-printed pages. Meantime there is plenty to see in the immediate neighbourhood of the hotel, the view from which, over a wide valley closed by the picturesque mountain of Zakhar, one of the highest of the Atlas range, is in itself extremely striking. Within a stone's throw of the grounds are the remains of the old Roman town, where I fancied I could trace the course of the streets and the foundations of some of the houses and temples, and where, no doubt, an experienced archæologist might discover many things which were hidden from less practised eyes. About a mile distant is a large pine forest, where the sportsman may find red-legged partridges, rabbits, and hares, as well as wild boars and other big game. A lawn-tennis court, too, was in course of construction for those who preferred that form of amusement.

When I visited *Hamмам R'Ihra* in the early part of November 1892, the season, which lasts till May, had hardly began, and the place was only half awake ; but M. Dufour said that in the winter dancing was often kept up with great spirit in the spacious *salon* of the hotel. For the information of those who are disqualified by age or inclination from taking part in such pastimes, it will be well to mention that the hotel contains an excellent library of English and French books, embracing every variety of literature, from the latest work on evolution to "Mr. Barnes of New York." It should be added that the mean winter temperature of the place at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. ranges from 53° F. to 59° F., and at noon from 64° F. to 69° F. The air is dry, pure, and bracing, and except for a few days of tropical rain, it is literally bathed in sunshine during the whole winter.

The waters of *Hamмам R'Ihra* are said to be almost a facsimile of those of Bath. But the thermometer at Bath last winter marked 18° of frost just when the season at *Hamмам R'Ihra* was at its height ; and it is but a poor consolation to a man who is writhing with agony in December to be told that he can get complete relief in July. Should this paper meet the eye of any person so afflicted,

or that of any among the thousands flying annually to the South of France in search of life and health, who is not afraid of a sea voyage of twenty-six hours from Marseilles to Algiers, or of the more circuitous but not unpleasant land route *viâ* the east coast of Spain and Oran, I would earnestly recommend him or her to make trial, under proper medical advice, of the brightest, the sunniest, and one of the most agreeable and least expensive health-resorts, which can be reached in a three days easy journey from London.

GEO. OSBORNE MORGAN.

A PIRATES' PARADISE.

ALL readers of modern fiction are acquainted with a certain "Treasure Island" of undying fame ; and, indeed, the locality of the true "Treasure Islands" of history may be gathered by the observant from Mr. Stevenson's highly "actual" romance. Is not the vessel called the *Hispaniola*? Does not Squire Trelawney himself remark of "Flint," "He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that ever sailed. The Spaniards were so afraid of him that *I was sometimes proud he was an Englishman*"? (The reader is begged to note this, and the following expression.) "I've seen his topsails with these eyes off Trinidad, and the cowardly son of a rumpuncheon that I sailed with put back—put back, sir, into Port of Spain." Moreover, in Flint's own log, "offe Caraccas" is the location of one, at least, of his undescribed deeds of blood. The real "Treasure Islands" are, of course, the picturesque group known—ever since poor Columbus, just about four hundred years ago, mistook one of the "Bahamas" for the coast of Japan—as the "West Indies." Columbus landed, according to the latest authorities, at Marignana, which is now a deserted island.¹ The sanguine explorer, like the inexperienced Alpst who takes each successive "col" for the longed-for summit, imagined that he had reached "India" before he had got quite half, or, indeed, allowing for the non-existence of the Panama Canal (which we need not here discuss), more than one-third of the way ; and, as every school-boy is aware, later geographers so far fell in with the great man's foible as to call the place "Indies," adding, as a protest in favour of accuracy, the adjective "West."

The singular ocean-lake, almost shut in on the south and west by the projecting neck of land connecting Mexico and South America, and on the north and east by the broken bar of Cuba, San Domingo (*Hispaniola*), Porto Rico, and the long curving sweep of the Windward Islands, and known as the Caribbean Sea, is one of the most naturally secluded spots upon the map of the world. Shut off from the Atlantic by long trains of islands (which, if they do

¹ See Mr. E. J. Payne's *History of the New World called America*.

not keep off the wind, might still be called the Caribees), and remote even to the present date from any centre of civilisation, the neighbourhood would naturally be one of sovereign attractions to gentlemen who, like Mr. Kipling's hero, desire to be shipped off

"somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
And there ain't no Ten Commandments if a man can raise a thirst."

The fertile and beautiful island of Jamaica, the heart of the charming and sequestered nook already described, although not exactly "east of Suez" by the shortest route, would early in the last century have supplied all the essentials here demanded, perhaps even in more than satisfying quantity, for the Ten Commandments, properly applied, have, after all, their uses.

Which is our apology for reviewing a little volume which ran through several editions about 150 years ago. The author is one Mr. Charles Leslie, "of Jamaica," according to the British Museum Catalogue; and it is the third edition of his work (Edinburgh, 1740), with an appendix describing "Admiral Vernon's Success at Porto Bello," with which we are not immediately concerned, that lies before us.

Now, a mere account of Jamaica, although dedicated to the Earl of Eglinton and Winton, is a thing one might purchase for ninepence off a bookstall, and throw aside after an hour's after-dinner perusal.

Dazzling beauties of nature, sugar-canes, slaves (who occasionally revolt with more or less awful consequences), humming-birds that you shoot with sand, swamps, fevers, and rum—all these things, including the habits of the alligator, have been familiar to the average reader from his youth up. But the voracious biography of a "Flint," an authentic "Quelle" of piratical history, that is another story, the substance of which we here propose to retail.

By way of preface, to hitch on these details to the course of general history and the progress of civilisation, note we that Jamaica, as the veriest Jacobite would admit, is a valuable possession conferred on us (1655) by the enterprise of the usurper Cromwell. It was not, indeed, thought so at the time. The leaders of the expedition were on their return committed to the Tower; and Sir W. Penn appears to admit to Mr. Pepys (*sub anno* 1663) that the failure to seize more than Jamaica was his own fault.¹ Cromwell, who appears to Mr.

¹ The original account of the expedition, *Journal of the English Army in the West Indies*, by an Eye-witness (Harl. MSS., vi. 372) is cited in Carlyle's *Cromwell*.

Léslie to have been a person not devoid of malign ingenuity, was even suspected of circulating too glowing accounts of its attractions, in order to get discontented Royalists to go there. Anyhow, "persons of desperate fortune" betook themselves in large numbers to Jamaica. After the Restoration, again, this class was augmented by followers of the Republican party. The "old grudge" disturbed even the colony of Jamaica worse than ever, Royalists being favoured, while Cromwellians, "*the only party that understood the art of war,*" were excluded from all places of trust and profit. The Government party, therefore, in the island found the encouragement of the already popular industry of "Piracy" to be "necessary," both to counterbalance the force of these malcontents and to lure them into some profitable occupation. This simple policy, the reader will learn with interest, was a complete success. The colony, whose population (placed at 20,000 in 1740) had, it is true, but little increased since Cromwellian days,¹ became "the resort of the Privateers, who made Jamaica a kind of home." This "was no sooner known" than all persons with a distaste for the Ten Commandments, all who found "life too inactive," or law too active in old England, eagerly transported themselves thither. Malcontents, Republican or Royalist, "soon found their account in joining with the Privateers, forgot their old murmurs, acquiesced in the administration, and in a short time all distinction of parties was quite lost."

Such was the Arcadian state of Jamaica during what appears to have been the golden age of piracy up to the last decade of the seventeenth century. Governors and planters vied with each other in providing

¹ The "peopling" of Jamaica was effected in strange and dreadful manners. First the Royalist, closely followed by the Cromwellian, "malcontents," with tribes of desperate characters bred of a disturbed time. Secondly, one of the most awful pages in Irish history is the correspondence of Henry Cromwell with the Protector upon this subject. Mr. Secretary Thurloe writes that "a stock of Irish girls and young men are wanting for the peopling of Jamaica"; and Henry Cromwell answers: "Concerning the supply of young men, although we must use force in taking them up, yet, *it being so much for their good*" (exactly how much the reader may conjecture) . . . "it is not doubted that you may have such a number as you think fit to make use of." He thinks also it were well to send 1,500 or 2,000 boys to the place mentioned. "*We can well spare them: and who knows but it may be the means of making them Englishmen—I mean, rather, Christians?*" . . . In reply Thurloe informs him that "the Council"—as a man might order trout for the stocking of a stream!—"have voted 4,000 girls and as many boys to go to Jamaica." It is not clear that they went. Some of these passages may be found collected in Moore's *Memoirs of Captain Rock*. Moreover, hundreds of the victims of Judge Jeffreys, after the Monmouth rising, were despatched to the same place (1685). See the account given in *John Coad's Memorial* (cited by Macaulay).

the necessary arms and vessels, expecting their return in the wealth which the successful buccaneer regularly squandered in the friendly port. The wealth thus accumulated and dissipated became the life and soul of the colony. The gentlemen of fortune who actively engaged in the trade "had such surprising success as will perhaps scarce gain belief in succeeding ages." The author hardly knows how to describe them to us. He regrets, of course, that "the stain of Pyracry sullies their great actions, and caused them to be regarded as disturbers of mankind, and villains"; but, trotting out our venerable friend the "better cause," he assures us that "their fame might have equalled that of any antient or modern heroes." He "cannot tell whether it was bad policy (although it was certainly bad morality) to encourage these desperadoes," but is sure "that a summary of their lives will suggest a great many useful reflections" to the reader. And it certainly does, the most obvious being the contrast between the weakness of what the author calls the "silly dastardly Spaniard" (whose monopoly of the West Indies, as we read in Mr. Green's history, was first broken up by our capture of Jamaica) and the increasing superfluous energy of Great Britain. But the first of the heroes here sketched by Mr. Leslie is a Portuguese—Bartholomew, the model, piratically speaking, of a self-made man, who started with nothing but "the courage of a lion." He begins life in a "leaky schooner (a small kind of sloop used for carrying sugars to Port Royal) mounted with four iron guns." His crew being "all brave and to be depended upon," they make no difficulty of attacking, off Cape de Corriente, in Cuba, a fine ship of twenty guns and seventy men, bound to the Havannah; are beaten off with loss, but, coming up with her again, renew the attack until she is glad to surrender. Taking to the prize, which they find "an excellent relief," they steer for Cape St. Antony, on the west side of Cuba, meaning to water, but unexpectedly falling in with three Spanish coastguards are, after a smart engagement, taken and made prisoners. As they had on board 120,000 weight of cacao and 70,000 pieces of eight,¹ this depressed their spirits exceedingly. The vessels, being dispersed by a storm, were driven to the port of Campechie (Campeachy, on the west coast of Yucatan), where the Pyrates were well known, and Bartholomew was, "without much form or ceremony," condemned to be hanged. In the night, however, he stabbed his keeper, floated himself ashore upon two earthen jars, fled to the woods, and lived

¹ As to the value of this coin we may refer the reader to a passage in *Pepys's Diary* (May 11, 1663), where he records his disputing with Sir G. Carteret whether the "piece of eight" were worth 4s. 5d. or 4s. 9d.

on herbs and fruits for many days, eluding the strictest search and hidden in a hollow tree. Thence, almost famished, he strikes out overland for some forty leagues; crosses a great river, being a poor swimmer, on an old board and a few boughs cut off by means of nails "sharpened with incredible pains"; and, after enduring calamities which one can well believe "nothing but his invincible daring spirit could have supported," arrives at Golfo Triste (Ascension?), and is welcomed by a crew of Pyrates then in the bay. Bartholomew did but ask a boat's crew of twenty men to return to Campeachy, "and be revenged on the Spaniards"; a feat which he at once accomplishes, finding himself thus master of a fine vessel where he had lately been confined and condemned to be hanged, and also of a vastly rich prize, having on board much merchandise, besides what had been originally taken from himself—"a happy success," which gave the simple Pyrate "a great deal of pleasure." With the proceeds he proposed to make a "good deal" at Jamaica; but unfortunately his ship went ashore on the banks called the Jardines, near the island of Pinos, where she split; and Bartholomew and company, barely escaping with life, returned to Jamaica to seek their fortunes anew.

Brasiliano, the Dutchman expelled from Brazil at the Portuguese invasion, was another who, having taken refuge in the British colony, and being anxious to get on, "saw no way so likely to do it as by turning Pyrate," in which line he soon distinguished himself by the same qualities. "He feared nothing, avoided no danger, and always went upon the most difficult enterprises." This was indeed the golden rule of Piracy which, accidents apart, always led to success.

Vessel after vessel did Brasiliano and his friends take, regularly returning to Port Royal to squander away their gold in every kind of debauchery. On sea or on land "nothing could withstand the valour of these desperadoes." They shrank from no encounter at any odds, and their victories were generally followed by "horrid cruelties with which they tortured the poor Spaniards after a manner shocking to relate," partly in order to get more money, partly, it seems, in mere wantonness of fury. Whatever they got was, however, spent in a very short time, the Pyrate being quickly reduced to beggary. "They have been known to spend 2,000 or 3,000 pieces of eight in one night." On these occasions wine literally flowed down the streets. The successful buccaneers insisted upon everyone partaking of their hospitality; at other times they showered the beverage about the streets, wetting the clothes of passers-by, which

seemed to them an "excellent diversion." Some persons objected, doubtless, but on the whole it was considered good for trade.

When poverty, on one occasion, drove Brasiliano to sea again, he, like Bartholomew, was captured whilst calmly "viewing the Fort" of Campeachy. The Governor determined to hang him and his crew; but their captain had the address to write a letter, *as from other Pyrates*, threatening horrid cruelties to any of the Spanish nation who should ever fall into their hands. And *this letter had the desired effect*, so well known were both the courage and cruelty of the pirate community.

Brasiliano and his friends were sent home in the galleys, from which they shortly after escaped, and continued to commit "horrid barbarities" on the Spanish coast. Brasiliano had an inveterate spite against the race, and expressed it in a way which left no room for misconception. Some he roasted alive on wooden spits, others he tortured with lighted matches put under their arm-pits. In sober truth "those that died were the lucky ones." The Spaniards do not seem at the time to have provoked this conduct. It proceeded rather on the principle of *odisse quem læseris*, or took its rise in the deadly boredom caused by every interval of repose in a life of "battle, murder, and sudden death." Brasiliano continued thus, we read, for many years still successful in his attempts, and highly regarded by his fellow-villains, over whom he had such influence that in all his adventures there never was one mutiny, "which" (not the mutiny, but its absence) "is a rare thing aboard of a Pirate ship."

It being remembered that these particular freebooters were but shining lights among the numerous throng of their confraternity, we are not surprised to learn that the effect on Spanish commerce was considerable. The historic greatness of Spain—a thing of scarce more than a century's apparent duration—had never very deep roots. It made much show while it lasted by an enormous extravagance and vanity, but was almost from the first eaten at the core by bigotry, fanatic blindness, cowardice, and cruelty, which the efforts of a score of Brasilianos could hardly have repaid as it deserved, for no deeds attributed to the worst pirate equal those recorded of his countrymen by Las Casas.

The contemporary records of the great Armada (introduced only recently to English readers by Mr. Froude) give an astonishing picture of material force and wealth nullified by moral and physical incompetence, and a peculiar sort of sanctified stupidity. The power of Spain was then at its height, and had during the seven-

teenth century steadily declined, but still had a practical monopoly of the West Indies.

It is rather surprising, therefore, to be told that "the Spaniards found themselves so miserably harassed that they resolved to diminish the number of their trading vessels," hoping by this means that the pirates would leave off, finding they could get no good prizes! Another evidence of the straits to which the proprietors of the Indies were reduced may be noted elsewhere in the well-known account of Anson's voyages round the world. The solitary island of Juan Fernandez, where early mariners were in the habit of taking a rest after rounding the terrible Cape Horn, was also a favourite resort of pirates, for whom the native goats afforded a useful supply of meat. The *Centurion*, touching there in 1740, found several of these animals bearing the mark of Alexander Selkirk (who was taken off by Wood Rogers of the *Duke and Duchess* privateer, of Bristol, in 1709); but most of them had been driven up into the high ground by the "wild dogs" with which the Spaniards had stocked the island in order to render it less attractive to pirates. These dogs would even attack a single man.¹ But to return to the West Indies. These concessions on the part of the merchant community to the organised forces of piracy produced quite the opposite effect to that intended. They were, in fact, but the beginning of piracy on a really extensive and wholesale scale.

For the buccaneers "were resolved to have money from them at any rate," and so, finding no ships of value upon the sea, they determined in this extremity to land and plunder the country. The proceedings of Lewis Scot, who first began this method of robbing, resemble closely those of the successful bushranger of thirty years ago. To use the Australian term, Lewis Scot "stuck up" the town of Campeachy, and did not leave it until he had exacted an enormous ransom. Mansvelt meanwhile captured the island of St. Katharine's, and took everything that was valuable, extorting heavy ransoms from the prisoners. But the name to conjure with at this time was that of John Davis, a native of Jamaica. His most celebrated feat was a successful attack upon Nicaragua with only eighty men.

Nicaragua lies some seventy miles inland from the Caribbean coast. The pirates, therefore, having hidden their vessel in a creek, and "using the night-time lest their black designs should be discovered," sailed in canoes up the river, which American engineers

¹ Bk. II. ch. I, ed. 1748. One wonders if these were the dogs (*perros bravos*) which the Spaniards, at an earlier date, had trained to kill and eat the natives of the West Indian islands. See Las Casas, *Relacion*,

have since made part of a canal, and arrived at the town "on the third night." The sentry taking them for fishermen, they were allowed to land without question ; and, knocking at the doors of the chief inhabitants, were admitted without suspicion, and at once "began to exercise their wonted cruelties. Some they immediately murdered, others they bound and gagged"; and then proceeded to pillage houses, churches, and everything.

The citizens, indeed, presently got together, but could do no more than the inhabitants of an Australian town surprised by the Kelly gang. The pirates, having got all that they desired, retreated to their canoes and got back to their ships in safety, with "a great deal of riches" and many prisoners. The latter they compelled to beg provisions for them from the neighbouring plantations, and then stood out to sea ; not, however, before 500 well-armed Spaniards appeared on the sea-side. But the pirates let fly several broadsides into them, which "put the party into no small confusion," and sailed off with the booty—50,000 pieces of eight—to Jamaica, where it was spent in the usual fashion.

"Davis grew famous. This exploit gained him universal esteem." The planters "were in love with his success," and nothing was talked of in Jamaica but his courage and conduct ; and another fleet was soon provided, of which he was admiral, and with which he made a more distant expedition to St. Augustine, in Florida. The place was defended, if we can say so, by a castle with 200 men. But Davis stormed the fort, pillaged the town, "committed horrid murders," and retired without the loss of one man.

During this period, says the reflective historian, the colony was in its greatest glory, and money was so plenty that Port Royal was reckoned the richest spot of ground in the world. At this point we are introduced naturally to the history of one "whose name is to this day a terror to Spain."

The bushranging associations above referred to will be recalled by the mention of the name of Morgan. Sir Henry Morgan, who was born in the principality of Wales, the son of a respectable farmer, might have been a Pirate of Penzance, so prosaic was the practical success of his career.

After running away to Bristol, where he bound himself as a servant for four years, he was duly transported to Barbadoes and there sold. Having faithfully served his term, he shipped himself to Jamaica, determined to follow his natural bent in the direction of piracy, and at once found a satisfactory engagement.

His resolution and courage in several prosperous expeditions on

the Spanish coasts were much admired, and having noted the ill effects of the extravagance and debauchery popular among his associates, he practised a thoughtful economy, "lived moderate, having vast designs in view," and soon invested his honest savings in a vessel of his own. Prize after prize did he bring into Port Royal, by rapid steps ascending the ladder of piratical success. His renown next attracted the attention of the veteran Mansvelt, above mentioned, who engaged Morgan as his vice-admiral.

With fifteen ships and 500 men they swept down upon the little island of St. Katharine's, on the "rich coast" of Central America, and made themselves masters of it, leaving a garrison in the place, which they intended to keep for their own use. The adjoining island they also pillaged, and a further attack upon the territory of Costa Rica itself was only cut short by the vigorous efforts of the Governor of Panama.

The island of St. Katharine's—which the Governor of Jamaica refused to occupy—not daring to give such open support to the pirates, was, shortly after Mansvelt had "ended his wicked life," retaken by the Spaniards.

Morgan, now an independent pirate king, soon found himself at the head of twelve ships and 700 fighting men. He first thought of attacking Havannah,¹ but decided to begin with a smaller enterprise upon the "fine inland town" of Puerto del Principe. Owing to the escape of a prisoner the place got the alarm, and the Governor set ambuscades, blocked up the roads, and encamped with an armed force in front of the town. Morgan and his friends were "surprised," but could not think of retreating—it was indeed too late. They took to the woods, avoided the ambuscades, and soon reached the plain where the Spaniards awaited him. The usual result followed. "Nothing could stand against the fury of the Pyrates, who fought like so many madmen." After a regular engagement of four hours, in which the Governor and many others were killed, the Spaniards fled, and the town, after some defence, was taken.

The usual "horrible barbarities" followed; men, women, and children were shut up in the churches and almost starved, while the pirates plundered and devoured their property. Torture was freely practised on the same business-like principles. Enormous ransoms

¹ Havannah possessed a harbour capable of holding a thousand vessels, protected by two forts. It was taken in August, 1762, by Pocock and Lord Albemarle—one of the richest captures ever made, and the most important exploit of the war, the "bag" being thirteen vessels and near £3,000,000 in gold and merchandise.—*Hughes' Continuation of Hume and Smollett.*

were exacted. Many unhappy wretches died of the torments, besides those that succumbed to famine.

Disturbed by the unseasonable piece of news that a force was coming to attack them from Santiago, the pirates at last decamped with all they could get. One painful incident marred the success of the expedition—an “unhappy division among the crew.” An English sailor had stabbed a Frenchman! *C’était trop*. Morgan carried the criminal in chains to Jamaica and then “caused him to be hanged.”

But the life of a successful and industrious, nay, virtuous, pirate was not unmingled bliss. The spoils of Puerto del Principe hardly paid the debts of Morgan’s company in Port Royal. So they started out again—450 men in nine small vessels. Not till they were well out at sea did Morgan confide to them his design of attacking Porto Bello, “one of the strongest places in the West Indies,” and a great centre of commerce, with a population of “500 families.” A few pirates objected. But Morgan pointed out that “if their numbers were small, their hearts were great,” adding (with perhaps an imperfect recollection of Shakespeare), “the fewer men, the greater share of plunder.” Thus convinced, they sailed up miles of river, and finally assaulted the place from the land. It was indeed a dangerous undertaking, and in the course of capturing *three castles*, armed with artillery, Morgan came as near as ever to being nonplussed. The “crafty Pyrate’s” idea of employing the monks and nuns taken from the monasteries to set up their scaling ladders for them showed an extravagant reliance upon Spanish orthodoxy, and was defeated by the resolution of the Governor, who shot down the poor wretches without scruple. Fortunately, at such a moment of embarrassment Morgan observed the “English colours” (a pleasing reflection for the nineteenth-century Briton)—the “English colours hoisted” upon the other fort which had succumbed to another detachment of his forces. Shortly after the whole place was, if one can say so, at their mercy. The Governor, with whom one feels much sympathy, died at his post fighting and killing pirates with his own hand to the last.

Every variety of outrage was let loose upon the wretched inhabitants. The pirates, sailing under the British flag, appear to have carried about with them a whole arsenal of tortures worthy of the Inquisition. Elderly gentlemen, “reported to be rich,” were hung up by the thumbs until they or their friends bid the required amount of ransom, and, the business of barbarity being accomplished upon the captives, “the Pyrates made game of their misery.” This, indeed, and the debaucheries of Port Royal were the only relaxations to the sombre routine of their profession. One hundred thousand pieces

of eight was the required ransom, and some inhabitants vainly trusted to a rescuing party from Panama. But a hundred pirates soon disposed of the latter hope, "killing an incredible number," and showed that Morgan was not to be trifled with.

That pirates "were welcome guests at Jamaica" we can, after what we have been told, well understand. "The planters caressed Morgan," and the inferior sort—the tradesmen, we presume—"soon drained his associates of their money." The Governor of Jamaica gave Morgan a fine new vessel of thirty-two guns, and he soon found himself at the head of "1,000 brave resolute fellows." The vessel unfortunately blew up with several hundreds aboard, but Morgan being fortunately uninjured all the rest were soon replaced. Their next venture touched the utmost limit of audacity. To attack Maracaibo they sailed up an inland lake—a sort of sea, in fact, guarded at the mouth by a fort—forced their way in, reached the town, and after immense trouble (and the indefatigable employment of torture) succeeded in getting a fair amount of booty. The inhabitants indeed took to the woods, in a manner which exasperated Morgan, concealing the possessions which they dared not even attempt to defend, and had to be hunted out, the Spaniards on the coast having all the time thus occupied for repairing their defences and cutting off the pirates' retreat by blocking up the narrow passage. This, in fact, they did, and Morgan's party on their return, "tired," as we are pathetically informed, "with repeated rapes and murders," found the fort strongly garrisoned and provided with artillery, and, if that were not enough, three Spanish men-of-war guarding the entrance of the lake.

The reader will have inferred from the expressions of Mr. Leslie, which we have ventured to quote, the difficulty experienced by this gentleman in concealing or subduing his affectionate admiration for a class of persons to whom the happy British colony which he had made his home owed so much of its prosperity. Although recollecting himself sufficiently to exclaim now and again upon their wickedness and cruelty, this language may be significantly compared with what he says of the barbarities exercised upon their masters by a few revolted slaves. His somewhat laborious attempt to whitewash Morgan from the charge of complicity in "horrid barbarities," of which it would be impossible to print a detailed catalogue, smacks of a patriotic partisanship. Nothing showed up more clearly than the Maracaibo affair the sterling qualities of this prince of pirates. He and his troop were practically done for—outnumbered, cut off.

Yet the Spanish Governor proposed to let them pass if they would

give up all the spoils and prisoners taken at Maracaibo and Gibraltar. The pirates, instead of jumping at this proposal, regarded it as "shocking." "*The riches they had got* (as the Spanish Governor seemed not to understand) *they had exposed their lives to obtain* ; and they resolved to quit with life before tamely resigning what they had bought at so dear a price." Nor did they. Morgan's ready resource at once devised a fire-ship, which looked quite unlike one. Its portholes were fitted with counterfeit cannon, and there were imitation pirates, in picturesque attitudes on the deck, made of wood, and provided with "hats and Montera caps." This soon disposed of the first Spanish man-of-war. The second ran aground, the third fell an easy prey, and matters soon wore a different complexion. Indomitable courage and straight shooting shortly reversed the position of parties altogether. The pirates "*accepted of 15,000 pieces of eight, and thereupon went quietly away*" with twenty times that amount in jewels, merchandise, and slaves. What were the reflections of the Governor in his fort and the captains and crews of the "three Spanish men-of-war," we are not told.

After a few minor successes Morgan, whose fame was now at its height, proceeded to the great exploit for which he is famous in history, to wit, the capture of Panama, perhaps the greatest feat recorded in all the annals of piracy.

The fort of Chagres—a preliminary step—was captured in a curious way. "One Pyrate happened to be wounded with an arrow; he pulled it out and wrapped a little cotton about its bloody point, put it in his musket, and fired it off to the Castle." The cotton ignited, and happening to alight near the enemy's powder magazine blew it all up. "This soon made them yield," and on August 18, 1670, Morgan started, at the head of 1,200 men, upon his last great expedition. We cannot here describe it in detail.

How the pirates marched for days through a country laid waste by the Spaniards (who had ample notice of their approach), enduring "every kind of misery," so that they were *forced to gnaw the leaves of trees*, until at last joy filled every buccaneering breast, and they threw their caps into the air and shrieked aloud when "the high steeple of Panama" appeared in view, we leave the reader to imagine. Parties of horse and foot came out to meet them, but "thought it not proper" to come within musket range. The great guns of the city, presumably ill-directed, played upon their camp; but "the Pyrates, who were used to such kind of musick, pulled out their satchels and fell to supper."

In the great engagement which followed outside the walls the Spanish Governor brought into the field 400 horse, 3,000 foot, 200

Indians, and—a curious detail—2,000 wild bulls, which proved, however, even of less use than the elephants of Pyrrhus.

Two hundred pirates indeed fell, but the town was taken. An *incredible* slaughter (were anything incredible at this stage in Mr. Leslie's history) was made of the inhabitants. Finally, 7,000 houses, mostly of cedar, were burnt down; in fact, the whole town was reduced to ashes. It is painful to learn that "the blame of this black and barbarous action" was generally laid on Morgan, although he wrote, and even published, a justification of himself, and the lamentable occurrence was rather to be attributed, in the author's opinion, to that nasty "revengeful temper" of the Spaniards, prompting them "to disappoint the expectations" of brave and industrious buccaneers. The latter, however, remained in this unhealthy spot some three months, unearthing "millions" of gold and silver from wells and cisterns, where it had been hidden, and extorting as much more by the processes already described from such "unhappy captives" as they could get hold of. Returning to Chagres, we are told they "made a dividend" larger probably than that of any trading company of the date. The profits of this kind of enterprise, which doubtless laid the foundation (in the seventeenth century and later) of many a great mercantile fortune, were certainly enormous; the most necessary form of capital being a high degree of moral (or immoral) courage and a hardy disregard of the finer feelings of civilisation. Commerce, the wasteful cultivation of the richest soils, was all very well. It was better to capture a mine, and occupy it—a tenant against will—for three weeks, while the forced labour of natives brought up eighty pounds weight of gold dust; but it was best and simplest of all to seize ready piles of coined gold, or merchandise packed for transmission and sale. The principle had been enunciated by Raleigh in his descent on St. Thomas. "This is the true gold mine, and those who think of any other are fools!" Morgan's company brought off from Panama 175 mules' burden of silver, gold, and other precious spoils. Each sailor received 200 pieces of eight, and "it seems probable" (a reflection in which we may respectfully concur) that Morgan, who, upon their mutinous demand for more, was glad to sail off privately with a few trusty friends, "reserved too large a share for himself." In any case, he reached Jamaica with 400,000 pieces in specie.

The fall of this great man from such a pinnacle of renown and fortune is a lamentable affair which recalls our attention to history.

The question whether piracy was to be encouraged or tabooed was the problem of home policy occupying the attention of each successive Governor, and there were eleven Governors in the course of

forty-two years. "Sharp memorials" from the Spanish authorities addressed at this period to the English Government had their effect, and piracy was discouraged for a while. Morgan, *who had never acted without a commission*, refused to prosecute any further designs when the Governor recalled it. He purchased a plantation and settled down to a civil career, was made a councillor of Jamaica, and afterwards knighted by the King. He even became Lieutenant-Governor of the island. Yet, nevertheless, he was called to account, like Raleigh, for actions sufficiently authorised in years long past, and sent a prisoner to England, where, unaccused and unheard, he languished and died, the victim of a "Court faction."

A detestation of everything Spanish is a characteristic feeling of the time and place.

In the good old days of Morgan, laments the author, "no *Spaniard* durst insult a *Briton*. . . . English colours struck terror into whole fleets. . . . Now (1738) our brave sailors work in the Spanish mines, our merchants' effects are seized. . . . We may complain, but, good God ! we dare not make reprisals."

Piracy, vigorously suppressed in 1689, revived at intervals during the eighteenth century, as in the case of the famous "Blackbeard" Teach, who was killed (172-) by the lieutenant of an English frigate ; and during the war with Spain privateering had flourished exceedingly.

The career of Port Royal was indeed cut short by the appalling earthquake of June 7, 1692, which seemed to many, as similar calamities had appeared to the pious Las Casas a century and a half earlier, the Providential punishment of the iniquity of the inhabitants. As to that, Providence might have suffered from an *embarras de choix*. The wickedness of the West Indies was proverbial. Its historical record (the Spaniards obtained possession of Jamaica in 1509) begins with a catalogue of the most appalling outrages and barbarities ever heard of. Every spot, every settlement, named after all the saints and dogmas known to the Catholic religion, was stained with blood. The most horrible crimes of Brasiliano or Teach were child's play to the foul monstrosities which the "Brevissima Relacion de la Destruccion de las Yndias" disclosed to the civilised European world in 1552, especially as the latter were exercised upon the simple, innocent, and defenceless natives, the former against a well-armed, though cowardly and corrupt, race of Europeans, who, when they had the chance, retorted in kind.

The tone of colonial morals in the eighteenth century does not,

however, quite satisfy the author from whom we have been quoting. His heart is indeed with the pirates,¹ which leads him, after singing the praises of Sir Henry Morgan, self-made man, buccaneer, statesman, and martyr, to a reflection which would otherwise appear uncalled for. "I would not have you imagine *that I look upon vice as the origine of virtue.*" There was, indeed, room for a little misapprehension. The persons whose constancy, bravery, and other virtues are here lauded to the skies by the patriotic colonist were more cruel and bloodthirsty than their native crocodiles, and more repulsive to humanity than any venomous reptile, while the moral atmosphere of the insular aristocracy, described as "haughty" in disposi-

¹ The exact definition of "piracy" is a matter of some delicacy to the English historian, these being matters which it is difficult to regard from a cosmopolitan point of view. The Spanish historian Mariana naturally speaks of Elizabeth's great admiral as "*el pirata Drake.*" Sir Walter Raleigh's is of course the most interesting case, the practical decision of which turned on a sudden "exigency" of foreign politics, as is explained very clearly in two of James Howell's immortal letters. King James, who would perhaps have appeared as a sleeping partner in the gold-mine venture *had it been successful* (James Howell regarded it as an "altogether airy and supposititious mine.") "*Who would not promise mines, nay, mountains of gold, for liberty?*") betrayed his plans for the descent upon the island of St. Thomas to the Spanish Governor of that island, in whose cabinet the document, *communicated by Raleigh to the King in the strictest confidence*, was afterwards found. Howell is convinced that the Royal Patent should have protected him. But the influence of the Spanish Ambassador was very strong, and "there was more than an overture at that time of a Spanish match." Gondomar (letter of March 28, 1618) "speaks high language," asked an audience of James, saying he had but one word to say; and, entering the Royal presence in a towering passion, "he said only '*Pirates, Pirates, Pirates,*' and so departed." "I believe he will never give him (Raleigh) over till he hath his head off his shoulders." Raleigh was executed October 29, 1618. It was funny, the same author observes, "that the same man should be condemned for being a friend to the Spaniards, and lose his head, under the same sentence, for being their enemy." It was.

The richest Spanish gold mines—according to Howell—*i.e.* those in Potosi, only paid 6 per cent. about the middle of the seventeenth century. But the richly-laden Acapulco was none the less attractive for this to the predatory instincts of British sea-rovers.

"Spanish galleons not yet in sight" is the constant refrain of Anson and other pious navigators of the eighteenth century. At that time scores of "waggon loads" of gold and jewels went up from Bristol to the Bank. By this date most of our "Pyrates" must have found legitimate employment in the vast maritime enterprises of the time. "Never" (writes Voltaire, *Siècle de Louis XV.*) "had the English such superiority at sea, though they have always been our superiors." And he enumerates the French losses in India and America, and the recent capture of Guadaloupe and Martinique. No sooner was a fleet at sea than it was taken or destroyed. "Vessels were for ever being built and armed in all haste; *c'était travailler pour l'Angleterre, dont ils devenaient bientôt la proie.*"

tion, leading the life of petty despots and despising all intelligent industry, was not much more healthy than their climate ; but when our author goes further, and exclaims, "No ! Such principles I look upon as base, and the *dazzling consequences* of them I view with an eye of equal horror," we can hardly take his assurance *au pied de la lettre*. The "dazzling consequences" were highly profitable to Jamaica. The hero of Panama, whom John Evelyn (meeting him at Lord Berkeley's in October 1674) naturally compares to Sir Francis Drake, was the sort of person whom circumstances seemed at the time, and for long after, imperiously to require "to keep both the Spaniards and the French in awe." Their "insolence," especially the former's, exasperated a race conscious of superior ability, character, and physique. Nor had cosmopolitan theories of the immorality of a policy of "annexation" yet begun to influence the growth of the empire. Peace, therefore, was often endured with impatience.

With 1739 came the destruction, by Admiral Vernon, of Porto Bello—when Commodore Brown fired 400 shots in twenty-five minutes against the Castle—and with the recrudescence of war, the spirits of the colony revived. Mr. Leslie concludes in a happier tone:

"The Privateers have had a wonderful success, and again (if the war continues) Jamaica will be the richest spot in the universe."

GEORGE H. POWELL.

SOME NOTES ON ANALOGIES AND HOMOLOGIES.

READERS nowadays like to have things made easy for them. The student has worked for year after year at one new subject after the other ; it has been hard work for him, he has painfully struggled to master the new facts, the new ideas, and the time comes when he has reached the acme of his work ; he thinks more for himself, reads magazines more than books, and prefers to digest the articles in his arm-chair, and they must be put for him in an appetising form, must reach him in fact as the old ideas amplified and reclothed. Very pleasant reading the old lore brought home again, very refreshing to regain what is nearly lost by the help of a few chatty words in everyday tones ; nice to dream, even amongst the words of the scientist, and to drift into illusive paths of speculation which are pointing dimly through and away beyond the veil of thought. May this little paper then be simply a series of dips here and there into the teachings of the unity of type and ideas, leaving the workings of the deeper mines for those who are fit for the labour.

Analogues and homologues are words with a practical ring about them, but they cannot always be dealt with in a practical manner. The analogies of the creation teach us that everything is spun of the same stuff and upon one plan. Let a powerful example of this fact be taken in hand at once, and some portion of the animal creation be utilised. Now, we have all of us necks, some of us graceful necks, some of us apoplectic necks, and some of us no necks at all to speak of ; again, the giraffe has a very long neck, the elephant a very short one, and the porpoise apparently stops short of one altogether, but in each and every case we find seven cervical vertebræ—*and seven only*. Again, they, and human beings also, all have the same number and variety of muscles and ligaments. Some of them certainly are simply mere representatives ; for instance, the powerful *ligamentum nuchæ* of the horse is but very feebly represented in man

"Padding" accounts for all the rest—a little more or less of fat and cellular tissue.

Every face however full,
Padded round with flesh and fat,
Is but modelled on a skull,

and it tells the same tale of the rest of the figure. It seems an odd statement at first sight, but there are many millions of beings who have an outside instead of an inside skeleton. What a miserable existence these poor creatures must have if they have a good figure, for it cannot be exhibited. The lobster is of the 40-exo skeleton type.

I have dealt with necks, now for the other extreme. It might be argued that one great difference between ourselves and the rest of the vertebrates is marked by the fact of our having no tail. We all have tails. 'Tis true they are wretched specimens, but they exist universally. We do not wag our tails, but only the other day I spoke with a gentleman who had a dog whose caudal vertebræ were anchylosed together. A little careful selection with this dog, and it is probable that a race of dogs might be developed with an os coccygis like ourselves. Disuse invariably leads to abortion. The little mass of anchylosed vertebræ that we call the os coccyx is our best apology for a tail, but this region of the spinal column becomes wonderfully modified and developed if we compare it with its homologue in other members of the creation. It may act as a hand, may be the exclusive locomotive organ, it may contain the only free vertebræ in the body. In the spider monkey it is prehensile and is often used as a hand. In some sharks the number of the vertebræ amounts to 270. In tortoises the coccygeal vertebræ are the only free vertebræ. In the sole the neural spines and the hypophyses are remarkably developed. Finally the bone may be even more rudimentary than in man. In the bat there are but two coccygeal vertebræ.

Quite a developed tail has, says Marshall, been discovered in the human race in certain rare and anomalous cases.

In the embryonic stage of the vertebrates the spinal column is represented by the so-called notochord, *and this notochord is temporarily represented in the Ascidians, a class of animals bearing not the remotest resemblance to the Vertebrates.* This is a highly interesting fact in connection with the interrelation of species.

One other most interesting fact: *At an early period of our development, that is to say, at an early part of our embryo existence, the os coccyx is free and projects beyond the lower extremities.*

One other less interesting fact: What tail we have is always

carried between our legs—no doubt, in the majority of instances, there is good reason for it !

Our limbs form beautiful subjects for comparison. Throughout the vertebrates they never exceed four in number. They are all modifications of one type, whether we take the fins of fish, the wings and legs of birds, fore and hind legs of quadrupeds, or arms and legs of man. Comparing the leg of a bird with the leg of a man, we see that the complete leg of a bird shows first the thigh bone, then the tibia or lower leg bone, and then in the place of the tarsus and metatarsus a single bone, with, at its lower extremity, a small bone supporting the four toes. Primarily the analogy between the last five bones of the bird and the so-called tarsus, metatarsus, and toes of man does not seem very complete, but if the chick in the egg be examined, its leg will be found to consist of the thigh bone, of the tibia, of two tarsal and three or four metatarsal bones, and the toes or phalanges. The upper tarsal bone subsequently becomes ankylosed with the tibia and the lower one with the consolidated metatarsus. Now the analogy becomes much more complete.

The horse has but a single metatarsal bone (the third), with rudiments of the second and fourth. These rudimentary metatarsal bones of the horse are very interesting. By means of them it is comparatively easy to trace out his descent. I may be pardoned for mentioning such well-known facts and analogies as the following, amongst the vertebrata—that the whale possesses the rudiments of hind legs, that the boa constrictor possesses also the rudiments of a leg and a pelvis, and that the rudiments of the wings are discoverable in the apteryx.

A few other animal analogies : The third eyelid of the bird exists also in some amphibians and reptiles and in sharks ; also in man as a rudimentary structure.

The manner in which cows, deer, and sheep tear up the grass when they are feeding, plucking away at the tufts, is familiar to any observant man. The incisors of the upper teeth are wanting. The interesting analogy is the fact that the teeth are really there, but they are uncut, that is to say, they have never pierced the gum.

The skin with its appendages forms a beautiful story of analogy. Our own microscopical epidermic scales are strictly comparable with the cells that make up the scales of fish and of reptiles ; their further development into hairs and nails again compares with the feathers of birds and the hoofs and horns of animals.

We call ourselves a hairless race, but everywhere on our bodies are the small lanugo hairs. Stimulation will readily cause these hairs

to grow to any extent. The surgeon has frequent opportunities of witnessing this retrograde progression towards a lower type.

Moulting has its analogy throughout the animal kingdom. We indeed moult invisibly, are continuously shedding our scales, but there are some animals that get through this process even more quickly than do birds, as, for instance, the shedding of the skin as a whole by the newt, eel, and snake.

Sir James Paget has noted that some people have a few extra long hairs growing out from the general mass of the eyebrows. These few long hairs are representatives of a permanent condition in the chimpanzee and some baboons. They grow out separately from the general hairy mass over the superciliary ridges.

Darwin notes as a significant fact that the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet of man are quite naked of hairs, like the inferior surfaces of all four extremities in most of the lower animals.

Something about the ear. The lobule of the ear is peculiar to man : there is, however, a rudiment of it in the gorilla. Happy gorilla—and man !

About the brain of man and apes. The whole comparison is one of degree, and in the case of the Bushman's brain with that of a well-developed ape, the comparison becomes nearly equal. Richard Owen once claimed that the hippocampus minor, a trifling portion of the interior of the brain, was the only exclusively characteristic human part, but it has since been demonstrated in the orang and chimpanzee. In truth there are no specific distinctions between the brain of the ape and that of man ! I possess in pickle the brain of a monkey ; I am sure that my own brain is of much greater proportional weight and complexity. It is a pleasing reflection !

To turn to a totally different class of analogies, picking them out and noting them from the thousands of examples in the world of manners, thoughts, and ideas. The effects of civilisation and town life upon man and some of the lower creation is very well exemplified by the town sparrow being seldom caught by a cat or slain by a missile, while the bumpkin bird is easily overtaken by the one or the other. *Experientia docet*—at one time the gulls of the Serpentine used to slay the sparrows : they knew not their enemy, but with each new generation of their victims the gulls had fewer meals. Instinct has been described as the accumulated experience of the race. We have had a good example of it here ; that it is common enough amongst the different races of mankind

and the various animals of the Creation goes without saying, and Dr. Taylor nearly proves that it exists amongst plants.

Parents watching the characters of their children observe that at one time the traits of the mother are to the fore, and that at another period of the child's existence he or she shows the chips of the old block by exhibiting some mannerism or peculiarity of the father. Apparently the male points are as easily inherited as the female points, and most certainly when the male tendencies are most evident, then the female tendencies are more or less in abeyance, and *vice versâ*, and these variabilities may of course occur at any period of the being's existence, often, alas ! when least desired. It has been disputed whether the female points of a plant are not more readily inherited than the male. A few years ago it was stated that the chances were as much as three to one in favour of the female side. Messrs. Sutton's foreman has experimented on these lines, particularly with wild potatoes and a cross with gloxinias. He seems convinced that the hereditary traits of the male are shown as often and as decisively as those of the female. But he is also convinced that, while the staminal tendencies are to the fore, the pistillate tendencies are more or less in abeyance. For a considerable period of the plant's growth he has noted nothing but the male tendencies ; suddenly the whole bearings of the plant have changed, the staminal tendencies have absolutely died off, and a plant with all the traits of its mother rapidly shows up in its place.

The reasons why a plant should always be called a plant, and an animal an animal, are not always very apparent. An animal is a conscious being. I mean that it knows how to discriminate between this and that, reasons about what is good for it, rejects what experience has informed it is not good for it, and has special senses. It is a conscious being—indeed reasons, discriminates. Here is a great gulf between the animal and the plant ! Most of us are ready to acknowledge such simple truths, and we are all wrong, for the differences when sifted are only those of a greater and lesser degree. Some plants like shade, some like light. Why ? Well, why do we under some circumstances prefer dark, and under others light ? When we are healthy we can digest meat, and reject, with good reason, a meal of sticks and stones. A carnivorous plant receives and digests a proportionate meat meal, but feed it with pebbles and bits of stick, and it refuses to receive such dainties. We bend beneath a blow, we protect ourselves from further injuries that we judge may follow—so do the sensitive plants. With the aid of a specialist in this class of work I am trying to demonstrate the presence of nervous

tissue in plants. So far, we have not been successful, but the circumstantial evidence is so strong that we may feel quite certain that better methods of demonstration will give ocular evidence of what we seek. The proofs of the struggle for existence in both animal and plant life have been prettily told by Taylor.

The part that colour and get-up plays in the propagation of species is precisely analogous, alike in the doings of man, the lower animals, and plants. This I have more thoroughly touched upon in a previous paper.¹

The perfumes attached to plants and the animate creation are in both instances used for like purposes, generally to attract, sometimes to repel.

The feasting and temporary entrapping of the flies within the spathe of the arum until the pollen has been dusted upon their backs for distribution, has been compared to the feasting of the old-day voters at the candidate's expense.

The intermarriage of near relatives, or the interbreeding amongst home flocks, is most disastrous in its effect upon the offspring. Plant life appears to be aware of all this, and adopts the most startling devices for its confutation. Some of these devices are worth tabulating :

I. Staminate flowers, pistillate flowers—these may be monœcious or diœcious.

II. Pistils elevated above the stamens.

III. Pistils arranged at different heights, as in the pin-eyed and rose-eyed roses.

IV. Different sizes and lengths of both stamens and pistils, as in the purple loosestrife.

V. Their own pollen acts injuriously to the pistils of some flowers, as in the primroses.

VI. Most startling observation of all—the pistil is cleft and the two stigmatic portions are maintained closed until the pollen of the flower is removed—as in the *salvias*.

VII. The catkins of the oak are beautiful devices for the winds of spring to scatter the pollen.

VIII. The facts collected by Darwin in the natural history of orchids.

IX. The milkweeds are said to be able to discriminate between those insects that will be able to cross them and those that will not. Their vengeance upon the useless intruder is indeed vindictive—they seize upon and hold him till he dies.

X. The stamens and pistils do not always ripen at the same time.

XI. In order to save their own increase and insure crossing, some flowers denote to insects an absence of honey by a change in the colour of their petals.

An observant gardener informs me that races of plants improve and improve by proper cultivation and care until they reach their zenith. The zenith being reached, the greatest care is necessary, lest

¹ See "Something about Natural Selection." *Gentleman's Magazine*, Aug. 1892.

the decline should begin; but, with the necessary amount of care, the height of their prosperity may be prolonged indefinitely, but once the decline begins, the fall to probable extinction has inevitably commenced. How well may this be likened to the career of nations! Internal dissensions and the agitator's wile may ruin the backbone and trade of a country, and hasten on its fall. The noble and broad-minded statesman is the conscientious and hard-working gardener striving to outwit the enemies and parasites of his time, saving and enwreathing his cares in the glory of the achievements of the past.

The animal moves—most gifted and superior animal that possesses a power which the plant does not! Is this a truism? Amongst many kinds of fungi, water-weeds, sea-weeds, mosses, and even ferns, the spores and male-organs actually possess locomotive power, and by means of cilia and flagella are able to move from the parent plant, and distribute themselves to some distance.

The suicidal mania is apparently appreciated by not man only. In Africa, ants have been seen marching by thousands for days together into a stream, and being swallowed by crowds of fish as fast as they could get into the water. Butterflies have been known to migrate in numbers to the sea. Similar tales have been told of rats.

We say that the existence and possession of a soul, the something that dogmatic theology asserts can exist after the death of the brain, after the death of the individual, is the attribute of man alone, and marks him as the head of the creation. Every thought that passes through our mind, every effort that guides our pen, is brought about by the molecular energy of the brain and of the muscle cells; this power is dependent upon the proper nutrition of these cells and of the body as a whole. Starve the tissues of the brain and muscle—thought no longer flows, the pen is no longer guided. The lower animals think, move, have instinct; they are conscious of ill or wrong, of joy and remorse, and herein lie the totalities of the soul. Soul is only the name for a mystery that we cannot explain, and this mysterious combination which leads us to dwell upon a life devoid of mechanism, a life freed from the trammels of matter, with its repellent forces and energies, surely belongs to us only in degree. What rights have we, what proofs have we, to help us to assume to ourselves a one exclusive evolving soul, fitting itself for a newer and purer existence, and yet to deny all that we base our hopes upon to the whole of the rest of the Creation? Surely the lower animals have their degree of soul, and a chance of a lesser heaven as well as our important selves. Our thoughts and actions are bestial, only too often to a loathsome degree; and on the other hand not only the ape world, but also still lower

creatures, point us daily many a useful moral or loving lesson. Does the existence of the soul mark the gulf that separates man from all other living beings? Does the lowest Bushman of to-day possess a soul denied to the highest anthropoid ape, and if he does not, who shall draw the line where the animal is separated from beatified man?—not man, at all events.

In the frightful and only too common form of insanity, "the general paralysis of the insane," at different periods the actions and behaviour of the unfortunate patient become horribly monkey-like. The continuous chattering, the restless clawing movements, and the stage at which the food is seized and crammed into the mouth, and, too, the half-childish, half-monkey-like gibes and smiles which wreath the poor-wretch's features as he pours his grandiose ideas into the listeners' ears, create a sickening impression for the observer to think upon.

A little more old lore concerning apes and man, including a little recapitulation.

Man compares with the anthropomorphous apes in that the relative weight of a Bushman's brain compared with that, say, of an ordinary gorilla is only as 3 to 2. The furrows and convolutions are really the same in both, and the ape does possess a hippocampus minor. The anthropomorphous apes possess, as do men, five molars; this of course includes the bicuspid with the molars. Even a prehensile toe is not unknown as a human attribute, *i.e.*, the tendency to oppose the big toe to the others. In the gorilla especially the contrast between hand and foot is nearly as distinct as in man. Then again there is the discoidal placenta with, as in the chimpanzee, its two umbilical arteries and one umbilical vein. It is to be noted that the anthropomorphous apes differ far more from the lower apes than do they from man. Lucia and others have said much regarding the fact that the ape as he grows becomes more bestial, and man more human.

Man's descent from the ape is not direct; apart from this, the laws of heredity forbid the retrogression of the one species to any great extent, or the exaltment of the other. Man's kinship, however, is not upset by the bestial strength of the teeth of the ape, or by the enormous protuberances on the skulls of this animal. The embryonic and youthful skull of the ape exhibits a plastic and well-formed cranium. Later, in form and character, it strikes out into a divergent and disastrous path.

Two of the supposed great distinctive marks of division between plants and animals are now disproved. Cellulose was believed to

be found alone in vegetable tissue, but now starch, chlorophyll, and cellulose are known to occur in the lower types of the animal kingdom. Animals were supposed to subsist only upon ready-made organic material, while plants were known to be able to convert inorganic into organic material. This partition wall has also been overthrown.

Stinging and prickly plants may be fairly said to possess and use weapons of defence. The sensitive plant, too, in a timid manner resists to the last the attacks of its attackers, and I am convinced that it appreciates the current from an electric machine. I have tried to reason with myself that my observations have been fanciful, and have been forced to the conclusion that these plants possess not only nervous ganglionic centres in their leaves, but cords of communication running even to the stem, where possibly there may be the rudiments of a spinal cord communicating, may be, with other ganglia in the roots, the totality of which would represent a brain. Nuclei and tracts of special sensations (unless they be special plant sensations), apparently, they do not possess—I mean such sensations as sight and hearing. They are, to some extent, sensitive to a breath of wind when no actual contact takes place.

Men are wise in their generation—the wisdom of man is indeed a remarkable trait of the creature—but the weather wisdom and the immigration wisdom of birds are traits equally remarkable. If the bird-lore is due to the accumulated experience of the race, just so much can be said also about the wisdom of man.

Man loves alcohol; man includes the teetotaler who loves alcohol also, but who most wisely refrains, as he doubts his own powers of resistance to excess. Here, possibly, there is a gulf between man and the lower animals. The lower creatures, as far as I know, never refrain from alcohol in excess, if they can get it. Many tales have been told of alcoholism in the lower animals, none of moderate drinking, if the alcohol were available; therefore, perhaps, the only great difference between man and the lower animals is that man may be a moderate alcoholic. Monkeys are peculiarly fond of arrack and such stuff. Possibly, therefore, our own love of spirits is simply an unfortunate hereditary ancestral trait.

Comparisons are at the best odious; however, the most tender of us can always console himself by remembering that the comparison between man and animals and plants is only reasonable when we descend, as far as man is concerned, to the very lowest species of humanity, and even then he has to be compared with the highest type of the creatures below him. Therefore, indeed, what magnificent creatures we are—or, anyhow, might be!

I have seen dogs and, I think, other animals gazing abstractedly at and evidently following something. They were troubled, sometimes whining, or positively crouching in awe or dread. Such behaviour in a dog during the course of a long life is not uncommon, and it would be ridiculous to declare all such dogs to be rabeitic. I believe other animals suffer from illusions. I know two men with whom I have spoken, and who are reasoning, rational beings, and otherwise very practical, who are able to make a chair waltz round the room or go upstairs without in any way, directly or indirectly, having contact with it. Having started the chair on its career, it is kept going by mere suggestion. I question and cross-question these gentlemen, and before witnesses, and they maintain their assertion stolidly ; and I believe that they do see in their own mind the chairs doing all they say ; but what this peculiar condition of mind implies I know not. To the majority of readers such tales appear mere vapouring. I can offer no explanation, except that these visions are not delusions, for the perpetrators are reasoning beings and sane ; they are not illusions, for such gentlemen (and ladies, too, I believe, but I have not met them) believe that they are actually moving solid furniture merely by the force of their own suggestion. Such acts, so interpreted, appear to me to be only able to be likened to those of a deity—and a deity is beyond our comprehension. They are not due to animal magnetism. They are not dreams. The effect of suggestion by means of “hypnotism,” with its startling results, has been witnessed by thousands, but any similar explanation breaks down here. If these things be true, then the connection between the animate and inanimate creation is complete. For obvious reasons, names cannot be introduced into such a paper as this ; but I believe that I could gain an introduction to one or both of these gentlemen for any person, sufficiently well known, and desirous of investigating such material.

The lower animals, then, in a degree, do almost all that we can do. Plants do many things that were once considered to be solely the doings of the animal creation. The ultimate structural elements of either will some day assist in the formation of mountains and seas. Therefore, indeed, we are all one—animal, plant, mountain, sea. The component elements and molecules of the animal and plant creation have simply become highly idealised and specialised. The marked difference between man and a mountain lies in the constant dissipation of energy by man and its passive retention by the mountain. The mountain is a mere reservoir of energy ; man one of the compounds of elements used for the dissipation of energy.

A RUN FOR THE ATLANTIC RECORD.

GOOD, and very good it may be, to hug salt-water in wooden walls, under mast and sail, winds filled with charming uncertainties, like sweethearting. But really, being sailing, what can compare to the throb of splendid life there is in a crack Atlantic liner scouring the sea !

Ours, too, was the prettiest run imaginable from New York, that strident sentinel of a kinsfolk's shore, across the September waves to Southampton, most kindly of the great English seaports. Saving a two days' much-tossed ocean, we should certainly have broken the record, Sandy Hook to the Needles. As things went, we came within a few minutes of doing it ; only that is getting ahead of the story, and the how-it-is-done and the what-life-is on board an Atlantic greyhound.

A blackish drizzle was over New York and the Hudson River, and the North River, and Hoboken, the other side of the North River, where the *Normannia* lay leashed to the Hamburg-American Packet Company's pier, until the hour should arrive for starting. A monster she looked, against the background of quays and warehouses, her big funnels smoking sedately into the heavens. Yet, get the *Normannia* out on the waters and how her immense size would disappear in a series of graceful lines and what a beautiful picture of buoyant symmetry she would present. Between ship and pier, along three or four wide gangways, there was an incessant movement of passengers bidding good-bye to friends, of friends taking farewell of passengers, of porters trundling the baggage and the mails on board. About the departure of a liner, no matter from what corner of the globe, no matter where bound, there is always something at once sad and elating. There is the sadness of the good-byes, the tears, the strained faces ; and there is the sense of elation—indefinable, but an excellent feeling—which a fine ship always communicates to her surroundings. Captain Hebich, our captain, the commodore of the Hamburg-American Company's fleet, truest of sailors, welcomingly picturesque in his handsome uniform, came on deck, cast a skyward glance, and pulled out his watch. As he ascended to the

bridge, the ship's band plunged into a last departing tune, bright music with a note of sadness in it, and Uncle Sam's final mail-cart rattled up with an impatient clatter.

"On time," a dainty *Américaine*, leaning over the bulwark railing, cried to a sister she was leaving ashore, and the two waved their handkerchiefs, just to prove their eyes did not need them. Promptly at half-past eight, for half a dozen clocks could be heard striking, the immense twin screws began their long twist through the Atlantic. Hawasers and gangways vanished, and, moving gently, we were in a few minutes out in the river and dropping down toward New York's beautiful bay. River boats were screaming on every side ; the farthest up-town giant buildings of New York gradually lessened into specks ; the wooded shores of New Jersey glided by. We were off Sandy Hook ; the pulse of the screws quickened ; here was the real beginning of the run to Europe. Boats from New York to Southampton take their time at Sandy Hook and the Needles ; voyages, quick or slow, good or bad, are counted between those points.

With the pilot's going we also shook off the rain—although ashore it could still be seen dabbling down—and ahead the sun was brightly kissing the waters. Folk had lingered on deck until we were actually clear of New York, or, on the other hand, gone below to breakfast and make acquaintance with our cabins. By noon there was a sort of mustering of passengers, anxious to see what sort of family they made altogether. Deck chairs had been secured, places found in the bathroom steward's list, seats selected in the dining saloon. Of course the genial chief-steward could not give every woman on board a place at the captain's table, for no steward of a big liner can ever hope quite to solve that tremendous problem. But, to be sure, there were some vacant places at the first officer's table—a handsome fellow enough—and at the doctor's table ; the doctor witty, winning as a doctor should be. So those little matters adjusted themselves to the satisfaction of everybody—a chief-steward is of necessity a born diplomat—and subsequently not a seat would have been exchanged for any consideration. With luncheon began the social life of the voyage : the talks on innumerable subjects, the interchange of books, the courtesy of cigars or a pipe of baccy. Now we were well into the movement of the Atlantic, and new voyagers, those who so far had merely puddled and paddled within sight of land, were able to guess how it was going to suit them. Out at sea, be the weather as fine as spun-silk, there is most often a motion, and it has even been said that the great oceans have each their peculiarities of motion. Anyhow, there is a strange exhilaration in the swing, the long lift of the Atlantic, capped by the buoyant rush of the ship gliding on. A lounging,

lazy afternoon, the breezes kindly, the atmosphere fresh as a berry ; some reading, others gossiping in groups, some tramping round smartly to fetch an appetite—this, and such as this, until the sound of the gong calling to dinner.

A magnificent saloon, all a-sparkle with electric light, music falling from the violins and the other stringed instruments above, faring for gods and men ; oh, a liner nowadays is simply a sumptuous hotel afloat. Inevitably the trend of talk was how we should come out in the matter of time to Southampton. Curious, we had barely lost the last traces of America and yet here we were already calculating how soon the English coast would loom up. Clyde built, one of the most powerful and best-appointed boats afloat, the *Normannia* had already made some very rapid voyages across the Atlantic. What would she do this pasasge ? He is a poor voyager indeed who does not take a personal interest in his craft ; and if the record happened to be beaten, why, it would be something to remember and recount. She seemed, by all the motion perceptible, to be jogging along leisurely enough, easily, like a racehorse at a hand-gallop. And yet she was putting nineteen or twenty knots behind her every hour, only so modestly, as if it were the merest child's play. An after-dinner lounge round the ship, an hour or two in the smoke-room with its delicious lounges ; or, alternatively, late tea in the saloon and songs and chatter in the drawing-room.

But go forward, all the better if you are alone, and take in the scene—a scene of singular charm. On so excellent, though darksome, a night, watch the ship's great bows rising and falling, a bunch of steerage passengers sitting under their shelter for a talk before bed. Your scan catches the officer on the bridge, walking to and fro, and ever and again pointing his night glass into the night ; look higher, away up on the foremast, where there is a sailor in the crow's nest, all eyes and ears ; take a sweep along the whole length of the vessel, groups of people here and there under the gleam of the powerful lights, the second-class passengers on the spacious decks aft, grouped round a series of cabins so comfortable, so beautiful, as almost to reach the luxurious. Do these things, and your first instinct will be to mutter, "What a wonderful thing of life this is, whipping across the sea." Somehow, there is an intensely human element in the picture which the great liner makes to the eye, in the impression she makes on the mind. The same humanness was present in the appearance another of the Hamburg-American express-boats made coming up the Solent towards Southampton in the gloaming of an evening some months before. This was the *Augusta-Victoria*, Captain Barends—excel-

lent fellow as ever walked a quarter-deck—and as she moved towards us at Hurst Castle we could hear music, which at sea sounds a doubly deep note of humanness. But it was in the wonderfully beautiful movement of the ship, a movement reminding one of a graceful woman skimming a ball-room floor, that the highest touch of what might be called livingness came out. The brilliant electric star at the mast-head, the side lanterns red and green, the bulbs of light from an infinitely long broadside of portholes, the sinuous tremor in every light—all these made the *Augusta-Victoria* an entrancing thing against the black background of the Isle of Wight.

And yet they say the liner has driven romance out of the sea ; oh dear, no. It's a bold thing to declare that sentiment and beauty are out of the question merely because you have celerity, coupled with the utmost comfort and safety. If you want another touch of the poetic, get along to the *Normannia's* stern, stand fairly above the screws and look away into the wake far as the gaze can go. At the bows the ship was peeling the waves into showers of phosphorus and sending them rippling along her sides. Here, the screws are churning the eternal sea, which has been before screws and will be when screws are ancient history, into a splendid necklace of phosphorus. The whirl of the blades is forgotten in the shimmer of a phosphorescent eddy ; forgotten in the gleam of a thousand eddies breaking into a great light plane towards the horizon. If only a mermaid would arise in her golden curls and flash them in the phosphorus, the little heaven in the water would be complete. But there are no mermaids in the Atlantic—only an occasional whale—and if there were, the flying *Normannia* would be leaving them hopelessly behind before they could do more than smile at her. Moreover, when you get to your cabin, the delicious tiredness which comes of the sea has so caught you that you don't even dream of mermaids. Yet, if you lie awake for a minute, the crow of the men on the look-out may reach you with an eerie thrill. Ting-ting goes the bell at the officer's hand, on the bridge, every half-hour, and "Alles ist wohl" answers the German man in the nest on the mast, and "Alles ist wohl" comes the second answering cry from the dark figure right at the peak of the bow. You know you are a good deal safer than if you were walking the crowded streets of London, and you are so divinely sleepy that really it does not matter if you were not.

"You take my word for it," a New Englander declared after breakfast next day, "the *Normannia* is out for blood ;" by this meaning that we had been getting along at a pace which would bring us to English shores in right good time. When the officers took their observations at noon, and the distance run had been posted beside

the smoke-room, there was a unanimous conclusion that if the weather held the *Normannia* ought to interfere with the record. That there should be a "pool" on the probable run every day, that those who did not enter the "pool" should be as much interested in its result as those who did, that the announcement of our distance should compete with dinner as the essential event of the twenty-four hours—these are the characteristics of every ocean voyage. Every man had his own way of calculating precisely how many miles we ought to make from noon until noon, and if he lost his half-sovereign he had the consolation that his basis of calculation was undoubtedly right.

More sun, with a nice breeze, lightened us on our way, the sea bobbing from a transient green into a light blue, and immediately back again. After the feeling of immensity which the open sea gives you, its second impression is its wonderful colouring—at one time seeming to be one colour, half an hour later quite different. When the sun got hidden in a bank of clouds, a rawness would come around us, the bobbing greens and blues giving place to a deep blue, sometimes to a blue so deep as to be perfectly indistinguishable from blackness. Then off the Banks of Newfoundland we got into the fogs which almost invariably lie there, and they, when it was possible to see through them at all, made the sea a cold grey. Naturally, fog drove the less hardy to the drawing-room, the music-room, or to the smoke-room, a yarn and a game at cards. Captain Hebich and three or four officers now strode the bridge, and grim spectres they made in heavy coats, ever questing into the mists, ears ever at attention. The look-out was doubled, and we battled through the fog with howl and screech of the loud fog-horn every other minute. No, fog at sea is not pleasant, but at last we plumped out of it, and were able to look back, with eminent satisfaction, at the solid wall it made behind. Again the sun smiled and warmed sea and ship back to their own selves, and now we had completed half the voyage and done famously.

It takes a deal of sea to move a leviathan like the *Normannia*, or, say, her sister-boats, the *Fürst Bismarck*, the *Columbia*, and the *Augusta-Victoria*. But when the "fiddles" appeared on the dining-room tables it was pretty evident that we were in for a bit of a blow. Rather it was a big swell, the result of a storm, than a violent storm itself, though the wind whizzed about viciously enough. It came tumbling down from the west, catching the *Normannia* on the quarter, every few minutes heaving the screws out of the water. Of course, for one of the screws to get out of the water now and then is for a ship to lose so much force power. Short of that—everything, however, in the matter of the record—the mingled storm and swell

hardly bothered the *Normannia* at all. To stand at the quarter and see the billows come rolling up, their white crests rising higher than the ship, you would have thought that each was to come on board. But no ; we simply were hoisted up a little bit and then dropped, like a baby being rocked to sleep. A steadier boat in a rough sea never swam ; as evidence of which, not a woman on board, to all appearance, but got to her wonted seat at the dining-table. There is nothing in the least brave, unless indeed you be an outrageously poor sailor, in going through a day or two of average rough weather on such a ship. Should the Atlantic run mad, as it does in a thorough-going Atlantic storm, then you could not be drier nor happier elsewhere than perhaps you would be on the *Normannia*.

"Ship in sight," the word went round, and that is always acceptable news for passengers who have been out for days. We had sighted one or two vessels of no great size, and unluckily had passed in the night the *Fürst Bismarck* going the other way. It would have been good to behold Captain Albers's clinking sister-ship—Captain Albers, whom the Sultan decorated on a trip of the *Fürst Bismarck* up the Bosphorus—but then we were all asleep, and when afloat there's nothing like sleep.

"A Dutchman—a Dutch liner," quoth our New Englander as we stood, a few with binoculars at the eye, gazing towards the approaching steamer. She did turn out to be a Dutch passenger-boat, perhaps of three thousand tons or so—about a third our size. As she came beating along, doing ten or eleven knots an hour to our nineteen or twenty, we were able to discover what a deal of sea was running. Spume, froth, white-caps would fly over the Dutchman, his screw go whistling into the air, his hull go almost out of sight in the bend of two waves. Signal flags fluttered out from both ships, as at another time, in the dark, the *Normannia* and a passer-by had exchanged lights. We were making for the first sight of England, the Scilly Isles ; the Dutchman for the much farther distant land we had come from. As she vanished beyond the water hills the sun, which had been struggling long hours with wrack-driven clouds, blazed out red, threatening, to bid us good-night. A molten haze sat on the tumbling, stricken waves—a haze which sat deeper and deeper until, with a final dive, the sun went down. And the sea grew blacker and the swell kept on ; but all the same to-morrow afternoon we should sight the Scilly Isles. Only, how many miles had the rough water taken from our heels ? Not so many, perhaps ; but in these times ten minutes to a liner is as much as ten days would have been to an old Indiaman.

Duly, Scilly bore up ; our signal flew out to let us be announced over the wires to all parts, as liners are announced, and the course

was straight for the Needles. Once under shelter of the English coast we lost the swell that ran so rudely in the open Atlantic, and there was little stirring of the water but what the ship made herself. A charming night it developed, too; the moon full and clear, the sky just enough disturbed to be picturesque; the sea a glossy dark, unless where our forefoot and our screws cut it white; the English coast a shadow away beyond the lighthouses. Those who had not seen England for years naturally stayed longest on deck being so near home, and everybody for Southampton knew we should be there by daylight.

It was to be a question of minutes in the matter of the record, and passengers went to bed ready immediately they awoke to ask when the Needles were passed, and, as a consequence, how stood the record? The *Fürst Bismarck* held the record, Sandy Hook to the Needles, her time being 6 days 12 hours 58 minutes. There wasn't a soul who didn't in the rising morning, as Southampton appeared, have hard words for that two days' swell. Our time came out 6 days 13 hours 5 minutes; we had missed collaring the record by exactly *seven minutes*. Yes, it was disappointing to so nearly succeed, in face of difficulties, and yet to fail by a trifle. Still, it was a great run, and from beginning to end the *Normannia* treated us to the perfection of easy seamanship. She had beaten herself, beaten the doings of Captain Vogelgesang's dainty *Columbia*, beaten every keel from New York to Southampton, excepting the *Fürst Bismarck*. A week later, though, Captain Albers brought the *Fürst Bismarck* past the Needles only 6 days 10 hours 55 minutes out from Sandy Hook; an immense reduction on everything that had been done—an achievement which is likely to be for some time the fastest passage to Southampton. The *Paris* and the *New York* hold the Southampton-New York records out; the *Fürst Bismarck* and the *Normannia* and the *Columbia* hold them homeward—a division of the ocean laurels.

When we stepped off the *Normannia* on to the tender; when we heard the "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye" of the band; when we cheered those going on to Hamburg and were cheered in return; then we had not the slightest notion the *Fürst Bismarck* was to show so soon her power of reply to a near beating. Even if we had, we should still have let our eyes stray with something like regret after the *Normannia*, now turning her bow towards the last stage of her voyage—Hamburg. A special train whisked us up to Waterloo, and almost to a minute seven days from the taking of the letter-bags on board at the quay in New York, they were being carried off in her Majesty's mail-carts to St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Some day, no doubt, there will arise the Clark Russell of the great ocean liner.

JAMES MILNE.

*IN FABLELAND.**(With Three Old Favourites.)*

DRAW the curtain, close the shutter,
 Range the screen across the door,
 Lulling to a languid mutter
 All the traffic's rush and roar ;
 As the drowsy flame grows dimmer,
 Curling round the log's charred brand,
 Let us glide amid its glimmer
 Into far-off Fableland.

* * * * *

Silently the great Enchanter
 Rises up before us there ;
 Time, the spoiler, the supplanter,
 Has not touched one silvery hair ;
 Still, with beaming smile unbanished,
 Still, with tear but half-concealed,
 As of old, on nights long vanished,
 He his spell begins to wield—
 From the bell a fairy tinkle,
 With the wand a magic wave,
 And with eyes that starlike twinkle
 Dazzling Trix greets Esmond grave ;
 While, intent upon his pleading
 So remorselessly withstood,
 With a look half-interceding,
 Sighs sweet Rachel Castlewood !
 Next, ah, what a wondrous medley
 Opens out before our view !
 Purse-proud Osborne, pauper Sedley ;
 Trusty Dobbin, George untrue ;
 Emmy winning, Becky wilful ;
 Craftless Rawdon, cunning Steyne—
 Loving, hating, sobbing, smiling !
 Was there ever such a scene ?

Then the wand a moment falters
As it circles thro' the air ;
Round us something weirdly alters—
What we cannot tell, or where ;
O'er our eyes a mist comes stealing,
Pensive silence reigns supreme,
Till a vesper-bell's faint pealing
Falls like music in a dream.

Gradually it ceases sounding—
Whose those suppliant hands upborne ?
Whose that face with peace abounding,
Yet so wan, so sorrow-worn ?
Feebly seems the breath to flutter—
Quaveringly the lips exclaim—
“ Adsum ! ” that is all they utter—
He has answered to his name !

* * * * *

Death's dark torrent onward rushing
Ever sweeps some track away,
Ever some loved voice is hushing,
In our ears but yesterday.
'Mid the dusk of life's December,
On its Spring our sad thoughts fall,
Till we pine to not remember,
Till we pray to not recall !

Then, like troubled children yearning
For some charm their griefs to quell,
Do we find our hearts returning
To the great Enchanter's spell—
To the solace of those pages
That no change can ever sear,
Where each tender smile assuages,
And there's balm in every tear.

WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

OLD EDINBURGH INNS.

THE modern traveller who, after having been borne swiftly to Edinburgh in one of the luxurious carriages that run along the three main lines from the English to the Scottish capital, emerges from the railway station into Princes Street sees before him a row of hotels equal to any in Europe. Taking up his abode in one of these, he can almost agree with Dr. Johnson's enthusiastic remark that "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." The outlook is in keeping with the interior. From his dinner-table the visitor can look across the verdant valley to the rugged rock crowned by its ancient fortress, and to the domes, pinnacles, and spires protruding from the dense and massive pile of Scott's old romantic town. After nightfall he can lie in bed with uncurtained window and gaze upon the castle standing out in bold outline against the moonlit sky, or watch the lights twinkling in the tall lands where nobles feasted and revelled in bygone days. Then, when slumber closes his eyelids and he passes into dreamland, could he be transformed by the magic spell of some Northern wizard into a traveller of a century and a quarter ago, what a contrast there would be in his surroundings! After a long and tedious journey, in which he would have been beset by many perils, and in which he would have either sat huddled up in the stuffy interior of a lumbering coach or been perched precariously on its roof, he would have alighted, benumbed and travel-worn, at one of the few humble hostelrys which in those days were set apart for the entertainment of man and beast.

A vivid description of an eighteenth-century traveller's experience on his entrance into Edinburgh is given by Captain Topham, a cultured Yorkshire gentleman who visited the "grey metropolis" in 1774, or about a twelvemonth after Dr. Johnson had passed through it on his famous tour to the Hebrides. "One can scarcely form in imagination," writes Captain Topham, "the distress of a miserable stranger on his first entrance into this city, as there is no inn that is better than an alehouse, nor any accommodation that is decent, cleanly, or fit to receive a gentleman. On my first arrival my companion and self, after the fatigue of a long day's journey, were landed

at one of these stable-keepers' (for they have modesty enough to give themselves no higher denomination), in a part of the town which is called the Pleasance ; and on entering the house we were conducted by a poor girl without shoes or stockings, and with only a single linsey-woolsey petticoat which just reached halfway to her ankles, into a room where about twenty Scotch drovers had been regaling themselves with whisky and potatoes. You may guess our amazement when we were informed 'that this was the best inn in the metropolis, and that we could have no beds, unless we had an inclination to sleep together, and in the same room with the company which a stage-coach had that moment discharged.' Well, said I to my friend, there is nothing like seeing men and manners ; perhaps we may be able to repose ourselves at some coffee-house. Accordingly, on inquiry, we discovered that there was a good dame by the Cross who acted in the double capacity of pouring out coffee or letting lodgings to strangers, as we were. She was easily to be found out, and, with all the conciliating complaisance of a *Maîtresse d'Hôtel*, conducted us to our destined apartments, which were indeed six storeys high, but so infernal in appearance that you would have thought yourself in the regions of Erebus. The truth of this, I will venture to say, you will make no scruple to believe when I tell you that in the whole we had only two windows, which looked into an alley five foot wide, where the houses were at least ten storeys high, and the alley itself was so sombre in the brightest sunshine that it was impossible to see any object distinctly."

The narrow, straggling street, known at one time by the peculiar and expressive name of Dearenough, but latterly as the Pleasance, from the neighbouring convent of *Sancta Maria de Placentia*—a town in the Duchy of Parma—was entered by a port, or gate, over which were frequently displayed the heads of political offenders. The Pleasance and its continuation, *St. Mary's Wynd*—now *St. Mary's Street*—then formed the approach to the centre of the city by one of the turnpike roads from the south. Here, accordingly, were situated several of the principal inns, and these continued to flourish until the erection of the North and South Bridges in 1769 and 1788 diverted the traffic into the city along the higher level.

One of the innkeepers in the Pleasance at the time of Captain Topham's visit was Mr. James Dun, who is a notable personage, inasmuch as he was not only the first in the city to abandon the use of the word "stabler," but was also the pioneer of hotel-keeping in the New Town. After the completion of the North Bridge, the magistrates of Edinburgh, with the view of encouraging building operations on

the lands to the north of the marshy valley which separated the extended city from the original town, offered exemption from all burghal taxation to the enterprising individual who would first erect a house there. Tempted by this offer, Mr. John Neale, a silk mercer—who, by the way, was the first citizen of Edinburgh to adopt the new-fangled name of haberdasher—erected in 1774 what is now the eastmost house in Princes Street, next to the Register House. Two years later, that is to say in 1776, he let the upper flats of this building to Mr. Dun, the Pleasance innkeeper, who fitted up the house in a style which was considered particularly elegant for those days, and painted in gilt letters in front the words “Dun’s Hotel.” Public curiosity was aroused by the sight of the strange sign, and there was much discussion as to its meaning, the general opinion being that the word “hotel” was only a polite name for a house of bad fame. So widespread was this belief that Lord Provost Kincaid wrote to Mr. Dun remonstrating seriously with him about the indecency of his sign, and asking him to at least save the public the scandal of its exhibition, whatever might be the real character of the house. Mr. Dun, however, stuck to his sign, his business prospered, and he eventually realised a considerable fortune, living long enough to see not a few other hotels spring up and flourish alongside the original.

But to recross the “Nor’ Loch,” where now runs the North British Railway, and where the Princes’ Street Gardens spread their bloom and verdure above what was formerly a morass, the last resting-place of cats and dogs. In the Old Town of Edinburgh the ancient “hostillaries,” as they were termed, received every encouragement from Royalty. An Act passed in 1425, in the reign of the poet King, James the First, forbade all travellers stopping at burgh towns to lodge with their friends or acquaintances, or in any other place but the “hostillaries.” There was, however, this exception, which is quaintly expressed in the phraseology of the time, “Gif it be the persones that leadis monie with them in company”—that is to say, if the travellers were attended by a numerous retinue—“thai sall have friedom to harberie with their friends; swa that their horse and their meinze be harberied and ludged in the commoun hostillaries.” The innkeeper was not to be balked of at least some share of the profit accruing from the great personage’s visit.

The oldest existing building in Edinburgh ever used as a hostelry is the White Horse Inn, situated in a court on the north side of the Canongate, at its eastern extremity, and entered from that thoroughfare by a covered passage known as Davidson’s, or the White Horse Close. This ancient inn, which was recently restored

on behalf of the Edinburgh Social Union, has always been a favourite haunt of tourists and artists, and no bit of "Auld Reekie" has been more frequently portrayed by brush and pencil. Until the hand of the restorer imparted to its exterior a somewhat modern aspect, it was a picturesque specimen of the hostelry of bygone days. In the south front a broad open stair led up from the courtyard, and diverged to the right and left from the first landing, giving access to two timber porches which overhung the lower storey, and formed the most conspicuous feature of the building. These porches rose to the full height of the rest of the structure, and each was pierced in front by a small window. The dormer windows in the roof gave the inn some resemblance to those quaint old hostelries which the traveller occasionally sees in the Netherlands. On the ground floor, in the days when the inn was the abode of travellers, there was an apartment which was kitchen and dining-room in one. It had a characteristically large fireplace, one of those hearths in front of whose ruddy glow a goodly company could gather on a winter night and tell over again their tales of peril and adventure, some of the guests sitting on either side of the crackling logs beneath the wide-spreading chimney. In the floors above were the bedrooms. At the left-hand side of the outside stair, already referred to, the visitor could descend a few steps, and, going through a low-roofed passage, emerge into the street known as the North Back of Canongate. Here the slope of the ground permitted of a lower arched floor of the inn, in which was ample accommodation for horses. The White Horse Stables, as they were at one time called, formed a convenient resort for travellers to and from the South, being situated close to the Water Gate, then the eastern boundary of the city. In these olden days, a gentleman who had made up his mind to risk the dangers of a journey to London—an undertaking so beset by perils of storm, perils of robbers, and perils of accidents of every kind, that travellers made their wills and set their worldly affairs in order before they started—went to the White Horse Stables ready booted and spurred, with his saddle-bags and other requisites for the journey, and there engaged a suitable horse to bear him south. It was a long and tedious journey in whatever way it was undertaken. Even as late as the end of the eighteenth century travelling was attended by many discomforts. A writer, describing his experiences in 1797, says: "We were put into chaises with half a bottom, with no glasses to the windows or fastenings to the doors, and we not unfrequently might have been taken for a party of convicted Scotchmen, on our road to Newgate." What a contrast to the Pullman sleeping- and dining-cars of to-day!

The precise date when the White Horse Inn was originally erected is a matter of considerable speculation, for implicit reliance cannot be placed on the date, 1623, which was carved upon it. Tradition says that the inn got its name from the fact that a beautiful white palfrey belonging to Queen Mary was accommodated in the stables when the rear basement was occupied as the Royal Mews. Both Sir Daniel Wilson and Dr. Robert Chambers, to whose works the writer is indebted, were of opinion that the building was not older than the beginning of the seventeenth century. An interesting historical incident associated with the White Horse Inn was the residence there in the '45 of several of Prince Charlie's officers, while the young Chevalier held his short-lived Court at Holyrood. Sir Walter Scott has thrown the glamour of romance over the ancient house, by making it the abode of Captain Waverley during his brief stay in Edinburgh, on the eve of the battle of Prestonpans.

Another celebrated inn of last century, and one which is often confounded with that just described, was the "White Horse Hostel." It was situated off St. Mary's Wynd, being entered through Boyd's, or the "White Horse," Close. As in the case of other places of resort for travellers, the rooms were above the stables, but the house was larger and more comfortable than many of its rivals. Its owner was Mr. James Boyd, a gentleman whose favourite recreation was horse-racing, the course for which at that time was the sands of Leith. And thereby hangs a tale. Local tradition relates that at one period of his career Mr. Boyd's sporting proclivities had brought him to the brink of ruin, when the swift-ness of a white horse in his racing-stud retrieved his fortune. Thereupon the grateful owner not only decided to keep the animal in ease and comfort until nature ended its days, but also adopted its portrait as his sign. Eventually Boyd retired with a fortune of several thousand pounds, and, as an indication of the completeness of his inn's appointment, it may be added that at the displensing there was a napery in the house valued at £500. Among the many celebrities who visited this "White Horse Inn" was the great dictionary-maker, Dr. Johnson. On his arrival there, in August 1773, he sent this brief note to his devoted admirer: "Saturday night: Mr. Johnson sends his compliments to Mr. Boswell, having just arrived at 'Boyd's.'" When Boswell came upon the scene, the learned Doctor was pouring out the vials of his wrath upon a slovenly waiter who had dared to sweeten his lemonade with nature's sugar-tongs. The indignant Doctor threw the lemonade out of the window, and seemed inclined to pitch the waiter after it, but was

appeased by his friend, and the couple walked arm-in-arm up the High Street to Boswell's house in James's Court, Lawnmarket. "It was a dusky night," writes Boswell; "I could not prevent his being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh." The site of the "White Horse Inn" is commemorated by a tablet in the front wall of a modern building in what is now called St. Mary Street.

At the foot of St. Mary's Wynd and adjoining the Cowgate Port was another famous inn, which, being situated at the junction of the line of both roadways, was a resort of travellers from the East as well as of those from the South. This was Peter Ramsay's inn, which was advertised by its owner in 1776 as "a good house for entertainment, good stables for above one hundred horses, and sheds for above twenty carriages." Ramsay retired in 1790 with a fortune of £10,000, and took up his residence at Barnton, a beautiful estate situated a few miles west from Edinburgh, which he had purchased four years before from the widowed Lady Glenorchy. His descendant, the owner of the racehorse Lanercost, was a famous sportsman of his day. He was notable as the friend of Captain Robert Barclay, of Urie, the celebrated pedestrian, and along with him horsed and drove the "Defiance" coach to and from Aberdeen.

For travellers from the West, who entered the city through the West Port, there was the White Hart Inn, situated in the Grassmarket—an old edifice which still survives; and the Black Bull Inn, a commodious house in the Pleasance, was another resort of strangers.

Even the best of these hostelrys would find but scant favour in the eyes of a modern traveller. Hugo Arnot, the historian of Edinburgh, writing in 1779, says that "all these inns were mean buildings, their apartments dirty and dismal; and, if waiters happen to be out of the way, a stranger will perhaps be shocked with the novelty of being shown into a room by a dirty, sunburnt wench without shoes or stockings." An irascible traveller pithily described the hardness of his bed by comparing it to "a dish-clout stretched on a gridiron." The fact was, these inns were used in the eighteenth century mainly as stables; visitors, unless their stay in the city was to be brief, usually went into lodgings. One of these lodging-house keepers, "the good dame by the Cross," referred to by Captain Topham, advertised in 1754 that persons who did not bring "their silver plate, tea-china, table-china, and tea-linen can be served in them all." This enterprising landlady also offered to provide her guests with "wines and spirits and everything in a very genteel manner." Notwithstanding this tempting advertisement Mrs.

Thomson's house was not quite "a home from home." Topham's account of such lodgings is corroborated by Hugo Arnot, who says that they were poorly furnished apartments, generally on the third or fourth floor, up dark and dirty stairs, and, he adds, the prices charged were very extravagant—evidently a hereditary failing in lodging-house keepers.

But there is another side to the picture. If accommodation in the hostelrys was poor, the fare was cheap and good. Arnot says that in the Edinburgh of those days men could command luxuries of the table which in London they could scarcely find within the reach of double the same income. "An Edinburgh tavern (if a good one) is the best of all taverns," he says. Claret, a liquor whose introduction into Scotland was traceable to the friendly intercourse with France, was a favourite drink. Chambers says that in public-houses and in considerable mansions it was commonly kept on tap. In 1720 an Edinburgh dealer advertised in the *Courant* "neat claret wine at 11*d.*, strong at 15*d.*; white wine at 12*d.*; Rhenish at 16*d.*; old Hock at 20*d.*—all per bottle." Cherry sack was 2*s.* 4*d.* per pint, and English ale 4*d.* per bottle. Among the poorer classes twopenny ale was the liquor most in vogue. Dinners were charged at moderate rates. In the middle of the eighteenth century a prominent lawyer dined daily along with a friend in the Lawnmarket for "twa groats and a piece," as they expressed it. A groat was equal to fourpence.

After dusk the adventurous stranger who wanted to see real life in Edinburgh could dive into one of those dark subterranean cellars, which were the "howffs" of judges, of literary men, and of the leading citizens. There, surrounded by the jovial company, he could—

sit fu' snug
O'er oysters and a dram o' gin
Or haddock lug.

He could regale himself at a dainty supper—

a bit toasted cheese,
A crumb o' tripe, ham, dish o' peas;
The season fitting,
An egg, or, caller frae the seas,
A fleük or whiting.

For the moderate expenditure of sixpence he could enjoy an excellent supper with such appetising fare as tripe, rizzared haddocks, minced collops, washing it down with that luscious brew, Edinburgh ale, or more potent toddy. Such are a few glimpses of the Edinburgh inns and taverns of the last century.

“NO SPORTSMAN.”

KIND Nature, I am sure, did not intend me for a sportsman. It is really no fault of my own : both mentally and physically I think I am unfitted for sport. Anyhow, I don't appreciate its charms, and hate anyone that does. Besides, most sports are so horribly dangerous. I don't believe that in any other country in the civilised world men are expected, as we are here, to jeopardise their lives and limbs, and all for the sake of a so-called amusement. I am alluding, particularly, to all sports connected with horses. Hunting and steeple-chasing ought to be put down by the strong arm of the law !

Having relieved my mind by thus expressing my sentiments—and anyone can see that I am not lacking in natural boldness, or I should not have dared to confess so much in print—I will just give my unhappy experiences in the following bald, unvarnished tale.

A little time ago I fell in love with the sweetest, the most — but there, I will spare you lover's rhapsodies. Suffice it to say that my all too-susceptible affections were completely taken captive at a “Sale of Work,” whereat I met my inamorata for the first time. I am rather fond of sales of work, bazaars, and suchlike places, and make lots of nice little things for them, which look awfully pretty on the stalls. Crewel-work I am especially strong upon, and having supplied several pieces of it to Lady Barbara Bluebottle, I naturally hung about her stall to see how it sold. Whilst doing so, she introduced me to the girl in whom I thought I recognised my fate.

Miss Dashwood's appearance at once subjugated me. Fair, with hazel —, oh, well, never mind all that. Of course, she was perfection in my eyes, and it was only her slight *brusquerie*, which, after all, merely amounted to outspokenness, that rather damped me at first. This, however, I soon got accustomed to, resolving that, if she would ultimately consent to entrust her happiness to my keeping, I would gently induce her to put away these little roughnesses of speech, and take care not to—metaphorically speaking—tread on people's corns quite so cruelly.

Her first observations, I well remember, caused me considerable pain. She began :

"I suppose you hate being here? All men, I think, detest being dragged to bazaars. I dare say, now, your mind is far away, and you are not blessing us for keeping you away from your shooting" (I shuddered) "or hunting" (I groaned aloud).

With a slightly superior air, in which I intended to convey that I had an intellect above sport, I replied :

"Indeed, Miss Dashwood, you are mistaken ; I don't shoot, and as to hunting——"

"Ah !" she broke in, her eyes glistening. "I see ; you don't care for shooting, but hunting's your mania. Well, I must say you don't look much like a hunting man" (I winced), "but, nowadays, appearances don't go for much. Hunting's *my* mania, too. Is there anything on earth to equal it? I don't think so, anyhow. My father, too, has always hunted four days a-week, and now, at past sixty, he talks of trying to get in a bye-day as well."

"Er—— I beg pardon ; a buy day did you say——?" But, before I had exposed my ignorance any further, she broke in with "Yes—that'll make five days a week : pretty good that, at his time of life !" Then she added confidentially, for I could see that she was beginning to take to me, "Is it true that some young man——man !" she repeated, with a gesture of supremest scorn, "has actually made some of the crewel-work for this bazaar? Lady Barbara told me so ; but I can't believe it, can you?" And if my future welfare had depended on it, I could not have told her the truth at that moment.

I next met her walking in the park with her father, a hard-headed, red-nosed old boy, with a clean-shaved face, high gills, and a neatly-folded blue-and-white fogle, into which was fastened a gold hunting-horn pin. She recognised me at once, and, after a greeting from her, I was presented to the old man as (ye gods !) a hunting enthusiast. "Delighted to meet you !" quoth Sir Strawberry Dashwood. "Delighted to meet you ! Great hunting man, eh? Well, come down next week to our opening meet—the Harkhalloa Hounds. Ever ridden over that country? No? Oh ! then you have a treat in store. Don't trouble about a horse. Can put you up, can put you up : early in the season, you know ; later on, might be a bit hard up for horseflesh, eh? *You* understand" (I didn't, in the least), "but all right now ;" and after a few you-know-all-about-it kind of remarks to me, we parted with the arrangement that we should meet that day week at Harkaway Manor in Thrustershire, whither I was to betake myself for the opening of the hunting season.

All the intervening time I spent tossed on the conflicting tides of

love and fear. How could I forego the delight of staying with the girl I already loved to distraction—or thought I did, at all events—how, on the other hand, encounter the horrible risks of riding across country and with the eye of my charmer upon me? and I myself all unversed in the awful and mysterious rites connected with what Mr. Billy Pringle called "sitting at the jumps." I did just what nine men out of ten would have done, under the circumstances—I went to a riding-school to try and learn.

Never in my life had I met so brutal a man as the riding-master. Of course, he was a Sergeant—they all are. The man actually prodded me about the arms and chest when I went to him, shook his head, and said he thought I was "a bit soft." What did he mean, I wonder? Whatever he thought, he shouldn't have spoken in that sort of contemptuous manner of me; it was most rude. After again running his eye over me, he turned to one of the grooms and said, "Bring out the rocking-'oss, Bill," and Bill returned, in two minutes time, with a grey, wooden-looking brute that seemed, by its appearance, to thoroughly merit the opprobrious name bestowed on it. In addition to its other peculiarities, it seemed to be very badly upholstered.

After the first two lessons—which gave me no pleasure at the time, and even less afterwards—I informed the Sergeant that I wished the hurdles put up, so that I might practise jumping. The brute grinned from ear to ear as he turned to give the necessary orders to the men, and then, having exchanged the rocking-horse for one with a more extended jumping experience, I took him at the low hurdles. It would be more correct, perhaps, to say that he took me.

"Don't 'ang on to 'is 'ead like that, sir!" shrieked the Sergeant. "'Ow can any 'orse jump with you a-settin' on 'is ears in that fashion?" And with the snigger of the spectators, in the little gallery at the end, humming in my ears, the following two minutes were a blank to me, till I found myself rising painfully to my feet, with my mouth half-full of tan. Casting my eyes about the school, with rather a wild and confused idea of what had happened, I saw my horse being caught by a man at the far end, whilst two others near me raised the now prostrate hurdles from the ground.

"Oh, try agen, sir! try agen!" began the Sergeant, approaching me as he spoke. I waved him back with as much dignity as I could command on the spur of the moment. I said:

"Go away! No, I will not try again. Now I come to think of it, jumping in cold blood is always to be deprecated. The whole of this sadness has been caused by you, Sergeant. You ought, with your

experience, to have known better than let me run these blood-curdling risks. Good-day to you." And I walked, with a certain stateliness, out of the tan-covered arena, tripping over the door-mat as I did so.

On thinking over the situation, it struck me that this *contretemps* could have been caused by no fault of mine. Clearly, the animal I bestrode was to blame. No doubt Sir Strawberry would "put me up," as he phrased it, on a real hunter, a perfect jumper; and then all would be well. I should show to great advantage before my fair one, and the "good thing," to use sporting language, would "come off." At the same time, I devoutly trusted that I should *not*.

Nothing could be kinder or more reassuring than my reception at Harkaway Manor on the night of my arrival. My delightful Theodosia—charming name—was all sweetness, but she *would* talk hunting, which I found rather embarrassing. At dinner, I was unfortunate in getting placed next to a hard riding, fiery-faced old squire, who started pumping me, at once, upon my previous experience with hounds. I concluded to dodge him.

"Know this country at all?" he grunted, with his mouth full of soup.

"Oh yes. I have just run through it," I replied, airily.

"Get any sport?" he continued, as he annexed my bread in mistake for his own.

"Yes, indeed," I said, as I fondly thought of a now long-lost love, with whom I had had a desperate flirtation at a bazaar not ten miles from where we then were.

"Goin' over a nice country to-morrow. Nice sportin' bit of country, it is. Dare say you know the place: met there the day poor Jacky Hardacre got that fall. S'pose you know he's dead?—lingered nearly six months first, though. Knew he'd die. Told him so, first time I went to see him afterwards, and continued to tell him so right to the end, although his fool of a doctor kept saying to him he'd get over it. I knew better."

"Pleasant man," I thought to myself. Then this callous old wretch, eyeing me from top to toe, added:

"He was just such another built man as you, I should say." A slight shudder ran through me. "A long, slack-loined, badly ribbed-up one. Ah! they're the sort that always get badly hurt directly they have a bit of a tumble. Let 'em only just come down, and there they are—not worth sweepin' up with a broom!" he wound up with a gesture of intense disgust, and a wave of his arm that carried my champagne-glass into my lap.

It was quite curious to me that, next morning, Miss Dashwood, arrayed in a most bewitching habit, came down to breakfast, radiant and happy. I, on the contrary, experienced a most peculiar sensation, a sort of twittering that affected the corners of my mouth, and a something that made my throat feel very dry. I had a disinclination to eat or talk: all I was inclined to do was to take frequent small glasses of cherry (or any other sort of) brandy. In turn, I left on my plate, almost untouched, some game-pie, a piece of cold pheasant, a slice of York ham, and some hashed venison. I began to think I must really be feeling a trifle nervous.

Then a nice little boy, just home from Eton, observed in a loud tone, and with that charming ingenuousness for which his age is always famed:

"I say, Mr. Craner, you do look in a beastly funk!"

"How I love you, pretty cherub!" I thought to myself, as I turned scarlet, and felt hot all over. How gladly would I have assisted at this sweet child's obsequies at that moment!

Soon after, we sallied forth to death or glory!

The horses were being led up and down the carriage-drive, and I scanned them with an anxious eye, wondering which monster was to be allotted to me.

With my lack of knowledge of such intricate matters, I dared not offer my services to put my sweet Theodosia on the back of her capering quadruped—a handsome enough creature, of a sort of gingery shade of colour, almost *terra-cotta*, but possessing a tail of perfectly ridiculous dimensions: it was just like a paint-brush, instead of the long, drooping kind of thing I expected to see.

A foxy-looking youth, who had been present at the overnight dinner, then stepped forward, and with his assistance—assistance of which I felt most horribly jealous—Miss Dashwood landed lightly in her saddle, and then walked her horse quietly down the drive, at the bottom of which were the hounds.

"That's your horse, Mr. Craner," said my host. "He's a bit fresh—full of beans you know" (I *didn't* know! Why on earth don't hunting men speak plain English?), "but no harm in him. Jump anything, that horse will, and, with your weight on his back, he'll show us all the way to-day. Only give him his head, and you'll have some fun."

I thought this was highly probable.

With the utmost caution I approached him and received a "leg up." Unfortunately the effort erred on the side of excessive vigour, and, to my surprise, I found myself standing on the other side of

my animal, having performed an ærial flight across the top part of him. I came round and tried again. This time I landed all right in the saddle. After the stirrup-leathers had been taken up and let down again about eighteen times, I gathered the reins up altogether—somehow the thong of my crop would get mixed up with them too—and bumped off with the others.

After being introduced—always as a devotee of Diana—to some of the principal maniacs of the hunt, the hounds all ran into some woods, whilst we stopped outside. I tried to manœuvre up to Miss Dashwood, but that confounded foxy youth was already in possession of the prize. However, I thought, I will wait here, and then——

At this moment one of the dogs let go a howl, and I concluded he had probably got his leg into a steel rat-trap ; directly afterwards, however, all the rest began howling too in chorus, and an old fellow with a broken nose, turned to me and said, in tones of rapt admiration :

“ There’s music for you ! ”

I said, “ Yes, there’s music for you ! ” I didn’t in the least know what he meant. I could hardly suppose he was indicating the howling of the dogs, but yet there was no other sound. Then the whole field of idiots came flying up to where I was, all in a fearful hurry to get nowhere in particular. The master got purple in the face from excitement, and repeatedly bawled : “ Hold hard, gentlemen, please ! hold hard, give ’em time ! ” and then, after a momentary delay, we all found ourselves careering down a large grass field towards a most forbidding-looking stubbly hedge and ditch beyond. My ill-mannered brute of a horse pricked his ears, tore up to the obstacle until his head seemed right over it, and then, with a hoist of his hind-quarters that seemed to drive my spinal column right up into my brain, he launched himself—and me—into space, and, after what felt like an eternity, landed safely the other side “ all standing,” but with a “ wump ” that shook me to the centre of my innermost recesses. As I punted myself back into the saddle from that part of the animal’s neck that I had landed on, I just caught a momentary glance of my loved one going gaily along, well in advance, and looking quite at her ease. Away we tore at headlong pace, hounds streaming along not far in front of us, across another field ; then my eyes almost started from their sockets, as I found myself confronted by a post and rails of perfectly awful dimensions ! “ Never ! ” I thought to myself ; and then a vision of Theodosia flashed through my whirling brain. “ Farewell, farewell ! my only love ” (at that time) ; “ it may not be ! I would give my life freely for you,

Theodosia ! the last drop of my heart's blood is yours, but business is business ; and, sooner than face that awful timber, I will root you out of my heart, Theodosia—aye, though the effort cost me life itself !”

With the energy of despair I threw all my weight into the reins to try and stop the fiery Pegasus, but in vain ; he *would* have it. Up, up we went ; I went up a good deal higher than he did, but we were over it all right until on the landing side I found myself sitting on my horse's head, my hands waving feebly about in space, longing for something to catch hold of, and finding none. Then, without any further struggle, I dropped gently over his head and on to my own back, whilst my steed, who apparently had not even missed me, pursued the even tenor of his way, gradually disappearing, in company with the rest of the field, upon the distant horizon.

.
I walked home.

.
Theodosia has since married the foxy youth.

.
I don't hunt now.

FOX RUSSELL

MR. JEAFFRESONS RECOLLECTIONS.

WHEN we think of the vast number of books of an autobiographic kind which appear, and are speedily buried under the accumulations of printed matter that succeed them, we are forced to the conclusion that something very special must go to the art of autobiography. If, as Carlyle was fond of repeating, the lowest and the poorest man has something which, if he could but communicate it aright, the highest and the most learned would be glad to listen to, then it is clear that the art of telling is, in this case, the essential thing. What, then, are the leading elements in the art of telling what must by the very necessity of the case be egotistic? We should say, first and foremost, something of *simple* imagination, which will enable the writer to dwell on the significant and truly typical details alone—details which really illustrate character, and not only his own character, but that of others also. There must be, as it were, a little touch of the dramatic—a going out of self. This can only come by *sympathy*. Next, there is *sincerity*—by which we are assured that the merely individual I is transmuted into innumerable I's, so that the written passage will answer more or less to varied experiences, and suggest or recall them. Of all great autobiographers, perhaps the man who most frequently failed in this respect was Goethe. Think of the utterly egotistic and unrelieved accounts of his relations with the two daughters of his dancing-master, which so painfully oppress us with the sense of the young man's vanity, and of the old man's silliness; think, too, of certain of the episodes with Frederica, when she came from Sessenheim in her simple country costume, and seemed out of place amid the fashion and the fine folk of Frankfort.

Reserve in certain directions is as essential as communication. Goethe greatly failed in reserve just at the points where it was most necessary; and instead of exhibiting his greater qualities, too often revealed only his smaller ones—all unconscious of it; which showed that, despite all his culture, and his affectation of superiority to German things, he was a German to the very core in some German weaknesses—want of higher taste, vapid sentimentalism, egotism, and

raw confessions of uninteresting intrigue. Carlyle, in another way, failed dreadfully by lack of sympathy, geniality, going out of self—perpetual return on egotistic sores and regrets and miseries, and, despite his art and craft of style, is often utterly wearisome, violent, and dyspeptic. The only thing that can be said in arrest of judgment is, that he did not write directly for publication ; though this may be said to cut both ways, since we have, therefore, the more utter revelation of the man, unpruned, untrimmed, just as he really was ; and this reflection surely is not gratifying, in view of his often cruel and sardonic tirades against others, and his effusive tearfulness over his own fate.

We have been led to make these remarks by a perusal of Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson's "Recollections."¹ One thing has to be said—that he observes the golden mean. He does not soar too high, and wish to discover great and secret things, as some have done, in violation of Mr. Coventry Patmore's admirable rhymed axiom—

Not to unveil before the gaze
Of an imperfect sympathy
In aught we are, is the true praise
And the whole sum of modesty.

Again, he is unaffected and sincere—a pleasant geniality goes with him. He is frank, and does not seek to magnify his claims, any more than to exaggerate the position or the merits of his ancestors. Indeed, some of the most attractive passages of this book are those dealing with the lowly and commonplace situations in which some of his forbears found themselves ; and several of the most racy and humorous, on the other hand, are exposures of the subterfuges and vanities of others, which led them to create long and splendid genealogies for themselves. Mr. Jeaffreson's exact knowledge of matters of this kind often stands him in good stead. His picture of his grandfather, George Edwards the elder, is, in this respect, very good indeed :

When I look at the list of the young men whom I knew intimately at Oxford, but have not seen since 1852—the year in which I took my B.A. degree—I fail to recall clearly their features, voices, or aught else of their respective qualities. But I can remember my grandfather distinctly, although he died in his eighty-fourth year, when I was only five years old. That I have so perfect a recollection of the old man, who passed from this life in my tender infancy, and remember so little of my academic comrades, may be regarded as evidence that the human mind is more tenacious of its earliest than of its latest impressions. My childish mind was greatly influenced by my grandsire's peculiarities. . . .

As the kindly old man was a chronic invalid in his closing years, it devolved on his medical son-in-law to make him many professional visits ; and in fine

weather my father often took me with him to the pleasant house to which my grandfather retired on withdrawing, in his sixty-first year, from his shop upon the Market Hill, with a fortune that would have justified him in spending the evening of his days in a much statelier abode. . . . The professional visits were usually paid in the forenoon, at a time when he was sure to be found in his parlour, and, on closing his medical and other grave chat with his doctor, the cheery, chubby-cheeked invalid never failed to admit his small grandson to a conference, which ended more or less in this manner: "By the way, young Hop-o'-my-Thumb, I have something for you. Just wait a minute," my grandfather would remark, in the tone of a man who has almost forgotten to do the right thing, and was afraid I would run away before he had done it. Thus speaking, he used to rise from his chair, move nimbly (*i.e.* nimbly for so ancient a man) to an old-fashioned sideboard, and bring from one of its drawers a rectangular piece of paper or thin cardboard, highly glazed, and richly illuminated with bright colours. To my childish vision the paper was a thing of beauty. "There, Hop-o'-my-Thumb," the donor would add when he had been thanked for his latest gift, "put that along with the others, and take good care of every one of them. If you take good care of them you'll have, by-and-by, a lot not to be matched in the whole county."

I had lived to be a Botesdale boy, when one day I saw a facsimile of one of the most beautiful of my grandfather's gifts at the extreme end of a piece of muslin that had been "sent in" to my mother from the shop. In an instant it flashed upon me how my grandsire had obtained possession of the ornamental tickets which he used to give me one at a time. The gifts were alike illustrative of his thrift and kindness. Knowing that, up to a certain age, children are just as well pleased with a valueless piece of gay paper as with a twopenny or threepenny toy, he had saved his pence whilst getting from "the shop" the bright tickets that had delighted my eyes.

A healthy, happy boy, his childhood passed unchecked amid the pleasant woodland country at Framlingham; and, after a while under his sister's governess, he was sent to Woodbridge Grammar School, where many incidents of the life are recalled and tributes paid to his masters and many companions. Then he passed on to Botesdale, and has much to say in praise of one of his teachers there, the Rev. Joseph Haddock in especial, who was clearly a very superior man, one of those well-grounded men with a thorough insight into boy-nature, and who therefore gained an extraordinary influence.

Mr. Jeaffreson, on leaving Botesdale in his fifteenth year, was apprenticed to his father, and initiated into the art and mystery of drug-mixing, pill-making, &c. His father was only a country doctor, but a man of high attainments, having been the first to revive successfully the then difficult operation of ovariectomy. In Erichsen's "Surgery," under the section Ovariectomy, we read:

In 1823 Lizars operated for the first time in this country. But that operation, though several times repeated, fell into discredit, in a great measure owing to the imperfection of the diagnosis of the cases in which it was done, and was not revived until 1836, when Jeaffreson of Framlingham practised it successfully through a

small incision one and a half inches long. From this operation we must date the revival of ovariectomy in Great Britain.

Mr. Jeaffreson does not over-estimate the services of his father when he says that had he gone to London he would, no doubt, have made a great name and won a high position. But he was essentially a modest man, and considered himself well rewarded and fully recognised when the Council of the College of Surgeons placed him among its Fellows. Mr. Jeaffreson enjoyed what he calls the light labour of making pills and potions, and putting together the ingredients of mixtures and tinctures and decoctions, corking and capping bottles of physic and neatly writing labels, and showing adroitness in minor surgical operations. But great was his father's disappointment and grief when, just as the son was showing the greatest cleverness and art, he suddenly intimated that he did not feel he was made to be a doctor, and wished to go into the Army; and, as a commission in Her Majesty's Service was out of the question, entrance into the East India Company's service was thought of. Efforts were made to attain this end, but not with success; and, while waiting for a chance, our subject's thoughts were turned into another channel by various causes, and by the death of his brother among them. He would be a clergyman. His father was willing to aid him to a course at Oxford, and thither accordingly he went, having done all he could in the interim to go forward with classical and mathematical studies. He went into residence in Trinity Term, 1848, entering Pembroke College. Some of the anecdotes of Oxford life are very good, but we cannot pause to dwell on them. Mr. Jeaffreson had not been long in Oxford before he was involved in a course of questioning which ended in what he describes as his "passage from religious orthodoxy to the state of opinion that disqualified me for the clerical profession." He says that "during the first four of my residence terms literature relating to the question of belief and disbelief that were vexing my brain and conscience was the only literature to which I paid any serious attention." We are not therefore surprised to read—

The work to which, as an undergraduate, I should have given my best powers, was work from which I revolted. Having every reason to think me an idle boy who would probably disappear from the University before the end of his second academic year, the tutors were right in making me feel that I had no place in their esteem; and though the annoyance had no place in my conduct, I felt their disapproval acutely. From other causes I was miserable during those four terms. One consequence of my religious disgust was that I became for the first time in my life an unsocial creature, and avoided the society of the undergraduates who showed a disposition to be intimate with me. . . . I feared to speak freely with

the undergraduates of my year lest they should discover my heterodoxy and talk about it to my disadvantage. I was so ignorant of the genius and temper of the University as to imagine that if my heterodoxy came to the knowledge of the authorities of my college I should either be dismissed from Oxford for ever or, at least, be sent to the country, there to remain till I should have recovered from my spiritual disease.

Mr. Jeaffreson's accounts of his severe doubts and wrestling with himself will probably recall to many of his readers experiences in character the same if different in degree. It was lucky for him that, after all, he came by-and-by to find some congenial friends. Solitude is not for the young, who, like trees, if they stand apart, to front the storm, get lopsided, contorted, and warped. One of the friends he found was the humorous, genial, if somewhat facile, Henry Kingsley, author of "*Ravenshoe*," &c., who, with "his weedy figure and curious visage," meekly accepted the position of "ugliest man in all Oxford."

Harry Kingsley was far plainer than his brother [Charles]. That he was painfully sensitive of his extreme plainness appeared from the frequency with which he called attention to it. When he asked me at the outset of our acquaintance whether I did not think him the ugliest man in Oxford, I could not reply in the negative, though in my desire to soothe his troubled vanity I encouraged him to hope that next term a plainer undergraduate would come into residence. Later in his academic career, truth was in no degree outraged by the young lady who, with droll *naïveté*, replied, "There was no need for you to say so," when at the moment of his introduction to her he proclaimed himself the ugliest man of all Oxford. But, notwithstanding his obtrusive ugliness, his countenance was not repulsive. On the contrary, the comical unsightliness of his grotesque visage disposed people to like him. The proverbial five minutes were all the time he needed for putting himself on equality with any personable youngster in a woman's regard.

What an odd centre of contradictions is the human heart ! It would almost seem that poor Henry Kingsley, in default of other distinction, was fain to exult in and to proclaim his ugliness—on the principle that is said sometimes to actuate reformers who have, or create for themselves, a vested interest in the very evils and abuses they fain would end.

It was fortunate for Mr. Jeaffreson that he found friends like Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Stigand (or Stigant), and others. Such associations as these that circled round the Fez Club could not be otherwise than socialising and humanising. Some of them are certainly funny.

On leaving Oxford Mr. Jeaffreson had made up his mind to be a man of letters—to face the ordeal of editors' fancies and whims, and of publishers' demands and tastes. But he was wise, too, to have in his eye the passing to the Bar. In the meantime he, like a practical man, sought work as a tutor, which he found "to a party of

bright, cheery, gentlemanly lads, who had their home in a boarding-house for boys attending the Charterhouse School or St. Paul's School." And, as for some years he carried on the work of tutor, he was constantly adding to the list of his friends—one of whom was the now famous James Hinton, the aural surgeon, who died some time ago, having enriched literature with some books, which perhaps only he of his generation could have written, one in especial, on "The Mystery of Pain." Mr. Jeaffreson very lovingly presents his friend, but not without an eye for his foibles and a quaint touch of humour. Here is a picture of their meeting after a lengthened period of separation from each other :

I had heard nothing of his quick passage from narrow circumstances to prosperity when I was stayed in a quick walk along the southern side of the Strand by the sound of my name, uttered in a high treble key, by someone behind me. Turning quickly round, I looked upon a fragile little man, dancing about the pavement in high excitement, to the considerable inconvenience of wayfarers. There was no doubt he was the man who had called to me. Only in one respect was he different from the James Hinton of my Charterhouse Square days. Instead of wearing seedy clothes, he was dressed like a prosperous gentleman. Jumping up to me he shook my hand with convulsive tugs, as he ejaculated :

"I am so glad, so very glad, so inexpressibly glad, to see you. I have so often wished to see you and tell you all that has happened."

Having by this time shaken my hand with much more than sufficient cordiality, he went back a few paces from me, and in doing so blundered against a stout lady, and knocked a small boy down in the gutter. After viewing me in the right perspective, he danced up to me again, ejaculating in his shrill voice :

"I am so delighted to see you. There is so much for me to talk about—so many things have happened that I want to tell you about. Do you know I am a successful man—a very successful man? I became a success all in a moment. Isn't it ludicrous? You never expected me to be a successful man. No one thought it in the least degree possible that I should be a success. No one, no one, no one. See, that's my carriage; these are my horses. Is it not absurd? Do, my dear fellow, say it is absurd that I should drive about London in my own carriage."

He went on talking in this strain, laughing at himself and his success, and entreating me to come as soon as possible to his house, so that he might explain to me how the ridiculous change in his circumstances had come about. It mattered not to him that he and I were surrounded by a ring of greatly amused listeners—that he was blocking the way. To escape from a slightly embarrassing position I assured him I should soon call upon him, and at the same time spoke of an engagement that compelled me to say good-bye and be off. He was the most benevolent of men. As soon as he had grown accustomed to his success he ceased to talk about it, and henceforth strove in various ways to use his prosperity for the advantage of unfortunate people. There never lived a man with a whiter soul, a warmer heart, or a shriller voice.

Mr. Jeaffreson's first novel, "Crewe Rise," was published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett in 1854, and it was followed by an almost steady succession of novels and other works, including the famous

"Books About" and the "Life of Stephenson," the stories of which Mr. Jeaffreson tells us in the most lightsome and attractive manner. We cannot follow him in this ; but as he went on he passed to the Bar, and increased the number of his friends year by year. If by unfortunate circumstances he made an enemy, we do not find that he ever really lost a friend, and he numbered among his friends some of the most distinguished men and women of his time. If not a friend, he was a close acquaintance of Thackeray, and here we have told anew the story of that estrangement between Thackeray and Edmund Yates, through the latter writing that somewhat too personal account of Thackeray and his work, both being members of the Garrick Club, and Edmund had to go ; as certainly he went a little too far when he said that Thackeray always "cut his coat according to his cloth," and had a keen scent for his own interests, looking always to the side his bread was buttered on, or words to that effect. And Mr. Jeaffreson also tells well the story of that unlucky review of Miss Thackeray's "Story of Elizabeth" "which he was blamed for writing," though it was really written by Miss Jewsbury, who is now so well known as the friend of Mrs. Carlyle, and who clearly was a genius, with as much of vinegar as honey in her composition, and was equally ready to expend on those who came into contact with her the one or the other, according to her feelings at the moment. Her cutting article is forgotten. It would perhaps be somewhat of a pity to revive it ; but "The Story of Elizabeth" remains. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true, that Thackeray, with all his name and fame, could not look at the matter quite in this practical light ; but his irritation was not on his own account, but on his daughter's, and may thus be overlooked, though they say the worry did not help to lengthen his life. We regret the way in which he yielded to this unpleasant impression, but still we respect him for it.

The chapter about James Hannay is one of the best in the book. We, too, knew James Hannay—"Blood and Culture," as he was called in Edinburgh, when he was there editing the *Edinburgh Courant*. He was a fine scholar and an effective writer ; but sometimes the tendency to indulge in Latin and learned references spoiled his "leaders." He was, as Thackeray well said, "a thoroughbred little fighting cock ! You can't find his match in the literary cockpit for pluck and endurance. He is a perfect bird of his particular sort. Examine him as closely as you choose, you won't find a white feather in him."

Quite true ; but once or twice in his sparrings with Alexander Russel, of the *Scotsman*, he had the wind rather taken out of his sails. The brusque, trenchant satire of Russel was too much for

him. This is an exceedingly good anecdote of Hannay, as true to the man as it is characteristic :

Delighting to expatiate on the grandeur and romantic vicissitudes of patrician houses, with which he had no ancestral connection, Hannay did not omit to speak much and handsomely of the Hannays of Sorbie, and all the other groups of Hannays who were genealogically related to this particular family. There were times when he would have been better company had he said less of the virtues and alliances of his progenitors. I recall with amusement how his father (a charming old gentleman) on a certain occasion checked his brilliant son for being rather too eloquent about his ancestors. I was sitting one Sunday afternoon with the father and son in the dining-room of the Pleasant Row house, when Mr. Hannay the elder, putting down his tumbler of whisky-toddy, checked my friend's loquacity on his favourite topic by remarking gently—

"There, there, Jamie, you have said more than enough about your pedigree. Don't you see you are just wearying your friend with o'ermuch speech about people in whom he of course is not greatly interested? The Hannays were no such great people as you like to think them. One of your grandfathers, Jamie, was a highly respected Scotch shopkeeper, and I wish I could say as much for my ain son."

For a moment my heart bled for my friend as these words came to him at one end of the table from the lips of his father sitting directly opposite to him. But Jamie was neither abashed nor rendered in any way uncomfortable by the parental rebuke, accompanied though it was by what I of course regarded as a domestic revelation that could not fail to shock my friend and pain him acutely. On the contrary, the staggering speech brought a smile of amusement to Jamie's handsome face, and caused his magnificent eyes to overflow with silent laughter.

"Very good, wasn't it?" Hannay the younger observed in a low voice, as he covered me with his merry eyes. "The dad has a happy vein of humour, and I never knew him in better trim."

Half an hour later, when I rose to take leave of my friend, who had been entertaining me with a mid-day dinner, followed by whisky-toddy, James Hannay declared his purpose of attending me on my homeward way, at least as far as the *Angel* tavern, and on our way to that point he was again at pains to impress on me that, in proclaiming him the grandson of a highly respected Scotch shopkeeper, his sire had merely indulged "the happy vein of humour," which sometimes moved him to utter the most astounding and groundless assertions with a seriousness that often caused the unwary to accept them as realistic statements. The father and son between them had so fairly puzzled me that I pursued my solitary course from the *Angel* corner to Charterhouse Square, in doubt whether I should believe the elder Hannay to have spoken the simple truth, or should accept the gloss put upon his father's words by Hannay the younger. And to this day I am uncertain which of the two views I should take.

And that, too, is an uncommonly good story of James Hannay dating his electioneering address to some Scotch constituency from Canonbury Tower instead of the more plebeian Islington, remarking that Canonbury Tower would by them be mistaken for some lordly mansion. But that was quite like James Hannay.

Very good, too, is the story of poor Bruce, whom Hannay had

fain persuaded that he was, not only of a noble house, but of princely lineage :

“Unfortunately for his peace of mind,” writes Mr. Jeaffreson, “conversational smartness was not one of poor Bruce’s social gifts, and he was the more troubled by the attempt to make him figure as a princely personage, because he was confronted by a young man from Suffolk whom he had reason to regard as fully cognisant of his domestic story.

“The gentle scholar and learned antiquary was the son of an eccentric and rather cranky Scottish tailor, who, after begetting two sons (whom in due course he educated for learned professions), and making a moderate fortune in his humble vocation, bought a house with some two hundred acres of land at Rendlesham, within five miles of Framlingham, to which small estate he retired in his old age, when he ceased to measure his customers and make their clothes with artful care. The old tailor chose a place of retirement so far away from his native land and former city, because he thought that in a secluded district of the Suffolk woodland he should have a better chance of escaping the social infamy of having been in his earlier time a tradesman and a needleman than he would have in any corner of Scotland. For that matter, the old fellow might just as well have remained in his ‘ain countree.’ He had barely settled in my native woodland when, on the death of the fifth Earl of Rochford, the White House and appurtenant farms of Easton, near Framlingham, passed from the Nassaus to the Hamiltons ; a territorial incident that was soon followed by the arrival at Easton of divers Scottish folk in the service of his grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. Something later in the world’s history, one of the great duke’s Scottish retainers stumbled across the retired tailor in Framlingham, and recognised him as a former acquaintance who had in time past made for his use certain mentionable ‘and unmentionable articles of clothing. The ducal retainer should of course have held his tongue, and if he had not been a malicious loon would have said nothing to Mr. Bruce’s disadvantage. But as he was a vile loon and mere churl (the splendour of his livery notwithstanding), the varlet published his discovery on the very market hill of Framlingham, the consequence being that ere another week had passed all the meaner folk of the neighbourhood were telling one another, ‘as how the new squire of Rendlesham was nobbut a fellow who no long while since sate cross-legged on a tailor’s board, and stitched away for his victuals and drink just like any other tailor-chap.’ ”

And so we have another proof that it is no use trying to run away from your own past, any more than from your own shadow ; and that “the best-laid schemes o’ mice and men gang aft a-gley.” Mr. Jeaffreson thus finishes his anecdote :

John Bruce I always regarded with a sort of clannish sentiment. I was touched to the heart by the two or three glances of entreaty which the kindly gentleman threw at me, as he writhed, and gasped, and grew redder in the face, under Hannay’s persistent endeavours to persuade him that he and Robert the Bruce were cousins. Bruce’s imploring glances said, as plainly as words could have done, “Can’t you say something to get me out of this trouble? Can’t you silence him or divert him to some other subject?” I could do nothing for the sufferer. As Hannay never looked at me, I could not inform him by a look that he was annoying the man whom he was set on pleasing. I should have done no

good by assuring Hannay that he was arguing from erroneous data. I could not touch him with my hand, for we were on opposite sides of the table. Had I tried to hit him under the table with my foot I might have kicked some one else.

James's generosity was more notable than his tact. It is not everybody, however, who is so liberal. Hannay was not only intent to carve out a noble ancestry for himself, he was determined to do the same for other people—and sometimes to their distress and annoyance !

Here is a very good passage in which the coolness and cleverness of Sir George Jessel are admirably shown : it is connected with "Our Club" :

As a fair example of the contemptuous personalities of the table-talk, I may mention a lesson in good manners which I received from the late Sir George Jessel, when he still wore a stuff-gown. At a small meeting of four clubbists, who ordered a magnum at the club's expense, I incurred Jessel's displeasure. The fish having been removed, a single dish was put before Jessel as a sufficient prelude to the beefsteaks that were being grilled for the small party. Removing the cover with a flourish, the waiter displayed a small leg of pork, elegantly garnished with parsnips, to the four feasters—Jessel and Ernest Hart, two Jews, Spencer Smith and myself, two Christians. I was conscious of having glanced significantly at Spencer Smith—a glance that was, of course, a breach of good breeding, when Jessel, with perfect equanimity, but in a tone of severe parental superiority, said :

"Jeaffreson, what are you laughing at?"

"You wrong me, Jessel, I did not laugh ; if I smiled, regard it as a smile of gratification at the sight of one of my favourite creatures."

"In that, at least, you show good taste !" Jessel returned, with Johnsonian severity.

We all four partook of the interesting joint, eating it with the orderliness and silence befitting four people who feel themselves on ground scarcely less delicate than the meat. Having eaten a fair portion of the forbidden flesh, the future Master of the Rolls helped himself a second time, and laying down his knife and fork, after consuming the second portion, he remarked, with a lofty air of tutorial condescension :

"Mr. Jeaffreson, take this lesson to heart, and let it cure you of at least *one* of your vulgar prejudices."

Not content to charge me with one vulgar prejudice, my censor suggested that I nursed in my mind a large number of equally vulgar prejudices. I thought the speech so much to Jessel's credit that, before going to bed I wrote (not in doggerel) to little Hamstede, suggesting that he should record the matter in the register of good things uttered at O. C.

The story of the hand-to-hand contest between Thomas Duffus Hardy and Francis Turner Palgrave (both of whom were afterwards knighted), in which the latter was knocked down by a blow from Hardy whom he had provoked, will no doubt be well coned by a large

class of readers who like this kind of intelligence. Mr. Jeaffreson became an intimate friend of Duffus Hardy, who did much to promote his interest, procuring him a post under the Historical MSS. Commissioners, and never failing to further his aims in a friendly way. It is, therefore, in every respect the more creditable to Mr. Jeaffreson's impartiality and fairness that he should have told the story of this unparalleled case of fisticuffs without any appearance of bias one way or another.

Sir Francis Palgrave was so imprudent as to accuse Hardy for the second time of lying. In a trice Hardy struck out with his left arm and sent the fist of it, with the force of a steam ram, into his antagonist's right eye. The fight of two brief rounds was an affair of barely three minutes. Before midnight the affray was the talk of every club frequented by men of letters; and as duelling was still occasionally employed by angry gentlemen for the settlement of their differences, it was assumed as a matter of course that Palgrave and Hardy would meet at some convenient spot and exchange shots. . . . Twenty-four hours later, when no duel had been fought, Palgrave was urged by several of his friends to punish with a pistol the man who had mauled him so handsomely with his fist. But the antiquary with the darkened eyes forbore to act on the friendly counsel. Perhaps he should be commended for his good sense in forbearing to challenge Hardy to mortal combat.

The book abounds with excellent anecdotes. Notable among these, besides what we have found room to refer to, is that of the two old-maid sisters, who echoed each other in such quaint chorus, and the old port, with regard to which they, nevertheless, showed themselves over-shrewd, with their consultation of the *Times*, &c., and lost a good bargain by it.

Mr. Jeaffreson so far as he informs us about his domestic affairs is always tender and circumspect. He is most loyal to his friends, very fair to those who are in opposite camps to him; and seldom violates the good old maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Sometimes he is exceedingly generous in his judgments and estimates of those who could hardly have in many ways commended themselves to him, and especially is this the case with the poor deformed little Hamstede, who used to dance attendance upon Thackeray in the most pathetic way, and secured the affectionate suffrages of the great novelist.

One further point which is certainly of some special social importance is suggested by Mr. Jeaffreson's record of his apprenticeship to his father as a medical man. Only the other day a very active and honoured physician in a northern county spoke to us about the requirements of the medical colleges, as regards some studies which nowadays are hardly wanted, and in practice, in most cases, soon drop into disuse. "What is the good," he said, "of making men cram up a lot of botany, which in practice they are never now called

upon to use? In old days, when the physician had to prepare in great measure his own drugs, this was necessary—it was most important—but now these drugs are all completely prepared for him, and his botany is, in ordinary cases, merely time wasted, which could be far more profitably devoted to other matters.” No doubt, there is something in this—a great deal indeed. But it would be likely, in many instances, to suggest a further question—Whether it is not desirable that something correspondent to the old apprenticeship should be reintroduced. There can be no doubt that men enter on the actual practice of medicine—the treatment of their fellow-men—who have no practical acquaintance with the work, nor have had any true training in the work of visiting and diagnosing patients in their own homes. Hospital walking and study may stand for much, but not for everything : treatment in an hospital and in a home are two very different things. On this matter Mr. Jeaffreson says :

“Family doctors of the new school too often know nothing of the comparative goodness or inferiority of the medicines which they put into the bodies of their patients, but what druggists tell them. Few persons are aware how much of his pharmaceutical duties and responsibilities the ordinary family doctor of the new school delegates to tradesmen of, whom he knows little, and his patients know nothing whatever. In these railway times many a country doctor with a lucrative practice satisfies the requirements of his numerous patients without the assistance of a dispenser working in his surgery, and without spending much more than an hour a day of his own time in pharmaceutical labour. His prescriptions are for the most part dispensed by druggists far away from his home. Instead of making his own pills and tinctures on his own premises, he buys the pills by the gross, and his tincture by the gallon of London tradesmen. The advantages to the doctor of this way of doing business are manifest. Possibly the disadvantages to the sick are very great. It is inconceivable that this new way of dispensing prescriptions is, upon the whole, no less advantageous to the patients than to family doctors ; but had he lived to consider and to pronounce judgment upon it, my dear father would have declared, with warmth, that a professional man should do his duty instead of paying another person to do it for him.”

And having suffered from doctors' deficiencies in this regard, we agree with Mr. Jeaffreson that this point wants looking to and reforming, as well as some other points connected with present-day medical practice.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE extraordinary charm and vitality of the stage—its influence and even fascination on those who are its devotees—can hardly be exaggerated. It fills the imagination in a larger and more satisfactory way than either poetry or fiction. It is really the next thing to living beings and characters. We actually seem to have known the old capable actors in the flesh ; to have talked with them and liked them. Our thoughts are constantly turning back to their agreeable presentments. Is it wonderful that so many, not playgoers even, think fondly of these associations, and find in such memories a perpetual entertainment ?¹ Speaking for myself, I must confess that no compartment of the memory supplies such fruitful and enjoyable images as that in which memories of the old players are stored away. As I walk the streets I find myself often smiling with sympathy as I call up Phelps, or Buckstone, or Compton, with their most expressive faces, and in some droll situation. Without them, the past would have been but half complete. Elia's description of the old actors he had seen affects us much in the same way, even though we have not seen them.

It is curious that no one should have attempted to sketch the more recent pleasant contributors to "the public stock of harmless pleasure," belonging to those now far-off days when the genuine taste for legitimate stage enjoyment reigned. We have, indeed, "accounts" of them, memoirs and the like ; but nothing that gives an idea of the extent to which the comedian entered into the daily life of the community some thirty or forty years ago. "Going to the play" is now like going to a show. There is more to see than to hear or think of. Formerly it was a purely intellectual pleasure, and a most important act of our life.

¹ This feeling is brought out in very piquant fashion in a lately published memoir of Dr. Ward, a zealous Catholic and very pious man, yet for whom the stage—that is, good acting—had an irresistible attraction. "To see Buckstone" supplied furniture to his mind. He would "take in" his sympathising family by saying that there was one thing he longed to see before he died ; this was the Bancrofts open at the Haymarket.

And here I am tempted to supply a few sketches—well coloured as I may consider them, because they are drawn with sympathy and fondness—of these merry, pleasant caterers for public enjoyment. There is many an old playgoer who will welcome them with pleasure, because suggesting some welcome, forgotten association. Many delightful memories, and more delightful nights, are connected with certain of these performers who figured on the stage some thirty years ago or so. The present performers do not affect us in this way. They were like the old friends and characters that we had known in private life, and whose very talk seemed to influence our conduct. The good pieces in which they performed were as real incidents of life. An age seems to have passed away since we have looked on them; and yet it is not so many years since the merry twinkling Buckstone was to be seen passing into his *Café de l'Europe* in the Haymarket; the slow-moving Webster walking beside him. Then the dry Compton, the lively Charles Mathews with his brisk step, the solemn Phelps with his craggy face, Howe, Miss Woolgar (still with us), Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Paul Bedford, Wright, Fechter, Sothern, and many more were familiar figures. Let us now call up some of these ghosts.

Not so many years ago, when passing that not too savoury *purlieu* yclept Endell Street, tributary of the Seven Dials, I noted a tall, quaintly-dressed old man lecturing some street boys who in their gambols had run up against him, probably using him as a coign of vantage to hide from each other. There was a tart asperity and vigorous dramatic action in his tones and manner that attracted me, and I recognised Phelps—good old Phelps, to whom I was seriously indebted for many an intellectual hour—his stick particularly: it was, or should have been, a Malacca cane. He carried it exactly as Sir Antony does in the play, as though ready to lay it on the back of offenders. With what severity he rated those lads! They were awe-stricken! A capital stage face and figure had he; with a certain effective crabbedness; and a Gallican air of humour and sly wit lurking about him. There is no one now on the stage his equal for giving weight and point to a sentence, which came out clean and emphatic, firm as from a mould. He seemed to put meaning into colourless sentences—an essential art with the player: the common histrio can only give effect to words that have effect themselves; *he* calls it “fat,” and complains bitterly if the passages allotted to him cannot be thus pointed. Phelps was ever satisfactory, even in the latter days, when his voice was feeble; he always gave you a thoroughly enjoyable time of it. I never missed one of his after-

noons, and his characters will always be hung up in the gallery of my recollections—they are my Sir Joshuas and Gainsboroughs—from their roundness, colour, and vitality. What figures, too!—the three baronets, Sir Pertinax, Sir Antony, and Sir Peter; Lord Ogleby and Malvolio. Perhaps, on the whole, the last was his best, taking into account the difficulties, and the usual wretched result in the hands of buffooning performers. It was exactly the reading of Charles Lamb, and, need it be said, the true one. Phelps, however, will be always associated with Sir Pertinax—a part which he must have played thousands of times. I suspect that in that character he was really the equal of any of the vaunted performers of Garrick's day. A portrait of him in that character—possibly there is such—should be on the walls of the Garricks. No one ever approached him in it, nor will approach him for a long time to come. We should hardly have cared for his performance of “Macbeth” and the conventional tragedian parts, though we believe he played them well, *à la* Macready. I remember him in “Ingomar,” at the Aquatic Theatre. There was a breadth of comedy in him which was extraordinary. His “Bottom the Weaver” rises before us now as a rich presentation. Instead of the common buffooning fellow we are accustomed to, he put before us an earnest, ignorant worker, with some loosely-formed ideal before him, who was anxious to distinguish himself. We were shown many curious turns and humours hitherto unsuspected. The play became quite a serious, important business—as was natural—for they were going to play before the Duke. The consequence was, that we followed his movements with an extraordinary interest. Now this was comedy; so with the short pantomimic incident of the ass's head, which he carried with an unconscious air as though it were a human one.¹

In the good old Adelphi times, say about 1871, “old Ben Webster” was still to be seen hobbling and shuffling along Maiden Lane to his stage door. Everything then seemed to be “going to seed” or to desolation. Theatres were closed or closing; those that kept open were staggering on, trying this and that device to secure an audience. There was no solidity or permanency in anything

¹ In the recent revival of the play—Mr. Benson's—there was in this part a poetical conception admirably carried out. At the close of the Midsummer gambols all the fairies were grouped in front, the thick clustered foliage forming the background, while in the centre and place of honour appeared Bottom with an air of complacent dignity, his ass's neck encircled with a wreath of flowers. This sort of sylvan apotheosis suggested some quaint disordered dream, and imparted credibility to the whole. It is such touches as these that help illusion on the stage.

theatrical. All was experimental. Great houses, such as Drury Lane, the St. James's, the Lyceum, were standing there unlet, or opened for a few weeks only ; and there was a grotesque epithet applied at the time to a certain class of actors—"shutters" they were called—which had its significance. They were performers of merit ; but somehow their engagement was the signal for an abrupt closing of the house. The theatres that were open under regular management were few in number, were old and shabby : they could be counted on the fingers. The contrast between that stagnant era and the present flourishing time is extraordinary ; over a score new houses have been added to the list, and the old houses have nearly all been either rebuilt or reconstructed.

At this time the good "stock" companies of the Haymarket, the Adelphi, and the Strand were breaking up. It was sad to meet in the streets surrounding the Haymarket Buckstone, now old and broken, and struggling with difficulties, sometimes in company with his brother veteran "Ben Webster," who still clung to his Adelphi, and occasionally performed, feeble in gait, and so slow in his utterance as to excite the impatient remonstrances of galleries. Yet, what pleasant hours we used to owe to those performers ! It would seem as if the entertainment was more stirring and mirth-moving than what is now in fashion.

Buckstone—the "good old Buckstone," the delight of our boyhood—made a visit to the bright Haymarket something akin to enchantment. Oh for those days of pure, unalloyed, theatrical pleasure ! You went to see not the play, but Buckstone *lui-même*. He would figure in some unpretending but satisfactory character in the important piece of the night, and where he aided the others. But it was not until towards ten o'clock that people poured in—it was the day of "second price"—to see their "Bucky" virtually by himself in some deliciously absurd—not situation, nor farce. His voice, heard first behind the scene, sent an anticipatory chuckle through the theatre, to swell into a roar when he appeared. It was full of an unctuous enjoyment. When he came on his figure was unconsciously grotesque, not dressed up to look absurd, but naturally so, like some of those "Quizzes" we meet occasionally in society, who are unconscious that their friends are so amused at them. This same tone of easy, natural, unforced drollery attended him to the very last sentence of the piece. He was irresistible ; as when he would tell us quietly that "he had merely gone to Buxton to drink the waters."

The whole drama was "Bucky" himself. O ! for that exquisitely comic face, that mouth twisted to one side, the words issuing from

one of its corners, the eyes twinkling with unctuous drollery and fun ! Then followed a series of absurd embarrassments, with roars to the end, when everyone went home to supper or bed in good humour and enjoyment. This "seeing Buckstone" was entertainment enough ; and it is curious now to look back and think how the enjoyment depended on the exertions of a single personage, who spread light and animation all about him. Buckstone, in fact, *was* the Haymarket. Now, as the night draws on, we require solid, substantial pieces of "pudding" to be partaken of slowly and deliberately, and go home—interested indeed, but rather thoughtful and serious.

This change in taste gives rise to some curious speculations. There can be no doubt that the growing artificialities of our time, the multiplication of innumerable details, which encumber life at present, have checked the spontaneousness of theatrical humour. The humour of Buckstone was exceptional and *hors ligne* ; but it is likely that were one with the same talent to arise in our time it would have to adapt itself to the conditions of the time. The present popular humour is of a thin, meagre, superficial sort, dealing mostly with verbal pleasantries. These both author and actor are expected to furnish, and audiences have long been trained to appreciate. Another reason is the lack of skill in character-drawing on the part of our dramatists, owing to their profuse and systematic borrowing from the French *répertoire*. Purely French characters, however skilfully adapted, will always remain foreign, because operated on by French conditions of life, which are totally different from our own. The actor finds himself in a foreign country as it were, wearing foreign clothes.

"Box and Cox," too, what a roar that was ! So, too, with "Only a Halfpenny," and a vast number of such trifles, written specially for him. He certainly contributed largely to the public stock of harmless pleasure.

It was sad to think of the slow change and gradual decay that attended his closing years. The old Haymarket company, with its Howes, and Fitzwilliams, and Chippendales, began to decay also ; not from anyone's fault, but because, like so many other institutions, it had outlived public interest. Public taste and public manners were changing. Still the old company clung to its antique pieces, which began at last to leave the impression of something "mouldy," much as though one were entering the dining-room of an ancient, disused country house where we see lanky sideboards and spiky-legged horsehair chairs and twisted chandeliers. I recall one night when

"No Song, No Supper" was actually revived with a most dismal effect.

Buckstone was adroit enough to see the necessity of change, and two ventures on modern lines restored prosperity, for a time at least, to the old house. These were Sothern's "Lord Dundreary," which Buckstone supported by playing an American, and Gilbert's fairy pieces, notably "The Palace of Truth." Though he was droll enough in the "Art Critic," it was but the shadow of the old Buckstone. It was said that he could not hear a word spoken by the others, but adroitly followed the movements of their lips. Though vast sums were made for him by these two pieces the old comedian's tastes were rather extravagant; he could not save or keep his money. By-and-by he had to give up the control of his theatre, and I fear this cheerful "son of Momus" had to endure many troubles in his closing years.

One of the best-known of the Haymarket troupe was Howe, "the good old Howe!" Take an old Haymarket bill in your hand, one of the long rustling "tissue-paper things" with its rich black capitals—that was the *real* bill—and it always affected one curiously to read: "JOSEPH SURFACE Mr. HOWE." Mrs. Fitzwilliam's name had always a classical sound. At this moment I am looking at an old bill announcing her in the first performance of "Money," just fifty-three years ago. In it I find a number of well-known names, Macready and Miss Helen Faucit, Wrench—"easy, natural Wrench," as Elia described him—Walter Lacey, Howe, as "Tabouret, an Upholsterer," and Priscilla Horton. Fifty-three years is a long dramatic stretch; and it is wonderful now to cast one's eyes on *The Times* of the day under the clock and see "Becket" announced, with the old familiar name Howe among the characters. With this worthy solid performer my own humble efforts have been associated, and it was a pleasure to see him in the last days of the old Haymarket rattling through a light farce which I had written—a task which he performed with hearty good-will and much spirit.

With the Haymarket, too, is associated Charles Kean and his clever wife. Somehow, he never seemed to me to belong to this category of the old actors; there was something artificial and showy in his performances. The others were the characters; he was always Charles Kean. I thought him more effective as a comedian, and I recall him in a charming play of Jerrold's, "The Housekeeper," conceived in the antique spirit of comedy. In this his wife was most sympathetic and gracefully interesting. We sat in the boxes or

dress circle, three or four rows of very straightened seats rising in tiers. There were no stalls then. How enjoyable was the good old Haymarket pit, with the broad comfortable backs to the seats, and the abundant room ! The floor was high ; you felt fully in the house ; the faces were on a level with the stage itself. This arrangement continued until the Bancrofts took possession.

In "The Housekeeper" I recall a pleasing woman, also long associated with the Haymarket glories—Mrs. Humby—once a beautiful and much-admired creature, in connection with whose name a free-and-easy rhyme was circulated. Charles Kean, I am convinced, was hardly an actor. He rarely affected you ; his "Hamlet" or "Lear" were very academic performances, and listened to with respectful interest from the conscientious study they exhibited. But the "sacred fire" was not there ; there was present the short figure, the metallic, horny voice, and the perpetual self-consciousness. It was, however, always a pleasure to see the pair in a romantic drama, such as "The Wife's Secret," to which they imparted much passion and interest. There is a striking, highly-finished picture—by Chalon, I think—of them both in one of these stormy scenes.

The name of Ben Webster calls up the old Adelphi times, where the peculiar stirring dramas of intensely exciting action, played with humour too, passed before the gaze. I have often speculated, Was it the keen enjoyment of youth that lent such an extraordinary charm, or the superior quality of the performance as compared with those of our time ? I am inclined to think there was then a more simple faith abroad ; melodramatic topics had not become so well-worn and hackneyed ; the actors, too, were better trained and practised in the arts of the melodrama. Smugglers, daring captains, caves, heroines carried off, firing of pistols—these were the staple of the Adelphi drama. Personally, I was never tired of them. There was Ben Webster himself, "O" Smith, Miss Woolgar, with whom we were all in love, Madame Celeste, Wright, Paul Bedford. Madame Celeste was inseparable from the spirit of the Adelphi ; she seemed to believe thoroughly in the piece she was playing in, and she had a truly romantic style. And Wright, too, with his exuberant buffoonery ! It is curious that nowadays this species of "funny man" seems to have become extinct. Not that the public is indifferent, but it cannot obtain him. This is shown by the eagerness to see a diverting humourist, such as Penley, in a piece like "Charley's Aunt." But Wright was really unapproachable in his line, from his exuberant buoyancy and spontaneousness. When he and Paul Bedford were on the stage together the fun became fast and furious. In every Adelphi drama there was always found one of these extra-

vagant characters for Wright, such as a sea-sick passenger who would exhibit the agonies of the *mal de mer* in an almost too realistic fashion. The apparition of the much-derided "Adelphi Guests" comes before me with vividness; there was hardly a piece produced without their necessary presence; but I believed in them. How affecting to see them, as I did in "Marie Ducange" (Bayle Bernard's), when the ball was interrupted by the violent death of the heroine, from a pistol-shot, I think! These sympathising persons, arm-in-arm always, and wearing white thread gloves, invariably grouped themselves round the prostrate victim, their faces expressing the most intense interest, and even horror.

What absorbing interest used that old Adelphi drama "The Green Bushes" to possess! How great was Madame Celeste—"the Madame" as she was called—in her gipsy "Miami"! We always thought of it with tender interest. When it was revived, after many years, I looked forward to a revival also of the old feelings. But what a disappointment! It was astonishingly flat. "Ben Webster" was, of course, from his managerial right, always the central figure. He delighted always in those full-flavoured, round, melodramatic characters that figured in all sorts of adventures; generally beginning in France, where he would escape from prison, then turn up in England, disguised, and carrying out his scheme of vengeance against the really bad man who had immured him, but was now raised to power and affluence. He was very slow and deliberate, announcing his plans at great length, and allotting himself many soliloquies. Yet he was highly coloured, and picturesque to a certain extent. Such a piece was "Janet Pride," in which there was the Foundling Hospital in Paris, a stolen child, a villainous schemer, and "Ben" himself the centre of all, in various dresses, moving on his ponderous way through the piece. At times he would work up a situation to an intense, almost "blubbing pathos." I remember him in "The Dead Heart," which I scarcely recognised in the recent Lyceum revival. It seemed a more vigorous and stirring piece, Toole being humorously obstreperous, and riding about on a cannon. Ben was extra slow and solemn on this occasion, and every now and then was heard protesting that his "heart was *Dad*." In his later, more decrepit days, when he produced "The Wandering Jew" and played the crafty Jesuit Rodin, he was discovered in his cabinet at his desk; but he took such an unconscionable time opening letters, tapping his forehead, smiling sarcastically, without uttering a word, a pantomime intended to signify deep craft, that the gallery became rudely impatient, having no idea what was intended, and called to him loudly to "get on."

There was an agreeable, interesting actress, but of little power, Miss Furtado, who was at one time his "leading lady," and to whom the old player was paternally partial. Not long after he astonished, and perhaps amused, his friends by wedding a young girl; he must have been "going on" for eighty at the time.

At one time I had written a comic piece which I was eager should appear on the old Adelphi boards. Charles Dickens very good-naturedly undertook to lay it before his old friend "Ben," who of course considered it carefully, but did not find it suitable to his house. Dickens criticised it freely, as did also the manager; and it was something to have been sat in judgment on by two such persons.

Another of these fine old Haymarket performers was Compton, who, after the breaking up of his old corps, began to appear fitfully here, there, and everywhere. It was no longer the same thing. He had lost the support of his fellows, an almost electrical sympathy. In a company of this kind, long cemented together, each seems to act as much for his companions as he does for himself. It is one whole. The gradual decay of the old Haymarket corps was a sad blow to dramatic art and education. Yet it was unavoidable. It had outlived its day. When it went round "the provinces," with its good old stock pieces, what a treat it was! How keenly enjoyed were "Money," "The School for Scandal," "She Stoops to Conquer," and other old classics! What roars of laughter at Sir Peter and Sir Antony! It was as though some new pieces were being presented, though the latter would not have excited nearly such hilarity. The company acted judiciously, taking in occasionally new recruits and fresh blood, such as the Chippendales and Madge Robertson. I well recall the general flutter, the discussion in the papers, when a new performer for the provinces, one Everill, was enrolled. It seemed a high affair of state. There were grave doubts and prognostics. But Everill proved to be of the new school, and had all the sound traditions. He and Howe still remain.

The very aspect of Compton was mirth-moving, from the keen gravity of his features. Lewis, of the Daly Company, suggests him a good deal, and has the same "dry" manner, though more exuberant at times. He was thin and wiry, short and spare, as a comedian should be. He had some delightful tricks, such as drawing in or sucking in his cheeks when he had said anything dry or droll; also a curious dealing with his trousers. In fact, merely to *see* Compton, to have him before you, was an entertainment, itself—a sort of play. The fact of knowing that something exquisitely diverting was *in petto*, though not yet exhibited, was almost enough. The mere anticipation

was dramatic. His Graves in "Money," his contorted dance with the widow, was the finest comedy in the world, on account of its naturalness and complete reserve. Other comedians over-do this dancing. This play, of course, does not "go" as it did, because the high tone and style of treating it is lost, with the fine antique state, the elegant ladies and gentlemen.

Even the smaller comedians of the company were excellent. There was "little Clark"—"little Clark of the Haymarket," as he was called, to distinguish him from other Clarks and Clarkes—and the perky Coe with his pippin-like face and shrill voice ; and Braid, whose name one liked to see in the bills.

What an admirable pair of performers, too, were the Chippendales ! The husband had a gnarled old man's face and a rather feeble and husky voice ; indeed, he was a veteran, yet no one would have wished him younger. You always felt that the part could not have been done better, and that he was in fact the character itself. It was delightful to see him play Sir Peter to the graceful and winsome Madge Robertson's Lady Teazle, her excessive youth contrasting strongly with his cantankerous aspect. This, however, was not the author's intention, who intended his Sir Peter to be a middle-aged gentleman of fifty. But it did not much matter. His wife, an admirable, sound actress, was always cast for the domineering matron, which she presented in a most original way, without any noise or shrewishness. You felt there was a person before you with a reserve of force ; she contrasted by the very tone of her voice and a glance of her eye. Often she and her husband played together, and the spectacle was diverting indeed. It was wonderful indeed, in these days of actor-management, to think of all these talents being brought together in a single company. Chippendale is a good theatrical name, fit to go with Munden, Dowten, Suett ! We have no such old men now in face and figure.

Another of the old buoyant school to whom we owe many an hour of unalloyed enjoyment was Charles Mathews—the one *unique* Charles, Charles of the "Used Up," "Game of Speculation," "The Critic," the "Awful Dad," and many other diverting creations. He approached more nearly to the French type of comedian than any of our performers. He was small in style, in figure, in voice and gesture, and methods generally ; yet everything "told," even on the largest stage. And what a delicately expressive face ! His course was a very troubled one—debts, struggles, failures, strange, wild marriages—but his never-flagging spirit carried him through all difficulties. At one time he seemed to sink into a sort of decay, and from a sort of carelessness lost his hold on the public. But it must

have been intensely gratifying to him to find himself shortly before his death completely restored to his old attractiveness and followed by large audiences.

"CHARLES MATHEWS, JUNE 1878.—It was sad to think that the last of the old comedians had gone from us. The gay, venerable Charles had made his last bow and left us—the black curtain being run down. As he looked so smilingly on the audience on the last night that he performed, what if it had been whispered to him, 'You will *never* be here again. Here is the last of this Fairy World !' He was certainly the best comedian of his time, his charm being finish and perfect ease, with an air of gaiety and self-satisfaction, which is as difficult to assume as the air of a perfect man of the world. Was there not something piquant in the look of his back and shoulders—even in the way his rather limp and 'skimp' coat hung on him? Even in walking across the stage he had a dapper pertness quite significant of the mind within. There were few men more agreeable or who told a story with so light a manner. Even in his decay there was no one to compare with him for style." This little tribute I wrote on hearing the news of his death, and it conveys, happily enough, a fair idea of his general attraction.

Alfred Wigan, too—what a performer he was ! He was elegance personified : his elocution, expression, movements, all had "distinction" and grace. People always seemed to identify him with the depraved man of high rank and courtly manners he represented. Like so many of the comedians, he did not depend on words and sentences to convey his character—you saw it all in his face and bearing. What a charming performance was his Richelieu in "The Duke's Wager," a version of one of Dumas' plays, "*Mdlle. de Belleisle*." Here he was perfection for his fine manners and the touch of sympathy which he imparted to the character. I can contrast his Château Renaud with the modern interpreters of the character, such as Mr. Terriss, who made of it a sort of rough *spadassin*, neither French nor English. At this moment I can call up before me Wigan as the polished, masterful man of the world, full of an exquisite courtesy, gentleman-like in every movement. There was thus an interest excited in him as well as in the hero. The very glances of Wigan—suspicious, resigned, full of a dread presentiment—even now at this long interval come back on me like a portrait.

He was wonderful in delineations of Frenchmen, as in his "Battle Horse," *Le Père de la Débutante*, where a pathetic, snuffy old Frenchman takes up the cause of his daughter, who is to make her *début*, and whom a rival tries to supplant. It was astonishing

what vivacity and national character he put into this part ; and, it must be said, what extravagance too. For he used to come down into the orchestra and pit, beat the drum, and address the characters on the stage. This perversion seems out of place, as it confuses the ideal with the real world. How well I recall his pleadings : "*Mais, Monsieur Manager*" ! Once in a provincial city I strayed into a theatre, attracted by seeing his name in the bills in this very place. But it was a disastrous spectacle—only a few score of people were in the house. They could not follow or understand the delicate *nuances* of the foreign sentiment. They wondered why he jumped into the orchestra ; it seemed some broad joke or buffoonery. Poor Wigan ! Yet he held on gallantly, and did his best as though he were at the Haymarket. I remember him also at that theatre in a delicate, gossamer-like piece from the French—"A Lucky Friday" it was called—in which he played another old Frenchman. I recall his words when he came out ; the author had been called for, and he had to explain that he was responsible for the adaptation.

Who that had seen them could forget that delightful pair—the Keeleys ! How they filled the humorous atmosphere ! What legitimate fun and genuine comedy they spread around them ! When they were together, how they acted and re-acted on each other ! His face was a play in itself ; in it there were whole acts, scenes, and characters. No one conveyed the notion of henpecked suffering so admirably, with a sort of faint protest against his treatment, and a certain awe and timorousness that was exquisitely grotesque. There was nothing farcical in that face : it was rather grave and solemn, large and full, with a general florid or pinkish tone. From its expressiveness it was quite of a French cast. The look of helplessness which he would give to the audience was irresistible. The pair would really carry on the scene by the interchange of looks and glances. What distinguished her was spirit and vivacity—she never flagged : In short, the very name "Keeley" brings a good-humoured smile to the face, and we think gratefully of the humourists to whom we owe such enjoyable moments. Mrs. Keeley, happily, is with us still, fresh and unflagging as ever, though counting her eighty odd years.

There are many changes in the dramatic social life which may not strike us, but which have a deep significance. Here is one, for instance, that may seem a trifling one. There used to be found in the list of *dramatis personæ* the clever husband and wife performing together. Thus there was Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathews ; Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris ; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan ; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean ; Mr. and Mrs. Rousby ; Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and

many more. Now there is hardly a single instance of this kind. The reason, no doubt, is, that the sort of gay piece of character where husband and wife would each find a suitable part has disappeared. It is now *ma femme et cinq poupées*; i.e., *ma femme*, being the actor-manager himself, his following the *poupées*. The husband and wife, playing always together, brought out each other's gifts and enriched the piece. Who can forget the racy Frank Mathews and his companion in the "Bristol Diamonds"—that genuine, natural, laughter-moving performance? Alfred Wigan and his wife were not so well harmonised, and rarely played together. Since his departure we have had no one so elegant and perfectly finished in style, with such a graceful reserve, so expressive in his bearing. His Château Renaud, in the "Corsican Brothers," contrasted with the later somewhat rough, "robustious" performance of Terriss, was the success of the piece. There was a *finesse*—a cold, deadly, suppressed hate—yet regulated by the most gentlemanly manners. His charming old Frenchmen, too! I knew him a little, having met him occasionally at dinner, when he was very agreeable, and told some amusing stories. But he and his clever wife were a little spoiled by the attentions of fashionable persons, and were fond of quoting "dear Lady This—or That."¹ In her later years, when she lived as a widow in Brompton Square, she became rather despotic, as I found out when I had to go to her to be rehearsed in a piece for some private theatricals. We had some rather unpleasant scenes, not exactly set down in the play. She was an admirable instructress, however; a single hint or direction was worth a whole essay.

The mention of the Frank Mathews suggests another odd change, viz. the gradual decay and disappearance of the *low comedian*. This, again, is owing to the disappearance of low comedy itself. It is sad to see the two or three left making ineffectual struggles to keep their place. There is Edward Terry, an excellent performer—burdened with his own theatre, "Terry's"—trying piece after piece, and without much attracting; and Lionel Brough, once so admirable for his rich, broad humour. Toole still holds his place, but has to change his methods to suit the times.

It is melancholy to look back on these disastrous changes, which seemed destined, after a short-lived, brilliant beginning, to set in with almost the certainty of fate. We look at one of these happy adventurers, as we may call them; everyone is talking of him;

¹ She called one evening for her husband at a dinner to take him home. She had come from "Lady ——'s," and mentioned that she had a cab waiting. The actor seemed shocked. "My dear, *my dear*," he said reprovingly, "you *should* have had a carriage!"

money is being showered into his lap. He is the man of the hour, or perhaps moment. An interval of ten years "is supposed to elapse," as they say in the melodramas ; we find a decay has set in ; there is a struggle to retain his place ; but the ground is slipping from under his feet. Sometimes arrives some scandal or disgrace. But the drop-scene too often descends on poverty ; with appeal to friends, and sore privations even. How completely, too, the once regular "Benefit" has disappeared ! This, again, is owing to the rise of the "actor-manager." It is felt that he has a benefit every night.

It is lamentable to find that actors of merit—actually from their merit—should be excluded from engagement, or appear in a sort of fitful fashion, and presently to disappear once more. This seems to be owing to there being no position exactly suited to them. The name of many a good player will occur who is in this awkward "Mahomet's coffin" state. They are to be classed with a tribe of unfortunates who at one time were humorously styled "shutters," their engagement almost invariably forecasting the abrupt closing of the house. They might be more appropriately styled the "casuals," or tramps of the stage. They have no "settlement," as it is called ; they appear in no fixed home ; they ever turn up in some new and fitful and precarious speculation, have their little day, and disappear in the certain collapse of the undertaking, after a short spell of a month or three weeks. They seem to find strange bedfellows in actors of very high degree, who are forced into the same unpleasant category from directly opposite causes. They have the mortification of becoming "shutters" from the fact of being as much *above* the conventional level of excellence as the others are below it. This is a cruel fate, and not a little humiliating. At one time those delightful performers Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan had absolutely no home ; even Wigan appeared in a fitful fashion at the Gaiety, but his place was not there. He was overpowered in the rustling flood of scantily dressed girls and dazzled by the lime-light. Compton left the Haymarket, but for a long time was not heard of.

It is sad to see a once popular and now forgotten actor under such conditions. The genial audience at the Lyceum had little idea that the worthy Mead—who "discharged" the ghost, and such characters in sound judicious style—had once been a "star actor," enjoying the largest "caps," playing Hamlet, Macbeth, and a whole round of leading business. As I write there are a couple of players filling modest parts at Drury Lane who erst declaimed the same important characters. This, however, is not the fault of the public. *Their* public, the audience that knew them, has passed away ; later

generations have not known or perhaps have never heard of them. The old barrister, old doctor, old writer, who choose to survive their contemporaries must share the fate of the old actor.

Irving has generously used his high position to rescue several of these former favourites of the town from decay and neglect. There is something particularly generous and self-sacrificing in this, for crabbed old age is, in many points, not "up to date," and is an inconvenient burden to the manager.

What a buoyant, exuberant being of the old humorous school was George Honey ! What a rich *unctuousness* in all his speeches and movements ! He seemed to be permeated with a sort of relish of "everything." He had an extraordinarily expressive face, quaintly odd, and a curious but most expressive twang in his voice. (Lewis of the Daly Company is, perhaps, the only one now on the stage who has one of these invaluable comedy faces, into which he can project his soul and feelings.) While George was on the stage there was unbounded mirth ; he had perfect hold of his hearers. He was certainly extravagant, often too extravagant ; still, he made you *believe* in him. Excellent were his "Our Mr. Jenkins" and "Eccles," which he had to play till he could play nothing else. Our moderns, it seems to me, do not "let themselves out" so thoroughly as he used to do. He had a special style of his own, and it was felt ; and, indeed, it was beyond dispute that "no one could do Honey's parts." Such a performer as this is quite a different thing from the professed fun-making comedian of our time. His looks, tones, gestures, are relished far more than what he says. This, as we have seen, was the feeling in the case of Buckstone. He seemed to be less appreciated towards the close of his career ; but then the old order was changing. There were less and less openings for him. But we always owed to him—a serious obligation—the enjoyment of a good, genuine, hearty laugh, and for some days afterwards had his odd figure before our eyes, and his odder tones in our ears.

Among the later generation of prominent successful actors must be counted the late Mr. Robson. With the most catholic taste in theatrical matters, and seeing good in almost everything, I must confess I never was deeply affected by this performer, though admiring his powers. And I fancy this represented the fair general opinion. For many years he had been a farce-actor of the broadest and most exuberant kind—the colours laid on very coarsely, as in "The Wandering Minstrel," when he gave the street clarionet-player, with his hoarse, gin-charged voice, with life-like accuracy. This was in the Zola vein, and was more curious than droll. In

the "Boots at the Swan" he had the traditions of the "low comedian" of the old pattern, and was overflowing with jovial humour. Who could tolerate this piece now? When he came to London he fancied, or others fancied, that he had tragic, pathetic gifts; which he exhibited in "The Porter's Knot," where he was a suffering ill-treated father, crooning and whining, as it were, in the most plaintive fashion. There were plenty who thought this display most pathetic, handkerchiefs were busy, &c., but it seemed to me rather artificial and forced. Then it was found that he had a gift of grotesque fantastic humour, with alternations of frantic, spasmodic energy, exhibited in burlesques such as "Medea," with which it was said Ristori was much entertained. His mad dance, with flourishings of the knife, was much admired. He used to interpolate curious songs, which became the rage, such as "Old Dog Tray," in which, after a would-be pathetic account of the faithful animal, we had this humorous finale :

In the mixture of her pies
At last I recognise
The flavour of my poor dog Tray.

The pleasant "Brothers Brough" usually provided him with an entertainment such as "Masaniello ; or, the Fish'oman of Naples," in which there was an allusion to a fine day, but somebody had "*made it a rainy'un.*" This was the sort of jest with which audiences of that era were recreated. Robson's gifts were certainly not of a solid kind ; though it must be said that he had genius of a certain kind. He had something of Frederick Le Maitre's fitful, spasmodic efforts, with, it must be said, a share of his irregularities, which, growing on him, at last destroyed his attraction and made the public impatient. It was sad to see his gradual fall.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

(To be concluded.)

*PAGES ON PLAYS.**"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."*

THE year 1893 will be memorable in the history of the English stage as the year of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The production of a single play redeemed England at a stroke from the reproach under which she had lain so long, of being unable to offer a single play that could be considered as a work of art. Before the appearance of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" Mr. Pinero was one of a very small number of clever playwrights. They were not nearly half a dozen, all told, and if Mr. Pinero seemed to be the ablest of the group, still he was one of their number, was ranked with them, and estimated with them. Now he stands alone. He is not merely the first English dramatist: between him and the best of those that were his peers there is a gulf so wide that it seems for the moment measureless. Mr. Pinero takes his place by the side of the masters of Continental drama. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is as important as a play by Dumas or Ibsen, or De Curel or Sudermann, or Giacosa or Etchegaray, or any of the other leaders of the dramatic movement in which for so long a time England has had no share. The result is as welcome as the sight of land after a long and leaden voyage, as the news of a victory after a succession of humiliating defeats.

It is not so very long ago that Strindberg, the Swedish dramatist, wrote in his preface to "Fröken Julie" that the drama, like most other arts, was dead in Germany and in England. The assertion was rash as far as Germany was concerned. Even as Strindberg was writing the brotherhood of young men, the League of Youth that calls itself "Young Germany," was coming together, was feeling its way, was fighting its way, and the names of Sudermann and Hauptmann were soon to be saluted as the names of brilliant dramatists. But so far as England was concerned Strindberg's charge was painfully, cruelly true. Drama in England was a dead thing. "Beau Austin" was but the one splendid exception that made the rule more cruel, and "Beau Austin" was a study in the past. People

did, indeed, keep on writing plays and producing plays which served the idle hour and passed away and left no memory behind them. Choked by the old conventions, fettered by the antique formulas, made in the manner of models that had no relation to our time and temperament, the English play had come to be not merely mechanical, but the manufacture of unskilled mechanics. If England had insisted upon putting to sea a fleet of ships fashioned in clumsy imitation of the *Victory* or the *Revenge*, she would not have been more behind the rest of the civilised world in naval power than she was behind the rest of the civilised world in her drama.

During the whole of the present reign, until within the last two or three years, the drama of modern life in England was so unreal or so meaningless, that a foreign observer might well be excused for assuming it to be a lost art. But within the last two or three years there have been signs that the drama had only lain, like Ogier the Dane, lapped in a leaden slumber; that the signal had come, that it was stirring in its trance, that it was about to arise and shake itself free from its fatal stupor. An inspiration from abroad breathed life into the inert mass. The renaissance of English drama, which has been so splendidly heralded by "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," may be easily traced to the example of Henrik Ibsen, to the influence of the Scandinavian stage. It is not necessary here to do more than to recall the battle of the last three years: the Ibsen Iliad which, by its heat and vehemence, helped to effect that revolution in the English drama for which some of us had so long hoped—and feared we hoped in vain. Perhaps, in a historical sense, the very first proof of the influence of Ibsen upon an English dramatist is to be found in "The Crusaders" of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones; but the great result of the new movement, the great triumph of the cause, are the production and the success of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

There is no reason why Englishmen should resent or regret the fact that the revival of our drama is due to an impulse from without—to an impulse from the North. The men of the North are of the same stock as the people of this island; they speak in kindred tongues. Time and again art has in England found new courage, new activity, from some foreign example; and, as in earlier instances, so in this present instance, the foreign example has not awoken a spirit of imitation, but a spirit of emulation, and an awakened activity has produced work not moulded after the fashion of an alien original, but work that is in itself original. If we owe "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" to the agitation caused by the study of Ibsen's drama, to the controversy

over Ibsen's drama, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is not in the least degree an imitation of Ibsen's work or of Ibsen's method. It is merely a proof that the knowledge of Ibsen's work showed our best man a high standard, which he determined to strive to reach in his own way. And the same influence which moved him thus to do his best had also its effect in preparing the minds of English audiences to receive and to accept such work. English audiences were willing to admit that real life, that real men and women, that real passions might be presented upon the stage when the dramatist came forward with a play that dealt with real life, with real men and women, and with real passions.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" stands, for the moment, entirely by itself. A solitary creation, apart from and immeasurably above all other dramas of modern life in this country, it is also apart from and immeasurably above all Mr. Pinero's previous work. The means to judge are at our hands. Mr. Pinero, following the honourable Continental example, has published in book-form the majority of his plays. Eight of them are in print, to be read and enjoyed by the wise—"The Times," "The Profligate," "The Cabinet Minister," "The Hobby Horse," "Lady Bountiful," "The Magistrate," "Dandy Dick," and "Sweet Lavender." Some of these—"The Magistrate," and "The Cabinet Minister," and "Dandy Dick"—are excellent farces. "The Times" is a strange attempt to double farce with satiric tragedy. "The Hobby Horse" is farce steeped in cynicism. "The Profligate" and "Lady Bountiful" are attempts at serious comedy. "Sweet Lavender" is graceful, conventional, civic idyllism, inspired by Dickens and executed according to the formula of Tom Robertson, and is, perhaps, the least satisfactory, the least promising of all its author's work. This fairly long list of plays is a list which does not nearly include all Mr. Pinero's acted plays, for it omits "The Schoolmistress," "Low Water"—that admirable catastrophe—"The Rector," "Lords and Commons," "The Amazons," and the small pieces like "The Money Spinner." But what applies to the already published applies no less accurately to the unpublished pieces. The remarkable thing about this fairly long list of plays is, that while it contains much creditable work which placed its author—as, indeed, far less creditable work would have done—in the front rank of the assiduous English dramatists of his day, it is hard to find in any single example or in the whole bulk any positive proof, any convincing promise of the masterly ability that has created "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The best of the bundle is sundered by a great gap from the fine play that by its isolated existence has redeemed the British stage from the mediocrity in

which it had for so many generations been seemingly content to wallow. There have been rare examples in the history of literature of authors who have worked for long years at works of no moment, or at works of little moment, and have then suddenly produced a masterpiece, and a succession of masterpieces. The most obvious, the most illustrious example of this strange chance is, of course, Honoré de Balzac. All the world knows how he toiled year on year, producing volume after volume, some of which survive in the ten terrible compilations which are known as the "*Œuvres de Jeunesse*," some of which are, happily, lost. It is as difficult to find any sign or hope of "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*" in the plays of Mr. Pinero's that preceded it as it is to find sign or hope of "*Le Père Goriot*" or "*La Cousine Bette*" in "*Jane la Pale*" or "*Argow le Pirate*." It is to be hoped that Mr. Pinero's future plays will be the peers of "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*" rather than of its predecessors.

For the moment Mr. Pinero is Mr. Pinero's most serious rival. He has set up a new standard by which he is to be judged in the future; the author of "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*" has now to equal, if not to surpass, "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*." Such, for that matter, must be the ambition, the desire, the dream of all other dramatists who wish to find a place in the Saga. But it will be no easy business. Its production marks an epoch for English drama as distinctly as the production of "*Hernani*" marked an epoch in France, as "*Die Ehre*" marked an epoch in Germany, as "*Samfundets Stötter*" ("*The Pillars of Society*") marked an epoch in the North. It is to be hoped, it is to be believed, that "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*" will prove to be the first, but not the best, of a succession of living, human plays; of plays honourably characterised by accurate and intelligent observation of life, by a faithful devotion to truth in the study of character and environment, by a steadfast renunciation of the conventions that have crippled and the formulas that have stupefied our stage, by the determination that the drama shall be in England what it has been elsewhere for so long—as high a form of artistic interpretation of life as the novel. "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*" will have been written well-nigh in vain if it does not serve this purpose, if it does not quicken the dormant spirit of English drama, and arouse in young and eager natures a desire to do as well, to do better, to do far better.

What we need in this country is such common purpose among the adventurers in the new art as exists, for instance, in the "*Young Germany*" of Germany, and "*Les Jeunes*" in France. The brother-

hood of what Hans Merian calls the "junge deutsche Realismus," have already produced vital, brilliant work in the plays of Sudermann and the plays of Hauptmann. The "Jeunes France" of to-day, as eager, as ambitious, as loyal to their creed and their art as the "Jeunes France" of the days when Hugo and when Gautier were young men have found, it may be, their leader in François de Curel, but the names of their able, observant, enthusiastic dramatists are many, are increasing. We need no less activity, no less enthusiasm in England. We need a "Young England" which shall take the date of the production of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as the First Year of Liberty, after the fashion of warm-hearted revolutionaries, and shall show that they are worthy of the example that has been set to them. We may well be proud of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." It gives us one master-work worthy of the alien craftsmen whose creations we have envied so long and in vain. It gives us one study of modern men and women who are realities and not shadows, one study of modern life that is natural, actual, realistic. Let us hail it, not as a solitary effort of genius, but as the precursor of a long line of living dramas, as the herald of the renascence of the English stage, as the inspiration of a "Young England" that shall hold its own with and carry itself as proudly as "Young France," "Young Germany," or "Young Scandinavia."

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

THE GODS OF PRIMITIVE MAN.

IT is curious with how much difficulty the idea of immortality is grasped by primitive peoples. It is the fashion to conceive of Greek civilisation as in some respects higher than our own. The Olympian hierarchy has, moreover, moved the admiration of poets in subsequent times. Keats looks back longingly to the period

When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the air, the water, and the fire ;

and Wordsworth, even in his greatest sonnet, dreams of being

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
so he might
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Yet these gods were but idealised humans, capable of pain, infirmity, and even of death. This condition is natural when the succession of power follows, as with men when Saturn seizes on the birthright of Titan and is himself dispossessed by Jove. The story is known how, after the birth of Christ, mariners sailing in the Mediterranean heard a sound of transcendent wailing, and a cry, "The great god Pan is dead." The grave of Zeus, the great god of the Greeks, was shown to visitors in Crete so late as about the beginning of our era. The body of Dionysus was buried at Delphi beside the golden statue of Apollo, and his tomb bore the inscription: "Here lies Dionysus dead, the son of Semele." According to one account, Apollo himself was buried at Delphi ; for Pythagoras is said to have carved an inscription on his tomb, setting forth how the god had been killed by the python and buried under the tripod. Cronus was buried in Sicily, and the graves of Hermes, Aphrodite, and Ares were shown in Hermopolis, Cyprus, and Thrace (Frazer, "The Golden Bough," i. 214). It is the same with the Norse gods. The inhabitants of Asgard, warlike creatures endowed with the strength or bravery and endurance that Viking heroes would be likely to envy, had to yield to the treachery of Loke, the subtlety of the dwarfs, and

the strength of the giants. With nations more barbarous than Greeks and Norsemen—unable, like them, to grasp the idea of eternal duration—the god, when his strength failed, was sometimes killed, for fear of the mischief that might befall human beings from his powers impaired by decay. This subject, treated of with admirable skill and erudition in “The Golden Bough,” demands, however, more consideration than I am at present able to afford it.

AN EXPERIMENT OF M. SARCEY.

IN his middle life M. Francisque Sarcey, as he has lately told his disciples and the world, took to lecturing. His earliest lectures consisted of critical analyses of the plays, chiefly belonging to the classical repertory, which were produced at the Gaité theatre, by an actor of more ambition than capacity, named Ballande. The scheme at its outset was regarded as unpromising, almost impracticable. It met, however, with unexpected and emphatic success. After a time M. Sarcey extended his borders, lecturing in Belgium, Holland, and other countries, and once, with no very conspicuous success, in London. The notes he at first used were in time discarded, and the lectures were almost impromptu. They were greatly followed, and M. Sarcey refused invitations to deliver them in Russia and in America. After a time he hit upon the plan of treating books as he had treated plays. Taking some work of actual interest he mastered thoroughly its contents, marked the passages he elected to quote, and then gave the public what he called a spoken *feuilleton*. An analysis of the scheme of the book and a description of its contents held people pleased and amused for an hour. The success in this case was greater than in the preceding, and the lectures were closely followed.

BUCCANEERS.

WITH the deeds of Drake, Hawkins, and other Elizabethan heroes patriotic Englishmen are, of course, familiar. The manner in which Drake “singd the beard” of the King of Spain has been often told, and will bear retelling. It is otherwise with Drake’s successors in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Yet the bravery of the buccaneers, who in these reigns continued the system of reprisals upon Spain, is not less conspicuous than that of their predecessors, though the cruelties perpetrated by them were, unfortunately, even worse. To those who care to read of the manner in which the American provinces of Spain were ravaged by pirates—principally English—and the Spanish commerce with the West was

almost extirpated, the republication of the curious and rare history of "The Buccaneers of America, by John Esquemeling,"¹ is a boon of no mean value. Esquemeling, supposedly a Dutchman, went out to the West Indies in 1666 from Le Havre. After such untoward experiences as were not uncommon in those districts, including being sold into slavery, he cast in his lot with the buccaneers, whose historian he was destined to become. His portion of the work, now reissued, was published in Amsterdam in Dutch in 1678, under the title of "De Americcēneche Zee Roovers," and was quickly translated into most European languages. An anonymous English version was published in 1684, with quaint portraits, plates, and maps. This edition, long scarce, fetches, when complete, a long price. It is now once more brought within the reach of the general public.

CAPTAIN MORGAN.

THE heroes or criminals whom Esquemeling depicts were of various nationalities. It is pleasant to think that the bravest, Captain Morgan, afterwards, as governor of Jamaica, known as Sir Henry Morgan, Captain Harris, &c., were Englishmen. Bartholomew Portugues and Rock Brasiliano reveal their nationalities, while Francis Lolonois, the cruellest of all, and not the least brave, was from the Sables d'Olonne, on the coast of Brittany. Of these three "worthies" portraits are given, presenting some of the most diabolic physiognomies ever assigned human beings. Wholly insensible to fear, and indeed to suffering, they all appear to have been. Dismayed by no odds, fertile in resource, and incapable, as it seems, of being beaten, they took Spanish ships or settlements with forces so disproportionate that nothing in the records of early English triumphs is more inexplicable or startling. Only the bravest of Spanish troops would under any conditions face them, and these were almost invariably defeated. Captain San Francisco de Peralta, whom they took captive, "would often break out in admiration of our valour, and say, 'Surely we Englishmen were the valiantest men in the whole world, who designed always to fight open, whilst all other nations invented all the ways imaginable to barricade themselves and fight as close as they could.' And yet, notwithstanding," adds the chronicler, "we killed more of our enemies than they of us."

A SEA-FIGHT NEAR PANAMA.

WHOLLY characteristic of the proceedings of the buccaneers is the fight that extorted this eulogium. I cannot give *in extenso* the account of the action, graphic as this is, and it might

¹ Swan Sonnenschein.

have been written by Defoe—of Esquemeling. In five canoes the Englishmen had “thirty-six men, in a very unfit condition to fight,” and in lesser *periaguas* (also a species of canoes) thirty-two more, or sixty-eight in all. At the island of Perico, two leagues from Panama, were five great Spanish ships, and “three pretty big barks called Barcos de la Armadilla, or little men-of-war.” On board the Spanish ships were two hundred and twenty-eight men, under the command of Don Jacinto de Barahona, high admiral of those seas, and the “old and stout” captain before mentioned, Don Francisco de Peralta, an Andalusian. The Spaniards came on, purposing to give no quarter, and the battle began about half an hour after sunrise, and ended before noon. The Spaniards were routed, the high admiral killed, Peralta a captive, and every one of their vessels taken, blown up, or put to flight. Further ships came out to join the Spanish attack, but took to their heels when they saw which way the fight was going. Of the Spaniards on the admiral’s ship, three-score-and-one out of eighty-six were killed; of the remaining twenty-five only eight were able to bear arms. The entire English loss was eighteen killed and twenty-two wounded—more than half that of the entire company. Unlike Drake, who realised a fortune, the captain and crews withdrew with their ships laden with “pieces of eight,” and, after spending the whole in a few weeks of debauchery, had to recommence.

MORE’S “UTOPIA.”

IN the lovely edition edited by Mr. F. S. Ellis, and published at the Kelmscott Press by Mr. William Morris, More’s inspired and fascinating dream, “The Utopia,” has just been reread by me. There is no excuse for dwelling at any length upon the general character of a work with which every scholar is, rightly or wrongly, supposed to be familiar. It is pleasant, however, if not wholly encouraging, to see how men of humane temperament and of political insight have always leavened the earth. More was so far in advance of his times, that we are now not half-way up to him. Eloquent and still necessary is his protest against the system which even in his days was converting England into huge grazing farms, was destroying the life of the peasant, and converting the villager into the criminal. Admirable was and is the insight that made him reprehend the severity of laws that inflicted death for almost all offences. “For simple thefte is not so great an offense that it owght to be punished with death; neither ther is any punishment so horrible, that it can kepe them frome stealyng, whiche have no other craft

whereby to get their living. Therefore in this poynte, not you onelye but also the most part of the world, be like evyll scholemasters, which be readyer to beate then to teache their scholers. For great and horrible punishmentes be appointed for theves, wheras much rather provision should have ben made, that there were some meanes whereby they myght get their livyng, so that no man shoulde be dryven to this extreme necessitie, firste to steale, and then to dye." The book is indeed a mine of gold, to which my readers will do well to recur—I dare not say, to turn.

MORE AND RABELAIS.

A PARALLEL between More and Rabelais which has recently been drawn commends itself to me. It is wholly edifying. More was a devout Catholic; Rabelais, so far as he dare avow himself, was a simple theist, almost indeed a neo-pagan. Rabelais is, of course, the bolder and the more revolutionary; More, the graver and more thoughtful. In erudition the two are on the same level. While More, however, feels for all classes, is humane and merciful, accepting war as a pitiful necessity, condemning the chase as unworthy and contemptible, and looking forward to a time when men should all be workers, and all, with a few exceptions, equal; Rabelais delights in scenes of bloodshed, and finds in war and the chase, and even in mere destruction of life, matter for enjoyment and mirth. This element of underlying—the word is indeed a euphemism—cruelty in Rabelais is the most serious drawback from his teaching. For the rest, the general views of Rabelais seem to me the saner, and are the more practical; those of More being dreamlike, and, I fear, fantastic. It is, however, in the direction of the English thinker, rather than of the French, that modern aspiration is turning.

THE FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF APULEIUS.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY prose stands less high in public estimation than sixteenth-century poetry. Our prose language, though vigorous, was at that time apt to be rude in shape. In the best instances, however, it had a grace that has rarely been equalled and never surpassed. Passages may be picked from Sir Thomas Malory that are matchless and divine. Much prose of great interest and merit is hidden in our early prose translations of works belonging to classical and subsequent times. The translations of North and Holland have long been familiar to me. Such are, however, uncomfortable to handle and difficult of access. I have hailed, accordingly, with pleasure the appearance of the "Tudor Translations,"

edited by Mr. W. E. Henley. The latest of these, the translation by William Adlington of "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius, introduces one to a new Elizabethan worthy, and a writer of enchanting prose. Adlington who dedicates, from "University Colledge in Oxenford," his volume to Thomas, Earle of Sussex, is unmentioned in dictionaries. The "Dictionary of National Biography" even knows him not. Something will, however, have to be found out concerning him. I am not going to inflict upon my reader any long specimens of his prose. Here, however, is one short and delightfully naïve passage from "Cupid and Psyche" (*sic*), which the reader may accept as giving a taste: "When night came, Venus returned home from the banquet, well tipped with wine, smelling of balme, and crowned with garlands of roses." The picture of Aphrodite tipped with wine and prepared to play the Mænad is enchanting. Delightful is also her scolding of her son when he has espoused a woman whose worship has begun to lessen that of the gods, nay, even of Venus herself. "Thou presumest and thinkest, thou trifling boy, thou varlet, and without all reverence, that thou art most worthy and excellent, and that I am not able by reason of myne age to have another son, which, if I should have, thou shouldest well understand that I would beare a more worthier than thou." Venus stricken in years is a droller conception than Venus "tipped" with wine. It is pardonable in the case of Apuleius to say that I have not got the original text to see what are the words thus comically translated.

EARLY FRENCH AND ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

IT is curious to find, in a period of ripe scholarship, when Sir Thomas More had not long been dead, and when princesses of royal birth knew Latin, that our translators were compelled to go for assistance to the previously published translations of continental scholars. North's "Plutarch" is a retranslation of the French version of Amyot, and nearly all other translations of those days reached us through the French or some other "Latin" language. Adlington does not deny the impeachment, and owns the assistance he has derived from the French and the Spanish;—in the case of the French, doubtless, from the rendering of Guillaume Michel of Tours, and in Spanish from the anonymous translation (Seville, 1513) assigned to Diego Lopez, Archdeacon of that city. Adlington betrays himself otherwise, since every blunder of the versions he adopts is followed. It is but justice to add that he is responsible for others of his own.

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WAS HE A COWARD?

Translated by JESSIE MACKENZIE *from the Russian of*
VSYVOLOD GARSHINE.

THIS war oppresses me, for I can see clearly the protracted struggle it will entail, and the end is hard to foretell. Our men are behaving with their usual bravery, but the enemies are proving themselves no such weak antagonists as was anticipated.

It is now four months since war was declared, and there is no decided success to score on our side, whilst every additional day means the loss of a hundred men. My nerves are in such a state of tension, that the telegrams from the seat of war, enumerating dead and wounded, affect me much more deeply than other people. Others can read calmly, "Our losses were unimportant; so many officers wounded, fifty non-commissioned officers and men killed, one hundred wounded," and they can even rejoice over the small number; whereas, when I read such an account, the whole scene of carnage rises vividly before me. Fifty dead, one hundred wounded—is that a mere bagatelle?

Why should indignation seize us at reading in the paper how some murderer made one or two people his victims? Why should the sight of dead bodies riddled with balls, but lying on a battle-field, fail to inspire us with such terror as the interior of a house which has been the scene of a murderous outrage? Why should the catastrophe on the Tiligoule Embankment, entailing the loss of some dozens of lives only, have caused the whole of Russia to cry out, whereas a brush between outposts, with the "unimportant" loss of some dozens of men, passes unnoticed? I often discuss the war with Basil Petrovitch Lvov, a medical student, who is a friend of mine. The other day he said to me:

"Well, we shall see, old peace-lover, how you will manage with your humane theories, once you are called out and you are under orders to shoot down the enemy with your own hand."

"I shall not be called out, Basil Petrovitch ; I am enrolled in the Militia."

"I dare say ; but if the war continues, the Militia will be called out too. Don't you flatter yourself, my boy ; your turn will come."

My heart sank, for why had this view of the case never occurred to me ?

Of course the Militia will be called out ; it is not the least improbable. "If the war continues" . . . and it is certainly likely to continue. However, even should it not do so, that will make no difference, for another war will arise. What is to prevent Russia going to war ? Why should she not complete a glorious undertaking ? My own conviction is, that the present war is but the forerunner of another in the future, which will spare none of us, neither me, nor my little brother, nor my sister's baby son ; and that my own turn will not be long in coming.

And what is to become of my personality ? From the very depths of my soul I protest against war, and none the less I shall be compelled to shoulder a rifle, to go forth to battle, and to sacrifice my own life. It cannot surely be ! that I, a peaceful, well-meaning young fellow, who have troubled myself hitherto only about my books and my lectures, about my own family and a few near friends ; that I, who hoped in two years' time to take up other work, in a profession of love and of truth ; to sum up, that a man like me, accustomed to look on the world objectively, accustomed to keep it constantly before him, believing that he was thus able to see the evil, and consequently to shun it ; that I am now to behold all my peaceful plans upset, and that my own shoulders are to be clothed with the rags, the rents, and the stains which I have been contemplating on those of others. And no amount of progress, no amount of knowledge of myself and of the world, no amount of spiritual liberty, will procure me the miserable liberty for which I crave ; liberty to dispose of my own body.

When I try to tell Lvov how my soul revolts against war, he turns me into ridicule.

"My dear fellow, concern yourself with things more within your reach, you will get along far better. Do you imagine that these massacres are any pleasure to me ? Not only do they mean misery all round, but they injure me personally, for they prevent me getting

through my exams. They mean, from my point of view, that we shall be hurried through our lectures, and packed off to amputate arms and legs. However, I do not bother myself with reflecting on the horrors of war, for, no matter what opinion I may hold, I am powerless to do anything towards the suppression of war. The real truth is, that it is far better to do nothing, and mind one's own business. And if I should be despatched as surgeon to the sick and wounded, I intend to go, and to do my duty. There is no way out of it, and in these days one must make a sacrifice of one's self. By the way, you know that Mary intends enrolling herself as Sister of Mercy?"

"No; you don't say so?"

"She decided upon it three days ago, and she has just gone off to practise bandaging. I did not attempt to dissuade her, only I inquired how she expected to finish her education? 'I will do that on my return, should I survive.' So there is nothing more to be said, but allow her to join, and take up good works."

"And what about Kouzma Fomitch?"

"Kouzma says not a word, he is as grumpy as a bear, and sits idle all day long. I am glad, on his account, that my sister is going away; for he is wasting away from worry, follows her like her shadow, and does nothing the whole day. However, such is love." And Basil Petrovitch turned his head. "There he is, off to escort her home, as if she was not always accustomed to go about by herself!"

"It seems a pity to me, Basil Petrovitch, that he lives with you."

"Certainly it is a pity; but who could have foreseen it? This set of rooms was too large for my sister and myself; one room was unoccupied, why should I not allow a friend to take it? And a capital good fellow did take it, and then fell in love with her. If I must speak the truth, I am vexed about it on her account; for Kouzma is as good as she is! He is honest and upright, and no fool; and she takes no more notice of him than if he did not exist. But now you must clear out of this, for I have no time to spare. If you want to see my sister and Kouzma, just wait in the dining-room; they will soon be in."

"Thanks, Basil Petrovitch, but I have no time either. Good-bye."

I had hardly reached the street when I saw Mary Petrovna and Kouzma. They were walking along without speaking, Mary Petrovna with a constrained and concentrated expression somewhat in front, and Kouzma by her side, but lagging a little, as if not daring to walk alongside, and taking a stolen glance at her face now and then. They passed me without noticing me.

It has now come to this. I sit idle the whole day long, and can give my mind to nothing. I have been reading about the third engagement at Plevna. There were twelve thousand Russians and Roumanians alone left on the field, without counting Turks. Twelve thousand ! At one time this number rises concretely before me ; at another time it is drawn out in an endless line of corpses, lying in line. If placed shoulder to shoulder they would form a road eight versts in length. Is such a thing conceivable ? I have been told all about Skoboleff ; about an onward rush, an attack, the taking of a redoubt—or else the redoubt was taken from him—I cannot recollect. In the whole terrible affray there is only one thing which I seem to take in, and which rises up before me—a mountain of dead bodies, which is to serve as the pedestal of a magnificent engagement, and which will find its place on the pages of history. It may, possibly, have been inevitable ; that I do not take on myself to decide, and could not if I would. I am not sitting in judgment on the war, but am concerned about it on account of the immediate feelings of revolt which arise in me at the shedding of such streams of blood. An ox, beholding a fellow ox slaughtered before his eyes, probably experiences something similar. He cannot understand what interest can be furthered by such slaughter, and can only gaze on the blood and listen to the despairing cries which shatter his very soul, with eyes revolving in terror.

Now, am I a coward ? Yes or no ?

To-day I was accused of being a coward. This was said to me by a very ordinary individual to whom I had expressed my fear of being called out. I did not feel the least angry at his remark, only it made me put the question to myself—Am I not a coward, after all ? Maybe my intense aversion to what everyone looks upon as a glorious undertaking arises from fear of my own life. But is it really worth while placing one ordinary, everyday life in the balance against a magnificent undertaking ?

The introspection did not detain me long. I recalled my whole life, all those occurrences—very few, it is true—when I was called upon to stand face to face with danger, and I could not accuse myself of cowardice. For myself, personally, I had no fear then, and neither have I now. And so it is not death that frightens me.

Always fresh engagements, ever fresh losses and sufferings. Once I take up the paper I am unable to settle to anything. As for books—well instead of letters I behold rows of men. My pen seems to me

a weapon inflicting black wounds on the white paper. If matters continue I shall consider my mind in a state of hallucination. But now a new anxiety has cropped up, which somewhat distracts me from the one haunting thought. Yesterday evening I went over to Lvov's and found him at tea. The brother and sister were seated at table, whilst Kouzma was moving restlessly up and down and holding his hand to his swollen face, which was tied up in a handkerchief.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked.

He made no reply beyond waving his hand, and continued to pace backwards and forwards.

"He has been suffering from racking toothache, inflammation has set in, and now a huge abscess has formed," said Mary Petrovna. "I begged him to go to the doctor in time, but he would not hear of it, and this is the result."

"The doctor will be here directly; I have just been to fetch him," announced Basil Petrovitch.

"Quite superfluous on my account," muttered Kouzma between his teeth.

"Superfluous indeed! when subcutaneous suffusion may set in! And you insist on walking about, though I have begged and entreated you to lie down. You surely must be aware how these things end sometimes?"

"What does it matter what way they end?" growled Kouzma.

"What does it matter! How can you say that, Kouzma Fomitch? Don't talk nonsense," said Mary Petrovna gently.

These few words were sufficient to appease Kouzma, who proceeded to draw a chair to the table, and asked for some tea, which Mary Petrovna poured out and handed to him. His face assumed an expression of rapture as he took the glass from her hand; and this expression accorded so little with the ridiculous, distorted, swollen cheek that I could not help smiling. Lvov could not suppress a smile either. Only Mary Petrovna continued to look grave and compassionate. The doctor arrived—a fresh, healthy, and cheery young fellow. After examining the invalid's throat his expression changed to one of anxiety.

"Come, come, let us go to your room, I must examine you carefully." I followed them into Kouzma's room.

Here the doctor placed him on the bed, and began examining the upper part of his chest, going over it carefully with his finger.

"Now I must ask you to remain quietly in bed, and on no account to get up. Have you any friends, who would devote a little time to nursing you?" asked the doctor.

"I dare say I have," replied Kouzma, looking puzzled.

"Then this is what I have to beg," said the doctor, turning courteously to me ; "from to-day your friend must be nursed, and if any new symptoms arise, I must be sent for."

He left the room ; Lvov conducting him into the anteroom, where they conversed for a long time in low tones. Meanwhile I went to Mary Petrovna. She was sitting buried in thought, leaning her head on one hand, and slowly stirring her tea with the other.

"The doctor says Kouzma requires nursing."

"Then there is really danger ?" asked Mary Petrovna, in a tone of alarm.

"Probably there is ; otherwise, why should he require constant attention ? You will not object to nurse him, Mary Petrovna ?"

"Ah, no, of course not ! I have not started for the seat of war, and yet I am asked to do duty as Sister of Mercy. Let us go to him, he must be very dull all alone."

Kouzma smiled at us, as much as the swelling would permit, as we entered.

"How am I to thank you ?" he said—"just as I was beginning to think I was forgotten !"

"No, Kouzma Fomitch, this is not the time to forget you, you require nursing. Now you see what comes of disobedience," said Mary Petrovna, smiling.

"And you really will nurse me ?" asked Kouzma timidly.

"Of course I will, only you must be obedient."

Kouzma flushed with pleasure and closed his eyes.

"By the way," he said suddenly, turning to me, "just hand me the looking-glass, it is there on the table."

I handed him a little circular looking-glass : Kouzma begged me to give him a light, and with the aid of the looking-glass examined the bad place. After this his face clouded over, and though we all three endeavoured to draw him into conversation, not a word did he utter the whole evening.

I heard to-day that the Militia is really to be called out shortly ; I had thought as much, and was not taken by surprise. I might avoid the fate I so much dread. I might make use of somewhat influential friends, and stay in Petersburg, while still remaining in the Service. They could find something for me here, even if it were a billet as clerk in one of the Government Offices. But, in the first place, something restrains me from having recourse to such an expedient ; and, in the second place, a something inside me, which I

cannot define, sits in judgment on the situation, and forbids me to shun the war. "It would not be right," says the voice of my conscience.

The last thing which I should have expected to happen, has happened. I went over to-day to relieve Mary Petrovna at Kouzma's bedside. She met me at the door, pale and exhausted after a sleepless night, and with eyes red from crying.

"What is the matter, Mary Petrovna? What has happened?"

"Softly, softly, pray," she whispered; "now all is over."

"What is over? Is he dead?"

"No, not yet; but there is no hope. Both doctors—for we called in another——"

She could not speak for weeping.

"Come and see for yourself. Let us go to him."

"Then dry your eyes first, and take some water; you will quite upset him."

"It does not matter. Do you imagine he is not perfectly well aware of it? He knew it last night, when he asked for the looking-glass. Of course he knew; why, he is nearly through his exams. as medical student."

The heavy smell of a dissecting-room greeted me. The sick man's bed was pulled out into the middle of the room. His long legs, his huge body, with the arms lying stretched down each side, were clearly defined under the bed-clothes. His eyes were closed, and his breathing came slowly and heavily. It seemed to me that he had grown thinner in one night: his face had assumed a terrible earthy tinge and was clammy and damp.

"But what is the matter with him?" I asked.

"He must tell you himself. You stay with him, I can't."

She went out, covering her face with her hands and quivering from suppressed sobs, and I took my place by the bedside and waited for Kouzma to awake. A deathlike stillness pervaded the room, the watch by the bedside kept ticking out its little tale, and besides, there was the laboured and heavy breathing of the invalid. I gazed at him without recognising him. Not that his features were too much changed—no; only I was looking at him from an entirely fresh point of view. I had known Kouzma for a long time, and was a friend of his (although there was no particular intimacy between us); but never before had I entered into his feelings as I did now. I recalled his whole life, his reverses, his successes, as if they had been my own. I had always looked on the absurd side of his love for Mary Petrovna; now I seemed to realise what the poor fellow had

been through. Surely he cannot be dangerously ill, I reflected. Impossible ! such a trifling ailment as toothache cannot kill a man. Mary Petrovna is crying about him ; but he will recover, and all will go smoothly.

He opened his eyes and saw me. Without any change of expression, he said slowly, pausing between each word : "How do you do ? You see the state I am in. The end has set in. It has come upon me so unawares. How silly !"

"But, Kouzma, tell me, what is the matter with you ? Perhaps it is not so serious."

"Not serious, you say ? No, my dear fellow, it is very serious. In such an obvious case, mistakes cannot be made. Just look here."

And slowly and methodically turning down the clothes, he unbuttoned his shirt, and the intolerable smell of a dead body swept over me. "On the right side, beginning at the neck, was a patch the size of the palm of one's hand, which was black as soot, and slightly covered with a dark blue efflorescence. It was gangrene.

It is now four days that I have watched, without closing an eye, by Kouzma's bedside ; sometimes with Mary Petrovna, and sometimes with her brother. It seems as if life ought to be extinct, and yet his strong constitution still holds out. The doctor cut away a piece of blackened, dead flesh, threw it aside like a piece of rag, and ordered us to moisten the great wound left by the operation, every two hours. Every two hours we both, or all three of us, approach Kouzma's bed, turn and lift his huge body, lay bare the ghastly sore, and moisten it through a gutta-percha tube with a mixture of carbolic acid and water. The spray falls on the wound, and Kouzma can still find strength to smile, "Because," he explains, "it tickles." Like all people unaccustomed to being ill, he takes the delight of a child in being waited upon, and when Mary Petrovna takes what he terms "the reins of government," that is to say, the gutta-percha tube, in her own hands he seems quite contented, and says no one is as skilful as she, although her hand sometimes trembles so from nervousness that the whole bed gets sprinkled with water. How their mutual relations have changed ! Mary Petrovna, who seemed to Kouzma something unattainable, something which he hardly dared to look upon, and who hardly bestowed a thought upon him, now frequently sits crying silently by his bedside whilst he is asleep, and nurses him tenderly ; and he calmly accepts her services as his due, and talks to her just as a father might to his little daughter. At times he suffers horribly. The sore burns, and

he shivers with ague. . . . Then strange thoughts come into my head. Kouzma seems to me to be merely one of many ; one of many who make up the tens of thousands whom we read about in the accounts from the seat of war. By his suffering, I endeavour to estimate what must be the sum of that occasioned by the war. What suffering and sorrow there lies here, in one bed, in one room, in one breast—and yet it is but a drop in the ocean of sorrow and suffering of a large number of people, who are ordered to advance, ordered to retire, ordered to step over whole fields of the dead and of the dying, while still moaning, and whose blood-bathed bodies yet stir.

I am quite worn out by want of sleep, and sad thoughts. I must beg Lvov, or Mary Petrovna, to sit up instead of me, and I must get two hours' sleep.

I slept the sleep of the just, curled up on a little sofa, and was awakened by taps on my shoulder.

"Get up, get up!" said Mary Petrovna.

I started up, and for the first minute was quite dazed. Mary Petrovna was saying something in a quick and frightened whisper.

"There are spots! New spots!" I at last made out.

"What spots? Where are there spots?"

"Ah! he does not understand! Fresh spots have appeared on Kouzma Fomitch. I have already sent for the doctor."

"Yes, but it may be a false alarm," said I, with the indifference of a man just awakened from sleep.

"False alarm? Come and see for yourself!"

Kouzma lay stretched out, sleeping heavily and restlessly, tossing his head from side to side, and groaning now and again. His breast lay exposed, and below the sore, which was covered with bandages, I perceived two fresh black spots. The gangrene had penetrated further under the skin, and had now made its appearance in two places on the surface. Although I retained but small hopes of Kouzma's recovery, still these unmistakable signs that his life was doomed caused me to turn pale.

Mary Petrovna seated herself in a corner of the room with her hands in her lap, and gazed at me silently with a look of despair.

"But you must not give way to despair, Mary Petrovna. The doctor is coming and will make an examination. There may still be hope. He may recover yet."

"No, he will not recover; he will die," she whispered.

"Well, say he does not recover, and he does die," I replied, equally softly; "of course it will be a great sorrow to us all, but

that is no reason why you should make yourself so miserable now. I declare, in these few days you have become like a ghost."

"Have you any conception of the days of torture they have been to me? Why it should be so I cannot tell. Certainly there used to be no love on my side, and even now I do not believe that my love for him is equal to his for me. And yet, should he die, my heart will break. . I shall always remember his fixed gaze, his constant silence before me, though he liked to talk, and was a great talker. At the bottom of my heart I shall always reproach myself for not taking pity on him, for not trying to appreciate his mind, his affection, his devotion. No doubt you think it all very foolish, but I am constantly tormented by the thought that, had I loved him, we might have lived our lives quite differently, everything would have fallen out differently, and this awful and unlucky mishap would never have occurred. I think, and I think; I try, and I try to exculpate myself; and from the bottom of my soul I keep repeating, I was wrong, I was wrong—my God, I was wrong!"

Here I glanced up at the invalid, dreading that our whispers might awaken him, and perceived a change in his face. He had awoke and overheard Mary Petrovna, only he did not wish it to appear. His lips trembled, his cheeks burned, his whole face seemed illuminated as if the sun had lit it up, as the sun does light up a damp, dismal stretch of country when the overhanging clouds drift apart and sunshine streams through. Illness and fear of death must have been wiped from his memory; one feeling only filled his heart and flowed over in two small tears which escaped from under the closed and quivering lids. Mary Petrovna gazed at him for some moments as if frightened; then she blushed, and a tender look came over her face, and stooping down over the poor creature, who was already half a corpse, she kissed him.

"Good God, how I long to live!" he murmured, as he opened his eyes. And suddenly I heard strange, low, sobbing sounds in the room, for it was the first time I had known the poor fellow to cry.

I left the room, restraining with difficulty an outburst of tears myself.

And I, too, feel the longing to live, and all those thousands have the same longing. Consolation has come to Kouzma in his last moments; but how will it be on the battle-field? Together with terror of death and physical pain Kouzma experiences another sensation, which is such that he would scarce exchange the present for any other portion of his life. No, it is quite another thing. Death must always be death, but to die surrounded by those nearest and

dearest, or to lie grovelling in the dirt, and in one's own blood, expecting every moment that someone will come up and stick a bayonet into one, crushing one like a worm ! . . .

"I speak the truth," said the doctor, putting on his cloak and goloshes in the anteroom, "when I say that ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are fatal. However, in this case I found my hopes on the careful nursing, on the invalid's excellent frame of mind, and on his passionate wish to live."

"All sick people want to live, doctor."

"Yes, I know they do ; but in your friend's case he has other incentives," said the doctor, with a smile. "And so to-night we will perform an operation. We will make a new opening, we will effect a drainage, so that the syringing may take more effect, and we will not yet give up hope."

He squeezed my hand, shook his fur cloak, and went off on his rounds, and in the evening he reappeared with his instruments.

"Perhaps, as a budding doctor yourself, you would like to perform the operation?" said he, turning to Lvov.

Lvov nodded assent, tucked up his shirt-sleeves, and set gravely and gloomily to work.

I watched him thrust some extraordinary triangular instrument into the flesh ; I watched the instrument cut in, and saw how Kouzma clutched the bed and snapped his teeth from pain.

"Come now, no nonsense," said Lvov gruffly, arranging the necessary appliances.

"Very painful?" inquired Mary Petrovna kindly.

"Not very, darling ; but I am weak and worn out."

They arranged the bandages, and after Kouzma had had some wine he quieted down. The doctor went away, Lvov went off to work in his own room, and Mary Petrovna and I began to tidy up the room.

"Just arrange the clothes, will you?" said Kouzma, in an even, hollow voice ; "I feel a draught."

I set to work to beat up the pillows and to put the clothes straight, according to his directions, which he gave very irritably, declaring that the bed could not have been properly made, as he felt a draught near his left elbow, and begging me to tuck the clothes under as best I could. I did my best, but, all my efforts notwithstanding, Kouzma continued to complain of feeling cold, first in his side and then in his legs.

"What a clumsy fellow you are," he gently grumbled ; "I still feel

a draught at my back. Let her have a try." He glanced at Mary Petrovna and I saw plainly enough why I had been unable to give satisfaction. Mary Petrovna put down the medicine bottle she was holding, and came to the bedside.

"Shall I try?"

"I wish you would! Ah! now I feel quite comfortable—so warm!"

He gazed at her whilst she was engaged with the bed-clothes, then closed his eyes, and with an expression of childlike happiness on his weary face he dropped off to sleep.

"You are going home?" inquired Mary Petrovna.

"No; I have had a capital sleep and can sit up. But if I am of no use I will be off."

"Pray don't go. Let us talk a little. My brother is always busy over his books, and I feel lonely sitting watching the invalid whilst he is asleep, and thinking, so bitterly and so sadly, of his approaching end."

"You must be brave, Mary Petrovna. Sad thoughts and tears are forbidden to Sisters of Mercy."

"Yes, once I am a Sister of Mercy I shall not cry. But, all the same, nursing the wounded will not be so sad as nursing one who is so dear to me."

"And you intend to go, just the same?"

"I certainly do. Whether he recovers or whether he dies, I shall go just the same. The idea has taken such a hold of me that I cannot shake it off. I long to do some good work. I long to be rid of the remembrance of happy past days."

"Ah, Mary Petrovna, I fear going to the war will not bring you much comfort."

"Why not? I shall work hard, and that will bring me comfort. Take part in the war, in some capacity, I must."

"Take part in the war! Then it does not inspire you with horror? Fancy your talking in this way!"

"Yes, I do talk in this way. Who said I liked war? But now, how shall I explain myself? War is an evil, and you and I, and a great many more, are of the same opinion; nevertheless war is inevitable; whether you like it, or whether you do not like it, it is all one; war there will be. And if you do not go and fight, someone else will have to go in your stead, and so, all the same, somebody will be wounded, or worn out on the march. I fear you do not understand me! I express myself so badly. This is what I mean; according to my view, war is a *general* suffering, a *general* pain, and though it may

be lawful to abstain from taking part in it, I do not admire such conduct."

I was silent. Mary Petrovna had clearly expressed the undefined aversion that I felt to shunning the war in my own person. What she had felt, I too had *felt*; I had only *thought* differently.

"You seem to me only to care about getting an appointment here," she continued—"I mean, in the event of your being called out. My brother has talked to me about it. You know I have a very high opinion of you, as an excellent, good man; but this feature in your character does not please me."

"It can't be helped, Mary Petrovna! Everyone takes his own views. What am I to say to you? I did not begin the war, did I?"

"No, you did not, neither did any of the poor fellows who have already been killed off, and who are even now being sacrificed. They would not have joined, either, if they could have helped it; but they could not help it, whereas you can. They go and fight, and you think solely of yourself and remain safe and sound in Petersburg, simply because you have influential acquaintances, who would think twice before sending off a friend to the seat of war. I am not sitting in judgment; possibly it may be excusable, only I do not approve of it." She shook her curly head energetically, and was silent.

It has come at last. Dressed in the regulation grey cloak, I have been instructed in the elements of drill, in manual exercise. My ears still re-echo with "Eyes front!" "Open order!" "Attention!" "Present arms!"—and I executed eyes front, I took open order, and I presented arms. And after a little, when I have arrived at great proficiency in taking open order, I shall be appointed to a detachment, and then we shall be put into the train, whisked off, and parcelled out among various regiments to replace those who have been killed. However, what does it matter? There is nothing more to be hoped for. I am now no longer my own master; I will swim with the current, and the best thing to do now, is neither to think nor to reason, but to submit without criticism to all the eventualities of life, and only call out when I am hurt.

They have placed me, as being "privileged," in a separate wing of the barracks. The wing is certainly supplied with beds instead of wide boards; but it is dirty enough, in all conscience. The housing of the "unprivileged" newly-joined men is filthy. According to the regiments to which they are appointed, they live in an enormous shed, which used to be a Riding School. It has been divided, by wards, into two storeys. Some straw has been brought in, and the momen-

tary occupants are left to shake down as best they can. In the passage leading down the centre of the Riding School snow and mud have collected from the yard with the constant tramp of feet, and have mixed with the straw into an inconceivable mess, and even on each side of the passage the straw is not over clean. Several hundred men are standing, sitting, or lying on the straw, in groups from the same Provinces : it is quite an ethnographical exhibition. There are men from the same Provinces and from the same Districts. There are tall, clumsy Little Russians in new tunics and Astrakan caps, lying in silence, in close clusters of about ten.

"Good-day to you, my friends."

"Good-day."

"Have you left home long?"

"About two weeks ago. And you, who may you be?" asked one of them. I mentioned my name, which seemed known to them all. They brightened up a little at meeting someone from their own home, and became talkative.

"Do you find it tedious?" I asked.

"Tedious, indeed, I should think we did! If we even had good food; but the food is such that words can't describe it."

"Where are you to be sent off to now?"

"Who can tell? I believe, against the Turks."

"And do you wish to go?"

"Why should I wish to go?"

I began questioning them about our town, and recollections of home soon loosened their tongues. They told me of a recent wedding, for which two pairs of oxen had to be sold, and soon after which the bridegroom was called out. They told me of the "process-server; we wish him a hundred devils on horseback galloping down his throat," and how the soil at home is now so risen in value that in that same year several hundred men had left the large village of Markovka, and migrated to the Amoor. . . . Conversation touched only on the past; of the future, of the hardships, the dangers, the sufferings which awaited us all, no one spoke. No one seemed to care to hear about Turks, or Bulgarians, or the undertaking for which we were on our way to die. As I was beginning to discuss the war, a half-drunken soldier, belonging to some local detachment, pulled up in front of our little group, and gave utterance to the following statement:

"We must give the Turks a thrashing."

"But why must we?" I asked, smiling at the confidence of the statement.

"Just for this reason, Bareen, for the honour of Russia. Think of the sufferings which the Turks have brought upon us ! If they had behaved quietly and decently, and not rebelled, I should have been at the present moment at home with my parents, safe and sound. But their rebellion has brought sorrow on us all. You may take what I say for granted, for it is God's truth. Will you give me a cigarette, Bareen?" he suddenly broke off, facing about and saluting.

I gave him a cigarette, and, after saying "Good-day" to the other men, I took advantage of being off duty to turn my steps homeward. At Lvov's all is grief and despondency. Kouzma is very bad, though the sore is cleaning up. He lies groaning and delirious in a burning fever. The brother and sister stayed with him the whole day, while I was engaged in the preliminaries of my instructions in soldiering. Now that they know I am going away, the sister is even sadder, and the brother gloomier than before.

"In uniform already," muttered Lvov, as I greeted him in his own room, which was filled with tobacco smoke and choked up with books—"a nice life you all lead me."

"A nice life we all lead you, Basil Petrovitch?"

"How am I to do my work?—that is what I mean; and time presses; they will not give us the chance of finishing our exams., but will pack us off to the seat of war, so that it will be impossible to get much good from the lectures, and then you and Kouzma come on the top of it all."

"Well, let us say that Kouzma dies, how do I affect you?"

"Perhaps you imagine you will not die too? You will not get killed, I dare say, but you will go off your head. Do you think I don't know your temperament, and do you think there have not been cases of the kind?"

"What cases? What similar cases do you know of? Just relate them to me, Basil Petrovitch."

"No; leave me alone, what is the good of distressing you still more? It is bad for you. Besides, I don't really know anything to tell; I was only talking idly."

But I insisted, and he related the following "similar case" to me.

"A wounded Artillery officer told me. It was in April, just after war was declared, and they had just left Kishenev. It rained so incessantly that roads had disappeared. Nothing remained but such a sea of mud that the gun-carriages and ambulance waggons sank in up to the axletrees. It was beyond the strength of any

horses to extricate them, so they tied on ropes and made the men pull. On the second day's march the road was terrible ; there were twenty hills in seventeen versts, and between each hill lay a swamp. They got in, and there they stuck. The rain lashed the men's faces. They had not a dry stitch on their backs. They were hungry and weary, and had to set to work to pull. Well, they pulled and they pulled, till they dropped down senseless with their faces in the dirt. At last we reached such a quagmire that it was impossible to advance a step, and all the same the men went on pulling and straining. 'It is horrible to me to think of it even now,' said my artillery officer. We had a young doctor, a nervous young fellow, who had just joined. He fell to crying. 'I cannot,' said he, 'stand this spectacle any longer; I shall go on in front.' And off he went. The soldiers cut down branches, and made what one might almost term an embankment, and at last we moved forward. They dragged the battery up the hill, and on looking up they beheld the doctor swinging from a tree . . . there is a similar case for you. The man could not stand the sight of so much suffering, and how are you going to stand it?"

"Basil Petrovitch, surely it is better to endure any amount of suffering than to kill oneself?"

"H'm, I don't know if it would not be better to string oneself up."

"My conscience would have nothing to accuse me with, at any rate, Basil Petrovitch."

"Now you come to subtleties, my friend. You can talk over that with my sister ; she understands such matters. She can dissect Anna Karenina, or discuss Dostoievski, and no doubt your case has been analysed already in some novel or other. Good-bye to you, my philosopher."

And, laughing good-naturedly at his own joke, he held out his hand.

"Where are you off to?"

"To the Viborgskie wards."

I went over to Kouzma's room. He was awake, and Mary Petrovna, who was always by his bedside, told me he felt better than usual. Kouzma had not yet seen me in uniform, and it struck him unpleasantly.

"Do you remain here, or are they sending you off to the war?" he asked.

"They are sending me off. I thought you knew?"

He was silent for a while.

"Yes, I suppose I did know ; but I forgot. It is little I am able to take in or to remember now. However, in God's name, go ; it is your duty."

"And what of you, Kouzma Fomitch?"

"How do you mean, 'And what of you?' Am I not speaking the truth? What are your services that you should be spared? There are many men who are far more useful, far more industrious than you, and they have to go. Arrange my pillows—that's right."

He spoke fretfully, and in a low tone, as if wishing to avenge his illness on someone.

"I know all you say is true, Kouzma, and am I not going? Is it for myself personally that I protest? If I did I should remain quietly here ; it could easily be arranged. However, I am not going to do so. I am wanted, and I intend to go ; but at least you might allow me to have my own opinion."

Kouzma lay quite still, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as if not hearing me. At last, turning his head slowly towards me :

"You must not take all I say in earnest. I am weak and weary, and do not myself know why I am so irritable. I was cross enough, too, yesterday. It is high time I was dead."

"Now don't talk like that, Kouzma ; you must take courage. The wound is cleaning up, it will heal, and all will go well. It is of living, and not of dying, that we must talk."

Mary Petrovna looked at me with her great frightened eyes, and I suddenly remembered her saying to me two weeks since, "No, he will not recover ; he will die."

"Fancy, if only I did recover !" said Kouzma, with a feeble smile. "How capital it would be. You are off to the war, and Mary Petrovna and I would follow. And when you were wounded I would nurse you as tenderly as you have done me."

"He will talk, and it is bad for him," said Mary Petrovna ; "and, besides, I am afraid it is time to begin tormenting him again."

He put himself in our hands, and between us we took off his bandages, and set to work on his huge and lacerated breast. And whilst I was directing the syringe on to the raw and bleeding sore, on to the collar-bone, which lay exposed and shone like mother-of-pearl, on to the vein which crossed the whole sore and lay bare and visible, as if belonging to an anatomical model rather than to a living man, I thought of other wounds, far more horrible in kind and in number, and, above all, not inflicted by blind and indiscriminate chance, but by the conscious hand of man.

Not a word will I write here of what I go through at home : of the tears with which my mother greets and follows me, of the heavy silence which broods over us as we sit down to the family dinner-table, of my brothers' and sisters' little attentions. It is all hard enough to see and to bear, and it would be intolerable to write about. When I reflect that in a week's time I shall be deprived of all I hold dearest in the world, I feel a lump rising in my throat.

The good-byes have come at last. To-morrow morning, at early dawn, our detachment is to start off by train. I have got leave to sleep at home for the last time. For the last time ! Can anyone who has not experienced it realise all the bitterness of the words ? The family circle has broken up for the last time, and for the last time I enter my little room, and sit at the table lighted by the well-known little lamp and strewn with books and papers. I had not touched any of them for a whole month, and now for the last time I take them up and gaze on my unfinished work. It had been cut short, and there it lay dead, useless, and unmeaning. Instead of finishing it I am to be packed off to the ends of the earth along with thousands of others in similar case, just because the course of history stands in need of our physical powers. Oblivion is to be the lot of my mental powers—they are of no use to anyone. The great mysterious physical organism over which I had got the upper hand now turns round and wants to throw me off ; and what am I, to stand against such odds ? I, a cypher among thousands. But I have scribbled enough. It is time to go to bed and try to get some sleep, for I must be up early.

I begged that no one should accompany me to the station, as it would only mean more tears. But no sooner am I seated in the train, which is crammed to overflowing, than my heart feels so heavy and lonely and such grief seizes me, that it seems as if I would give the whole world for a few more minutes with my loved ones. At last the time is up ; yet the train does not stir ; there is some delay. Half an hour passes, one hour, an hour and a half, and still the train does not stir. If I had known that there was an hour and a half I should have had plenty of time to go home. Perhaps someone may come. No ; they all imagine the train has started long ago. No one would reckon on the delay. But they may come on the chance, all the same ; and I gaze out in the direction from which they might come. Never had time dragged so heavily. The shrill sound of the bugle makes me start. The soldiers who had got out

and were crowding the platform jump in hastily. The train is just starting, and I can see no one.

But I do see some one. Lvov and his sister rush breathlessly up to the carriage, and I am overcome with joy. I cannot recollect what I said to them—I cannot recollect anything they said to me beyond this : “Kouzma is dead !”

These are the last words in the note-book.

The scene lies now among open fields white with snow, and surrounded by small hills with rime-covered trees. The sky is heavy and lowering, and a thaw is perceptible. The crackling of rifles is heard, accompanied by the frequent boom of cannon : one of the hills is wrapped in smoke, which creeps gently down into the fields. A black mass appears to be moving through the smoke, and an attentive gaze shows it to be composed of black dots.

Many of these dots are motionless, but the others keep advancing and advancing, though their number grows smaller and smaller every minute, and they are yet a long way from their mark, which is only to be made out by the clouds of smoke which float over it.

The Reserve battalion, which is placed in position in the snow, has not piled arms ; each man holds his rifle, and each of the thousand pairs of eyes follows the movements of the black mass.

“They are advancing, they are advancing ! Ah, they cannot reach it !”

“But why are we kept down here ? With assistance they could take it easily.”

“Then you are tired of your life, are you ?” muttered an elderly soldier, an old hand, gruffly. “Stay where you have been placed, my boy, and thank God for your whole skin.”

“I am all right, old growler, don’t you fear !” replied the bright-faced young soldier. “I have been in four engagements besides this. At first I was frightened, but I have got over all that. Look at our Bareen there, how he is imploring God for forgiveness. This is his first turn. Bareen ! Hi, Bareen !”

“What is it ?” replied a lean soldier with a small black beard, close by.

“You must cheer up, Bareen.”

“Yes, I know, my boy. I shall be all right.”

“Well, then, keep closer to me. I know what it is ; I have been through it myself. We had a young Bareen like you before. He was a gentleman, like you, and hardly were we in action and the bullets began to fly round, than he flung down his knapsack and his

gun and ran ; but a bullet overtook him, and caught him in the back. It was wrong of him, on account of his oath."

"You need not fear ; I shall not run away," said the Bareen softly, "for every bullet has its billet."

"Of course it has ; everyone knows that. There is no running away from a rascally bullet. Holy powers ! it seems as if our fellows were halting !"

The black mass halted, and was shrouded in the smoke from the volleys.

"Ah ! they are going to use the guns from the rear. No, they are advancing. Now, most holy Mother of God, have mercy on us ! What are they up to now ? Good God ! there lie the wounded, and no one picks them up !"

"Look out ! look out !" is heard around. There is a whizzing in the air, and something goes whistling by. It is another shot flying over the Reserves. It is followed by another, and yet a third. The whole battalion looks alive.

"A stretcher !" shouts someone.

Four soldiers with a stretcher rush to the assistance of a wounded man. Suddenly, on a hill to the right of the point of attack, appear the small figures of horses and men ; and, equally unexpectedly, there bursts forth a round, dense puff of smoke, as white as snow.

"The brutes are firing at us !" shouts the bright-faced little soldier. With a squeaking and a grinding, a shell bursts. The bright-faced soldier ducks, and goes down on his face in the snow. When he lifts his head again he sees the Bareen lying flat beside him, with outstretched arms, and with his neck unnaturally twisted. A rascally bullet had made a great black opening over his right eye.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S UNIVERSITY DAYS.

“Quarum virtutum laude hominum animas, dum in hac urbe morabaris, mirifice Tibi devinxisti.”—Address of the Senate of Bonn to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, January 28, 1840.

THERE are incidents in a man's life—sometimes important, sometimes otherwise—which impress themselves upon his mind as if graven in “with a pen of iron.” Thirty-two years have now passed away, but I remember, as if it had happened only a few weeks ago, old “Senius” putting his weather-worn face into my bedroom at Bonn, on the memorable grey morning of mid-December, 1861, to make the melancholy announcement: “Üür Prinz is doht.” “Dat war 'ne johde Heer,” he added rather impressively.

“Senius” was our “Stiefelfuchs”—which means a great deal more than having to “polish our boots.” And in some capacity or other—it must have been a subordinate one—it had been his fate to be employed in the Prince Consort's household while the latter was a student at Bonn. What qualified him for either of these positions I am at a loss to conjecture. He was nothing of a valet. We used to beg him, for mercy's sake, not to attempt to remove stains from our clothes, inasmuch as in doing so (in the only way which seemed to suggest itself to him) he invariably made two smudges out of one by spitting just a little wide of his aim. At least that was the tradition. For any delicate mission, such as smuggling liquor into the “Carcer,” he was absolutely useless. He knew well enough how to bandage a man for a “Mensur.” And on the bitter cold days of a North-German winter the huge bowl of his ever-glowing pipe would be very acceptable as a hand-warmer to those gloved for the fight. He was honest, no doubt, and strictly faithful, and that must have helped to ingratiate him with the Prince. But his main recommendation appears to have been his curious capacity for saying odd things in an odd way, and in the quaintest of broad Rhenish *patois*, which made them sound doubly droll. What with quaint habits and quaint sayings, he had become a “character” in Bonn, generally popular as such, known

to every man, woman, and child in the place, and allowed almost any latitude in speech. The Prince, whose relish for humour was, in his student's days, fully as keen as ever in after-life, appears to have been tickled with the man's unintended drollery; for, according to "Senius's" own naïvely frank account, he made it his amusement to "draw" him, eliciting odd answers by inoffensively unmerciful chaff. And this may account for "Senius" remaining in the princely household, and experiencing much kindness at his master's hands. If gratitude be a return, the Prince had it in ample measure. That "dat war 'ne johde Heer" was spoken with unmistakable feeling, and it proved the prelude to a whole string of little anecdotes which—though not perhaps in themselves particularly remarkable or worth repeating—were poured forth with such simple earnestness as sufficiently testified how firmly a sense of regard and affection had taken root in the old man's heart, to live there through many years of separation.

"Senius" was not the only person in Bonn who could grow warm upon this subject. The Prince's death, indeed, set loose in the University town a whole flood of anecdotes and reminiscences, some very trivial and commonplace, but all of them evidencing a lively interest and abiding regard. It is strange what power some persons possess of impressing men's minds. There have been scores of princes students at Bonn since, some of them spending more money and making much more of a show; but memory has closed over them like water over a ripple. There is none remembered like the then Prince of Coburg—down to the days of his grandson, the present Emperor, who, of course, conquered local hearts by identifying himself rather demonstratively with the place.

At my time people spoke frequently of the "Prinz Albehr." All the older townsfolk remembered the "bildschöne junge Mann," who sat his horse like a born cavalier, and whose mere appearance was calculated to prepossess people in his favour. Two friends of mine—the brothers von C—— (one of them is now a retired general who has covered himself with glory in the wars of 1866 and 1870)—used as boys to make a point of watching for the two Princes when about to mount, from the house of their neighbour, Landrath von Hymmen, who lived just opposite. They would rush out eagerly at the proper moment to hold the Princes' stirrups, and consider themselves amply rewarded with a kind word or a genial smile. Travelling Englishmen have afterwards made it a matter of duty, Murray or Baedeker in hand, to "do" the simple house "in which Prince Albert lived," as they "did" the Münster and the Alte Zoll. To the people of Bonn the Prince's doings were a living memory. Only

eighteen months ago I was surprised, while accidentally alluding to the subject in conversation with an old resident, since dead, to find that gentleman pulling out of his pocket a photograph of the Prince's house, which he seemed to carry about with him habitually. He knew all the windows, and the gateway, and answered questions about the Prince's habits of life as if they had referred to matters of yesterday.

In truth, Bonn owes a great deal to the Prince Consort—more than most people are aware. If the University has now grown great and popular, a favourite with reigning houses, a High School in which every King of Prussia is expected to have pursued his studies, something like a “Christ Church” among German Universities; if the town has grown rich and flourishing, a favourite residence with wealth and position *en retraite*, the merit is in no small measure due to the Prince who, practically speaking, first set the fashion among illustrious folk. No scion of a reigning house, to speak of—none, certainly, to make a mark—had been at Bonn before. Indeed, Bonn, with its associations of the Burschenschaft, of disaffection and of ecclesiastical strife, did not stand in the best of odours. Hence, when a Prince came to break the ice, of more than ordinary promise, and already connected by rumour with a high destiny, very naturally all eyes were turned upon him. His subsequent marriage with the Queen—at that time certainly the most powerful sovereign in Christendom—following almost immediately upon his studentship, no doubt emphasised the effect, and added force to the example. We see at once princes flocking to the Fridericia Guilelmia Rhenana—Schaumburgs, and Mecklenburgs, and Schleswig-Holsteins, and Meiningens. Twelve years after we have the heir to the Prussian Crown matriculating as a student. We find the roll of students growing at a bound from 650 to 731—to increase since to above 1,200. In short, we see Bonn developing into a different place. English folk—as the Prince's friend, Professor Loebell, puts it, rather uncomplimentarily, in one of his Belgian letters—send their “young bears” to Bonn in whole batches, “to be licked.” Then the parents come themselves, bringing their families with them, to settle there. German rank and fashion follow in their wake, quintupling the population in less than sixty years—and the reputation and position of the town are made.

Bonn was a very different place from the fashionable town that it is now, when, on May 3, 1837, Professor Wutzer, as Rector Magnificus, pledged “Prinz Albrecht Franz, Herzog von Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha,” “by pressure of hand in place of oath,” to be a faithful

"citizen" of the University. Prince Ernest, the Prince's elder brother, matriculated at the same time. There was also a Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, of whom little was seen or heard ; moreover, Prince William of Löwenstein, who grew to be the Prince's intimate friend ; and two Hohenlohes. (Prince Erbach is not in the University Register included among persons of illustrious birth.) All the wide belt of spruce and tidy villas set up amid laughing gardens, which now make Bonn so charming and attractive, and impart to it so pleasing a look of prosperity and comfort, were still a thing to come. The little town, having only about 12,000 inhabitants, still lay hemmed in within the lines of its old walls, the gates of which were carefully closed for security every night. There was an air of "smallness" about everything, except the handsome "Schloss" which Archbishop Clemens August had built (with money received from France) as a sumptuous residence for himself, but which King Frederick William III. in 1818, without much regard for Roman Catholic susceptibilities, converted into a "double-denomination" University. Lutheran divines now taught where the most orthodox of Catholic princes had held court. A non-denominational Senate conferred degrees where the last Archbishop-Elector, the Austrian Archduke Max Franz—"Abbé Sacrebleu," as he was popularly called—had danced with most unepiscopal perseverance and vigour. And at Poppelsdorf learned professors made the air malodorous with chemical stench in the same palace in which that most courtly of all archbishops, Clemens August, had entertained those beautiful ladies who got him into rather serious trouble at Rome. But apart from these costly buildings, all was country-townish. There was no Coblenzer Strasse as yet—only a small cluster of houses, among which the *Vinea Domini*—whilom the winepress of the local lord—and the villa of the patriot Arndt, were alone conspicuous. Inside the walls the students were much in evidence, rough in their uncouth costume of those days, very "Guys" in embroidered "pikesches" and wide petticoat-trousers, having long curls dangling from their heads and heavy rapiers from their waists. However, opinion in high quarters was not altogether favourable to them. The revolutionary "Burschenschaft" had been strong in Bonn, numbering Heinrich Heine among its members. Rhineland was, moreover, at that time still wholly unreconciled to Prussian rule. Its seventeen years of incorporation with France had raised a crop of free and anti-Prussian ideas which were not soon to be eradicated. And with Austria so powerful, and Austrian sympathies so widely diffused, thanks to Max Franz, the authorities had still to deal

gingerly with their new subjects. It made them wince to hear the term "’ne Prüss" commonly and openly used as a name of reproach and contempt—it was so to down in the fifties. But they could not interfere too rigorously. Then there was the ecclesiastical squabble, foreshadowing Prince Bismarck’s "Culturkampf," and every bit as serious and as violent. Only incapacity like that of a Schmedding, and infatuation like that of a Bunsen, could have created such a hopeless dilemma. "Is your Government mad?" Cardinal Lambruschini is reported to have asked, when Bunsen communicated to him the appointment of Droste von Vischering to be Archbishop of Cologne, as a supposed "angel of peace." The Crown Prince, subsequently Frederick William IV., favoured the appointment. The "angel of peace" proved a very demon of war. What with the dispute over mixed marriages, the Episcopal protest against State interference in Church matters, the Anathema pronounced by the new prelate against the latitudinarian school of the followers of Hermes, particularly favoured by the Government and deliberately installed at Bonn, and the Archbishop’s uncompromising ban upon the University *Convictorium*, there was war along the whole line. All Rhineland, be it remembered, was then still staunchly Romanist. Bonn contained but a handful of Protestants. The "concurrently endowed" University, planted in the midst of a Catholic country, was a standing abomination and a perpetual taunt to the native population. The Prince’s letters of that time show how fully he appreciated the grave significance of the struggle even at his early age. It was while he was at Bonn that the refractory Archbishop was carried off by force, to be "interned" at Minden.

Under such circumstances it required some resolution for a young Protestant Prince to settle amid an excited Romanist population. If to be "’ne Prüss" was a reproach, to be "’ne Jüss"—that is "Gueux," or Protestant—meant downright anathema. And Prince Albert settled right in what may be called a little Protestant colony, saucily set up under the very shadow of the beautiful east-end of that splendid old "Minster," which traces its foundation to Constantine, and has been the scene of Councils and Imperial coronations from the tenth century downwards.

The Empress Frederick, a few years ago, when in Bonn, very naturally asked to be shown the house in which her father had lived. By that time every vestige of it had disappeared, and she could only be pointed out the site—a garden it is now, fronting an entirely new building in the Martinsplatz, close to where, up to the beginning of the century, stood the church which gave the square its name. But I can

perfectly recall the unpretending structure, a three-storied, flat-gabled house, with a two-storied wing—the old-fashioned windows set off by dark-green shutters—lying rather in a hollow, within a yard enclosed in a stone wall pierced by a gate, but generally open in situation, and yet, thanks to the enclosure, pretty private. It commanded very fair views of the Poppelsdorfer Allee—the favourite strolling-ground, ever since it was planted, for fashionable and unfashionable Bonn—of the Kreuzberg, and sideways of the more distant Seven Mountains. It seemed a small house to harbour a Prince and his suite, more especially when one was told that what seemed the main portion was reserved for the use of the owner. But it was a building of considerable depth, and so afforded sufficient room for the two Princes and all their not very numerous household, which included, of course, the “excellent” Doctor Florschütz as tutor, the rather starchy martinet-soldier Herr von Wiechmann, who acted as governor, the Prince’s favourite valet, and some more. All about the household, as about the Prince’s doings generally, was marked by extreme simplicity, which could not, however, in any particular have suggested anything like niggardliness, but merely the voluntary plain living of a gentleman who had no taste for sumptuous habits. Meals, appointments, entertainments, everything showed a dislike of display. The Prince’s trap was such as an innkeeper living opposite could, on its original owner’s departure, purchase and use for his business-drives without occasioning remark. If there was one material thing in respect of which the Prince practised luxury, it was his little stud, which was small, but generally admired as choice, and which was, it need scarcely be added, much prized by its owner. The hours kept in the little green-shuttered house were probably the most regular in all the town. Everything in the illustrious student’s life was subordinated to the purposes of study. Every hour had its allotted task. He must have been an early riser who could have seen the blinds down of a morning ; and long before lights went out in some of the adjoining houses, all was darkness and rest in the Prince’s home, which was a veritable temple of method and punctuality.

The quarters had been selected because the Duke of Saxe-Coburg wished his sons to be lodged with a professor. There were not many such with sufficiently large dwellings to select from, and possibly on that ground the choice had fallen upon a Professor of Medicine, who could have been of little service to the Princes in the prosecution of their studies. He was popularly known as “Gamaschenbischof”—“Gaiter-Bishop”—to distinguish him from the

other Geheimrath Bischoff who became better known as a great professor of chemistry, but who wore no gaiters. I quite forget whether "Gamaschenbischof" was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant. But his next-door neighbour on the side of the old Neuthor—then still an old-fashioned arched gateway with a substantial gate to keep out bad characters at night—was the acknowledged head of the Lutheran congregation, then a mere handful, the sparing growth of twenty years of Prussian rule. The little community did not yet possess a church of their own as they do now. Indeed, they had for many years after to content themselves with the use of the bald but lofty University chapel, which for many decades they have shared with their English fellow-Christians, often enough keeping the latter waiting when their sermon happened to be long, and considerably leaving a crucifix as a fixture for rigid Evangelicals to chafe at and write letters about to successive chaplains. But the proper stronghold of local Protestantism was to be found in this turreted little Château Gaillard facing the Münster, in which Pusey's friend, Professor Sack, Schleiermacher's least heterodox pupil, had at the Prince's time his official residence. The Coburg Princes, who loyally upheld their own Protestant church, were not infrequent visitors in the house of this pastor, who was well-informed and sociable, and by no means an unacceptable neighbour. Beyond the parsonage, directly abutting upon the Neuthor, was another Protestant institution—the Lutheran school—which, some years later, became a noted centre of attraction to males of all creeds, by reason of the residence in it of "The Three Graces," the *Küster's*—that is, the clerk and schoolmaster's—remarkably handsome daughters. But in 1837 and 1838 those ladies were still too young to do much mischief, even to so impressionable a cavalier as Prince Ernest. All these buildings spoken of, which still stood at my time, have long since been pulled down and made to give place to houses of a more modern type.

All things considered, it would have been difficult for the Duke of Coburg to make a better choice of a University in which to give his sons the last finishing touch of education. Bonn has always stood high as a home of learning. King Frederick William III. was careful, with the most luxurious buildings and what was at that time considered a truly princely endowment, to bestow upon his own peculiar "pet child" as competent a teaching staff as money and favour could procure. And in 1837, though Niebuhr was gone, and Arndt was suspended—for preaching too vigorously the gospel of German union, which was then reputed rank heresy—and though Dahlmann, who would have been a professor after Prince Albert's own heart, had not

yet come, the teaching staff could compare with that of any period. But apart from that, there was a tone of freedom and geniality prevailing at Bonn which distinguished that place from all other German universities. It was the least Prussian of all Prussian High Schools—far more in the world and in touch with the world than all its sisters. Set up on “Frankish” soil, which used to give Germany its Emperors; the chosen residence of prelates of an ancient See, who had entertained relations from time immemorial with England, France, and Italy, and who had been recruited from princely houses; and, last but not least, only a generation before an integral portion of the Republic, “one and indivisible,” which planted its tricolour nowhere without leaving its free spirit behind, even after the outward ensign was gone—Bonn nourished a more independent habit of thought and encouraged wider and larger views than did the “zopf”-ruled universities of the East. It was here, doubtless, among the patriotic aspirations of a “Young Germany” unchilled by Carlsbad and Laibach, under the inspiring teaching of Arndt, that Duke Ernest, prophetically styled *Spes patriæ* in an address presented by the Academical Senate, conceived that liberal, high-minded and unselfish policy which paved the way as much as anything else for the Union of 1871. And to Prince Albert likewise this must have seemed a wider world than that of Coburg, and, in the period of life more formative of character than any other, prepared him better for that freer sphere of action into which he was shortly to be called.

Niebuhr, as observed, was gone. Arndt was removed from his “chair” for saying too freely in 1820 what Princes had openly proclaimed in 1813. Dahlmann was, in truth, still one of “the Seven of Göttingen,” inasmuch as Ernest Augustus had not yet made his Hanoverians to regret that they were governed by the Salic law. But there was Welcker, the great historian of art, and the brilliant elocutionist,

ὅν πάντες τιμῶσιν ὁμῶς νέοι ἡδὲ παλαιοί,

from whom the Prince must have learnt much of that close knowledge and warm appreciation of art which afterwards made him so efficient a furtherer of culture in this kingdom. There were Loebell and Perthes, von Alten, Bethman-Hollweg, Walter, Brandis, Nitzsch, Deiters, Bleek, Breidenstein, Nöggerath, Argelander, Schlegel, Fichte, Plücker, Böcking, and many more—not a few of whom I can perfectly remember from my own days. The two Princes, and more particularly Prince Albert, knew how to turn the opportunities at their command to admirable account, not merely by attending the

public lectures with exemplary regularity, but, in addition, by seeking out learning, so to speak, *en déshabillé*, and drawing from it in the easy way of conversation and chat probably more information than it dispensed on more formal occasions. Prince Albert was on excellent terms with the most able of these men—Schlegel, Perthes, Bethmann-Hollweg, Walter, and some more—and was frequently to be seen walking with one or other of them in the Poppelsdorfer Allee, or else on the Venusberg, or along the Rhine, keeping up an animated conversation. And often would he ask some one or two to his house, or else drop in—sometimes on his own invitation—to that peculiarly German repast of evening “tea,” further to prosecute his cross-questioning. “Tea,” of course, does not in this application mean anything like our own “five o’clock,” nor yet quite so substantial a meal as our middle-class “high tea,” but a light evening repast such as is usual (*viz.* after a good mid-day dinner) among the cultivated classes in Germany, living *en famille*, from the Imperial Court downward. Taxing the stomach but little, such a meal leaves the head all the more free for intellectual occupation, and is, in truth, dependent for its best relish on the Attic salt supplied by the company. (The “tea” itself is, by the way, as a rule, indifferent in quality.) These “teas” became little feasts of reason, and used to be, I am told, one of the Prince’s particular delights. He was in the habit of discussing questions of learning and politics and statesmanship very freely with his own chosen little set, Prince Löwenstein and others. But he knew the difference between this and putting Professors (who in Bonn were not merely men of the lamp) into the witness-box and pleasurably pumping them dry over their own teatable. Nobody relished this treatment more than the Professors themselves, who in after time often spoke of the enjoyable evenings which they had spent, and the pleasure of discussing matters on which they were masters with so apt a pupil, who knew how to put brightness and stimulating interest into the conversation. The Prince’s enjoyment, it is to be suspected, went even a little further. For, men of the world as these Professors were in their studies and lecture-rooms, more than one of them had contracted odd habits of speech and manner, which no man was more quick to note and more apt inoffensively to caricature—in mien and with pencil—than the Prince. We know that he could use pen and brush deftly enough. And more particularly of his artist’s work completed in Bonn several specimens remain—for instance, the Queen’s “Savoyard Boy.” Some of the caricature sketches referred to are said to have been admirable, and no less so the mimicry which, without malice

or guile, brought out tellingly the little oddities of these learned gentry, to the intense amusement of the privileged and very select spectators. There was, as it happened, ample material. Schlegel, the great and the witty—there could have been no pleasanter companion than he who first made the Germans understand Shakespeare—was, with all his merits, vain and conceited, and foolishly insisted upon parading his conceit before the world. He was old at that time, and lectured only at rare intervals, but at times some of his old impetuosity would break out, which in earlier days had made him, without regard for conventionalities, pull off his coat and waistcoat in the midst of an evening party, in order to fling to his brother Frederick the smaller garment, for which he had in a rash moment bartered away a good story. Then there was Loebell, the friend of Tieck, the uncompromising Protestant, full of historic lore as an egg is of meat, and of truly magnetic attractiveness to his pupils, but nervously diffident and occasionally *gauche* in consequence. Perthes and Fichte laid themselves equally open to ridicule. The “University Judge” (Proctor) von Salomon, commonly nicknamed “the Salamander,” was made more than once to sit for a comic portrait; and Oberberghauptmann Count Beust—the Prince’s own countryman, a native of Saxe-Coburg, with whom the Prince was on terms of comparative intimacy—provided at times irresistible food for laughter, not only by his curious squat little figure, but even more by that genuinely Saxon sing-song accent, which seems to be a common feature of all Beusts who have not remained in their old Brandenburg home. The statesman of the same name, whom we have seen in our midst, shared this same family defect, and was accordingly known in Saxony as “Beisst,” and one of the Ministries of which he formed a member was currently spoken of, by way of joke, as “Behr *beisst* Rabenhorst.” Drollest of all was Professor Kaufmann, from whom, long before I listened to the curious cadences of his speech, the Prince Consort learnt very orthodox political economy, conveyed in the prosiest of ways, but fortunately relieved by the quaintest illustrations of economic truths which could ever have entered the brain of man. He looked like one of Cruikshank’s figures come to life, and it was really difficult not to laugh at him.

The Prince’s shafts of wit never wanted point, but at the same time they never struck painfully home. There was no mimicry or jest which even its victims could not readily forgive. Years after the Prince had left Bonn, the very men whom he had amused himself by taking off most mercilessly looked back, not only without resentment but with absolute satisfaction, on all this intercourse. And

when, on the approach of the Prince's marriage, it was proposed to send him a Latin address of congratulation, and to bestow upon him—as the fittest offering for the occasion that the Senate could think of—the Degree of *Doctor utriusque juris*, the motion was carried by acclamation, and the learned Professor Ritschl was at once commissioned to compose a Latin ode, which turned out perfect in grammar and prosody, but which is a trifle too long to be here quoted.

With the students, generally speaking—apart from his own little princely set—the Prince was less intimate. He would mingle with them in the quadrangle, the lecture-hall, and the fencing-room, and he would invite them periodically, in batches, to his hospitable table, where, of course, he made a most genial host. But I have heard complaints of his supposed reserve and coldness, and his keeping people at a distance, contrasting just a little with the *engouement* with which Prince Ernest was ready to take part in the fun and frolic of German student life. It was said that the coming engagement with the Queen, which rumour considerably ante-dated, had chilled Prince Albert's young blood, and led him to stand a little on his dignity. Probably this was to some extent a question of manner. But, moreover, it ought to be borne in mind, that student-life was in those days just a trifle rough, and, knowing what it was, one can readily understand the Prince's disinclination to identify himself altogether with habits not by any means congenial to himself. He could grow sociable enough with students on proper occasions. He is known to have been a regular attendant at the *Fechtboden*—where, however, he practised rather with the broadsword than with the student's rapier—ready to accept the challenge of any competent opponent; and he would occasionally look on with interest at a real *Mensur*, whenever good fencers were put forward to fight. We know that at a great fencing match he carried off the first prize.¹ Even, beyond this, from time to time he would visit a student's *Kneipe*—having duly prepared himself for the short nocturnal dissipation with a little snooze—and join very readily in the fun and the mirth, more particularly in such amusements as allowed play for the intellectual faculties. He was fond of German melodies, and knew how to delight his audience with a song. And when it came to some serio-comic diversion—such as the mock-trial known as a

¹ “The English” student who took the second prize on the occasion must, I think, have been Edmund Arnold. At any rate, I can discover no other English name on the register. English students were still few in those days. In my time we were about half a dozen.

Bierconvent, a travesty of legal proceedings, conceived, when ably led, in the spirit of Demosthenes' hypothetical lawsuit about "the shadow of an ass"—he is said to have been excellent. But mere beer-drinking and shouting were not in his line. At home he was wont to cultivate the Muses. People still talk of a little volume of poetry which the two brothers brought out conjointly in support of a local charity, and to which Prince Albert is supposed to have contributed the verse, and Prince Ernest the tunes. I should not be surprised to learn that Prince Albert had as much to do with the music as with the text; for his brother's musical talent was not really as great as has been sometimes alleged. His first opera, "Santa Chiara," when put on the boards at Dresden, occasioned general disappointment, and drew from Prince George of Saxony, who understands music, a mild but telling rebuke. And the second, "Diana von Solange," was promptly christened by a critical public "Diana von Zu lange—Diana of Much-too-long." So far as there was poetry and music and geniality to be found under the rough mask of student life, the Prince was very ready to take part in it. And during his sixteen months of studentship he grew sufficiently familiar with some of his fellow-students even to *tutoyer*. My friend E. von C——, who was then a boy, distinctly remembers meeting him walking towards the Rhine, and hearing him accosted by two burly Westphalians: "Wo gehst du hin, Albert?" "Ich gehe ins Schiff," was his reply; "ich reise nach England." The Westphalians at once turned round to see him off. That was an eventful journey "to England."

How little *hauteur* really had to do with the Prince's intercourse with his fellow-men is testified by the friendly acquaintanceship which grew up at Bonn between him and persons of an entirely different class, and which has still left its honourable memories behind.

Pretty well opposite his own quarters, cornering the Martinsplatz—where now are too much-frequented shops—in those days stood a middle-sized house, over the door of which might be read the inscription, "Weinwirtschaft von Peter Stamm." In later days, under a new proprietor, the house came to be more ambitiously christened "Gasthaus zum Deutschen Hof." In this establishment both Princes were frequent visitors, perhaps Prince Albert more so than his brother. It was at this corner generally that they mounted horses for a ride—I believe that some of their horses were put up in the "Weinwirtschaft"—and here accordingly my friend von C—— used to watch for them, in order to hold their stirrups. In a University town, in which

Bibit hera, bibit herus,
Bibit miles, bibit clerus,
Bibit puer, bibit canus,
Bibit praesul et decanus,
Bibit iste, bibit ille,
Bibunt centum, bibunt mille,

of course there are wine-shops many, and beer-shops many, and neither student nor "Philistine" need ever be in any fear of having to remain "dry" for want of liquor. But there has always been some one or other wine-house raised a little above the common run, not by any pretentious architecture or outfit—as a rule it was in external features one of the most unpretending in the town—but by the superior quality of the liquor served. Here would meet—as is doubtless the case now—the *honoratiores* of the town, and some other blithe spirits, admitted almost by favour, a select *clientèle*, to sip down there, to the accompaniment of fluent conversation, not the vulgar "schoppen" of the multitude, but the capitalist "special"—a half-pint held in a massive goblet-shaped glass. In my time the "select" wine-house of this sort was that of "Schmitz-köbes"—which means "James Schmitz"—in the market-place. In the Prince's time it was the house of Peter Stamm. However, it was not for the wine that the Prince came to this house—though in moderation he appreciated a glass of good Rhenish, or Walporzheim. In our aristocratically organised country, where, moreover, sportsmanship is held to be public property, as accessible to the stock-broker as to the squire, we have no idea of the fast link which in Germany—altogether differently constituted, at any rate, then—the love of sport will bind between persons of totally different classes. It holds them together like a bracket. Prince and farmer, noble and tradesman—it is all alike *quoad* sport; for that purpose genuine comradeship is established on altogether equal terms. There is no giving one's self away in this, nor yet any undue presumption. The tradesman remains a tradesman, the prince becomes no less a prince; social differences are merely put aside. Now Peter Stamm was a most zealous sportsman, who knew where to find a hare or a bird for many miles round, and could spend whole nights and days with his dog and with his gun—more particularly if there were some likeminded companion to share the sport. And what was more for the present purpose, he was an ardent horse-fancier, and a connoisseur of horseflesh. His brother, "Stamm-hannes"—that is, "John Stamm"—was a noted horse-dealer and horse-breaker, who always had some good cattle in hand. And, moreover, Peter Stamm was a great dog-fancier, and known for having the best dogs in all Bonn.

From him, I believe, it was that the Prince purchased that handsome favourite of his, Eôs, whom he brought over with him to England, his constant companion then on walks and drives and travels. So here was a threefold cord which bound together these two neighbours, living within a stone's throw of one another—a link which never broke in after-life. Long after the Prince had left Bonn, there used to be messages going backwards and forwards. When Peter was gone, Stamm-hannes kept up the intercourse, and on one of his travels to England even visited the Prince as an old friend. They are both dead now—and so is Nicolas, the third brother, who kept the Bellevue Hotel on the Rhine. But to the present day old Fräulein Stamm, now eighty-three years of age, carefully preserves and affectionately cherishes the few keepsakes which still remain of the Prince's giving—originally to Peter—and there is nothing that the old lady is more fond of talking about than those old days, when the Prince and Peter used to drive out to the Kottenforst together, and Peter would come home and tell her of their common, not over-exciting, adventures. The keepsakes have dwindled down to three pictures and two porcelain cups, the latter rather rudely painted, as was the fashion in those days, with views of the Drachenfels and Rolandseck. Of the pictures, two are portraits of the young Princes taken at Brussels before they repaired to Bonn, and showing their boyish faces flanked by two pairs of heavy epaulettes. The third, a woodcut, represents some unknown sportsman going a-stalking. There used to be other small articles, such as sportsmen friends are in the habit of presenting to one another; but time has made an end of these.

The Prince, we know, was always particularly fond of bodily exercise. At Bonn he would fence regularly. And he would swim with as much zest, and think nothing of mixing with the common crowd in those rough-and-ready swimming-baths which I well remember, for in my time they were still all the convenience for river bathing that Bonn had to offer—a rude concern on the other bank of the Rhine, knocked together out of a raft and a few sheds. In these baths the Prince did not seem to mind whom he rubbed shoulders with. In this respect he closely resembled his son-in-law, the Emperor Frederick, whose popularity in Berlin was not a little enhanced by the *sans gêne* with which he would, while in the water, join in the splashing and larking of his future subjects, who would never on such occasions venture to forget themselves. A simple "Na, Jungens, jetzt ist's genug" from the Prince would at once warn them back into proper distance. The Prince Consort became just as popular among the swimmers at Bonn. The Rhine is really a

troublesome river to swim in, on account of the force of its current. The Prince would have himself rowed up a pretty long distance, to swim back. I once or twice swam the same distance, in company with Count H——, of the Borussians, and we both found it quite long enough. A very favourite sport with the Prince was to tumble little boys into the water—the swimming-master being by for safety—and then dive after them to bring them up. He would select such as were not likely to be frightened. And they came to like the fun.

But the Prince's favourite recreation of all was going a-shooting. In the near neighbourhood of Bonn there is no very ambitious sport. The more venturesome spirits go as far as the Eifel Mountains, there to kill wild-boar and red-deer. For this the Prince grudged the time. So he had to be content with hares and birds, an occasional roe-buck—and, I dare say, in those early days he now and then brought down a fox, which in Germany is reckoned rather good sport. When, in 1858, the Crown Prince, Emperor Frederick, came back from his wedding, and found the officers of the Deutz Cuirassiers drawn up in line at the Cologne station to salute him, he singled out Count F——, of M——dorf, to present more especially to his bride. "I must present Count F—— to you," he said; "it was on his estate that I shot my first fox." Either Count F——'s conscience stung him, or he realised better than the Crown Prince in what light vulpicide is regarded in the Princess's country: "It was not really a fox, Sir," he explained with some embarrassment, "it was a wild-cat."

There were water-fowl near Brühl; there used to be a heronry there. But I do not think the Prince went in that direction. His ordinary shooting-ground was near Bergheim, on the other side of the Rhine and, beyond the Venusberg, in the Kottenforst, a long stretch of forest, not everywhere well-timbered, in which Peter Stamm had a "Jagd," to which of course the Prince was welcome. Wherever the forest was a little ragged there were, of course, black game. And then, in spring, to the Prince's great delight, there was woodcock shooting. The "Schnepfenstrich" was his pet sport, and never was he to be seen more regularly driving his plain little trap out to Röttgen—where Stamm had his shooting—the faithful Peter always by his side—than in the four weeks which precede Palm Sunday, the season of all others sacred in Germany to woodcock shooting, for

Oculi, da kommen sie ;
Judica, da sind sie da ;
Laetare, das ist das wahre ;
Palmarum, Trallarum.

The Latin words are the Lutheran calendar names for the four Sundays next before Easter.

Often Stamm-hannes would be of the party—often also Everard Sator, another local Nimrod and horse-fancier, of Stamm's peculiar set, and acceptable to the Prince. And some of the Prince's more aristocratic companions would likewise occasionally join. But the Prince and Peter were in this matter inseparables, roughing it out on the wooded heights from sheer love of sport; and after that they would meet in the Weinwirtschaft and talk over their common experiences, being attentively overheard by a small company who reckoned it a privilege, however little they might know about shooting, to listen to these sportsmen's tales, and bottle them up to retail to others after the Prince was gone.

There was another very faithful friend, of humbler station still, whose heart the Prince managed to capture by his genial affability and the kind interest which it was his wont to manifest in others. Nobody could have stayed any time in Bonn at that particular period without becoming acquainted with "Appeltring"—or, as she was more ceremoniously called to her face, "Frau Gévatterin." She was, without question, the most popular "character" in Bonn, and there was no man who had not a kind word for her, and was not ready to test her well-known power of repartee by a little joke. "Appeltring," of course, means "Apple-kate"—"Tring" standing for Katherine by one of those extraordinary transformations of names which, probably, not even Grimm could explain, and which in the Rhenish dialect convert "Heinrich" into "Drickes," and "Reinhard" into "Nieres." She was an apple-woman, as her name implies, or rather a seller of fruit generally, and had her stall or tent just outside the Neuthor, close to the Prince's quarters, and on a spot which he must pass several times almost every day—a coign of vantage, moreover, from which all the fashionable and unfashionable world taking the air in the Poppelsdorfer Allee might be surveyed, as can all the fine folk passing in and out of Hyde Park from Hyde Park Corner. She was on that spot still when I was at Bonn twenty-three years later, and she was there for some time after—a weather-bronzed, wrinkled old woman then, but still full of chat and lively talk, humour and repartée, and a truly encyclopædic knowledge of everyone who had been anyone at Bonn, and of his life, and failings, and little adventures. Even in the Prince's day she was decidedly past her first youth and devoid of personal attractions, but she had still something of the halo about her then of a not very distant serio-comic little love affair, about which she was made to hear no end of chaff—with a

trumpeter (named Bengler, if I recollect right) who lost his life in that Russian war in which the great Moltke earned his first spurs. During all the time that she offered her wares outside the Neuthor her stall was a favourite resort with folk who had a spare quarter of an hour on their hands, some of them of the best blood. The Emperor Frederick has sat on that spot many a time, watching the passers-by, and exchanging chat with "Tring" while eating cherries from one of the shallow flat-bottomed baskets in which "Frau Gevatterin," or her younger assistant, served them from the tent; and so have the Coburg Princes, more particularly Prince Albert, who had a peculiar liking for "Appeltring" and her quaint ways, her good temper, and her ready answers. Barring the Princes, "Tring's" customers were not always prompt paymasters. This necessitated the keeping of accounts, which, as "Tring" was nothing of a penwoman, resulted in a description of bookkeeping so curious as to induce a learned archæological society of Bonn afterwards to publish her records in facsimile. There were no names, but rude imitations of a beard or a tassel, or big top-boots, or else a peculiar nose, or a pair of spectacles, or some other distinguishing feature about the particular debtor.

The habit of almost daily chat begot a peculiar familiarity and interest in one another's affairs between these two people at opposite poles of society, and inspired "Tring" with a devotion to the Prince which has just a touch of romance about it. To her simple but honest mind the Prince was the noblest creature that walked the earth. Whenever he failed to pass to bid her good-day, she seemed to feel as if deprived of a substantial pleasure. For years and decades after he had gone she would relate with striking animation little stories of his life in Bonn, and tell of his kindness to her. She was indefatigable in inquiries about him, and would draw in every word of information received with eager curiosity. Nor did she ever hear of anyone going to England without commissioning him—"Jrüsse Se den Prinzen Albeht." It sounded very ridiculous to some, no doubt. But I venture to surmise, that to the Prince himself that broadly Rhenish "Jrüsse Se den Prinzen Albeht" would have been a not unwelcome greeting.

Most of the good people here spoken of, with whom the Prince exchanged jokes and more serious intercourse, whom he charmed with his happy temper or edified with graver talk, are now dead and gone. Bonn has grown a town of 50,000 or 60,000 inhabitants, well-to-do, bright and attractive, adding to its population year by year. The University has throughout its history maintained its old high rank. As a new generation rises up old reminiscences are dying out.

Stories which twenty years ago passed current from mouth to mouth are gradually being forgotten. There is so much more that used to be told of the Prince, when memories were fresh ; indeed, there is much that might be told still, only the incidents seem trivial in themselves, and memorable only as demonstrating what singular power their hero possessed of riveting men's affections, and as concurring in impressing a stamp of noble principle, unselfish consideration for others, of a genial and happy disposition, and laborious devotion to study upon his student life of sixteen months. There was, there is reason to believe, very much good done in private, of which the outside world never heard. To Bonn the Prince's stay was a turning-point in its history ; and, since elsewhere scarcely anything has been said about that important 'epoch in the Prince's life, it may not be unmeet to gather together the fragments of traditions and reminiscences surviving, before they pass finally out of men's minds. It may, perhaps, be looked upon as something of a return-offering, very slight and worthless, for the more valuable keepsakes which the Prince's royal widow presented at the Bonn Jubilee, proffered on behalf of the University to which the Prince's enrolment among its members has proved an event of abiding benefit.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

“*THE NEW EXAMINER.*”

SOME few years ago I determined, I recollect, to start a new magazine. The same thing occurs to most of us, I imagine, at a certain period in our lives, when matters seem to have reached a crisis, and by no hook or crook can we wriggle our way into print. I cannot assert that any unappreciated genius has ever yet succeeded in vindicating his claims to public recognition by thus himself providing a market for his own wares, but the idea is nevertheless a bold and a fascinating one, and it must have cheered before now many a young and struggling author. For this I love it, even if for naught else. What should we be, we poets, how could we drag on a dreary existence, if we might not now and again conjure up some vision of success and fame and wealth, to cheer us on in the unequal combat, and if we could not get sometimes to believe in our own dream-built castles? A strong imagination is a great blessing or a great curse. Some it cheers with hope, others it fills with uneasy forebodings. Mine, fortunately, is an optimistic demon, and looks persistently through spectacles of rose-pink ; whereas my friend Hopkins possesses an imagination (not, to say truth, a very lively one) which gazes on the future through smoked glass, as though his star was about to undergo a total eclipse. This it is that has turned Hopkins into a cynic and a pessimist. Were it not that his imagining faculty is something torpid, he would long since, I am convinced, have committed suicide.

It was, however, to Hopkins that I first confided my scheme. The magazines of the present day, I explained to him, were by no means complete. Excellent, no doubt, in their way, there was nevertheless a something wanting in them. Anyone could detect the omission at a glance, and one would imagine it only required that the great army of readers should be reminded of it, for them to insist on a remedy.

“It is poetry, I presume,” said Hopkins sardonically.

“That for one thing, no doubt,” I replied. “But I was not referring to poetry alone. It is literature in general that is so sadly

wanting. Our magazines of the day depend for their popularity upon tricks, mere tricks. You may read through one of these periodicals from cover to cover without finding a decently written sentence or a well ordered paragraph. The Essayist told me so the other day, and he ought to be something of a judge."

"If, by literature," said Hopkins, "the Essayist means his own essays, as I presume he does, for he is vain enough for anything, he is probably quite correct in his statement. I, at any rate, have never noticed anything bearing his signature since the one article in the 'Washtub' on which he has reared a precarious reputation."

The Essayist is a common friend of ours, a man of some talent, if a trifle dull. Hopkins, naturally, insists on the dulness and ignores the talent. It is his way, especially with intimates.

I went on to prove to Hopkins the decadence of style in magazine writing in the present day, and the causes thereof. "I lay a good deal of it at the door of our editors. That they receive a sufficiency of good material I can show conclusively; for both the Essayist and myself spend a considerable amount of money in the postage of manuscripts annually, and I can hardly suppose that we are the sole survivors, so to speak, of pure literature in the kingdom. No! it is the editors who are chiefly to blame. That the public taste is depraved is, unfortunately, only too true; but I, for one, believe that it could be raised by a little judicious management."

"We will start a magazine," I said to Hopkins, "on a new idea. Let us see if we cannot revive the glories of the past. Help me to form a society, Hopkins, and we may achieve fame and fortune."

Hopkins thought not; but he expressed a qualified readiness to join us in the enterprise if the liability were limited.

"You see," I went on, the project rapidly taking form in my brain as I spoke, "you see our expenses will be small enough. No outside contributions will be required—indeed, I doubt if there are two men in the country, outside our own circle, who could supply me with what I require for this venture. You, the Essayist, and myself—of course under various signatures—will run this thing on our own responsibility. We will make no concessions to popular taste: we will merely aim at raising the standard of contemporary magazine literature. The Interview shall be rigorously banished from our pages. The detective story, the translation from the French, the portraits of celebrities, the scrappy article on 'Toys of a Prime Minister,' or 'Eminent Bootblacks'—all these are to be sternly excluded. We will even go so far, I think, as to have no illustrations in our magazine. I have ideas on the subject of illus-

trations in general. I cannot but think they also are a factor in the degradation of the public taste, which is so unfortunately conspicuous at the present time."

"Easy, there!" interrupted Hopkins; "I also have ideas on this subject."

Hopkins is an intolerant listener. Owing to this fault of his he misses a great many good things. Chipping in, as he does, invariably at the wrong moment, just when his interlocutor is warming to his work and coming to the point of his speech, he is apt not only to throw him off his balance for the time, but to make him disinclined for any further efforts. He cultivates himself a short, brisk style of conversation, with an air of epigrammatic compression. Several times I have explained to him that, for his sententious remarks to have their proper effect, it is necessary that they should follow on the heels of a long discourse. A conversation consisting entirely of epigrams would obviously be tiresome even if the epigrams were good, which Hopkins's seldom are.

It turned out on this occasion that he had an idea for a series. "It is all very fine," he began, "to despise popularity, but if you mean me to come to your assistance at all, I must insist upon your having something, at all events, that will catch on with the public. What is the good of bringing out a magazine to raise the standard of English literature if nobody reads it? These things, my good fellow, must be done by degrees. I will, if you are determined on it, leave you and the Essayist to contribute your unreadable quota of literary matter; but you, in return, must permit me to hold the attention of the reading world. You can deluge it with your poetry and your essays, while I sprinkle it gently with my disinfectant. This is essential."

An editor is never very kindly disposed towards a series—from an unknown hand—and I confess that to let Hopkins loose in this manner among my pages was more than I had bargained for. However, there was no help for it. As a man of some private means he was, unfortunately, necessary to my scheme. Besides, it was just possible that he might amuse the ordinary class of magazine readers. It does not need much brains to accomplish that; indeed, brains are, I think, sometimes a positive disqualification for such an office.

Whatever Hopkins may accomplish hereafter in our joint publication, it must always be remembered to his credit that it was he who first found for us a name. Personally, I confess I am not good at thinking of names. It has often cost me more time and trouble to christen a few verses than to compose them. Hopkins, however, wasted no time. "The magazine," he said at once, "shall

be called 'The New Examiner'; and my first contribution to it shall be a series entitled 'Examinations of Eminent Men.' I will give you a list of names of the men I intend to treat of, for publication in the prospectus."

I took them down at once. When Hopkins is prompt, he is very prompt indeed. Without loss of time he began to dictate. "No. 1. The Archbishop of Canterbury. No. 2. The Common Hangman. No. 3. Mr. Henry Irving——"

I interrupted him. "Could you not make your transitions a little less abrupt?" I said.

"Fool!" he replied. "It is just this kind of piquant juxtaposition that readers like. You will see the same kind of thing in every paper that goes in for interviews or sketches of prominent men. I have noticed it a hundred times. I tell you it is my business to make this magazine of ours smart, or at all events my portion of it. You and the Essayist can shovel anything you like into your half. I insist on fair play, whatever comes."

I gave in, and he read out a score of equally incongruous names—music-hall artistes and dissenting ministers, schoolmasters and leaders of society, prelates and prizefighters. They were certainly a motley crew, and did great credit to Hopkins's ingenuity in arranging contrasts. When he had given sufficient names for some twenty numbers, he stopped.

"That will do for the present," he said. "If the concern runs any longer we may bring out a second series. We shall publish monthly, I suppose?"

"That is another point I wish to consult you about," I replied. "Would it not be rather tiresome to be compelled to furnish our copy regularly every month? A quarterly would be less trouble, as well as less expense, and we could charge more for it into the bargain. A quarterly is usually priced at half a crown, whereas your ordinary monthly magazine costs at the most a shilling. The competition, too, is not so keen at the longer interval."

"Why not make it an annual at once, and charge half a sovereign?" said Hopkins.

Fortunately at this moment the Essayist came into the room. Otherwise we should almost certainly have quarrelled. In fact, it is almost impossible to argue any point at all warmly with Hopkins without quarrelling. He has a dictatorial manner and a nasty vein of sneering sarcasm; two things which have always made me rather shy of introducing strangers to him. With any ability—I told him once—he would have been a worthy rival to Dr. Johnson. He naturally replied that,

with any faculty for verse, I would have made a weak imitation of Goldsmith. This is a fair specimen of what he considers legitimate repartee. However, as I said, the Essayist came in just then.

"Now," when I had explained the business in hand, "now is your time to immortalise yourself by a brilliant suggestion. Which shall it be : monthly, quarterly, annual, or triennial ?"

The Essayist rose to the occasion. "Why tie yourself down at all?" he replied. "Make it an Occasional Magazine, published when the editors happen to have collected enough material. We will depend, of course, for money chiefly upon the occasional buyer, the man at the bookstall ; but should any one wish to subscribe regularly, there is no reason why he should not pay us a lump sum for the year, and trust to luck for getting his full value. By this means, it seems to me, we shall get rid of quite half the worries and anxieties that seem to harass our editors so much, to judge from their own accounts ; while, by not admitting any outside contributions, any trouble as to selection or rejection of material is done away with also. Our position as joint editors will be merely a sinecure."

"True," put in Hopkins ; "we shall merely have to provide the money and material."

"That is all," I replied, "and now we can set to work at once and arrange our first number."

We set to work, but our deliberations occupied some little time, and it is not worth while to set down at length the steps by which we arrived at our ultimate decision. Suffice it to say that by slow degrees we did contrive to settle something—Hopkins as usual interposing his veto on most of our suggestions, and making his presence generally felt in his usual manner.

There were to be several novel features in "The New Examiner." One of these was my idea, the other was the Essayist's—in imitation of mine.

"Serial novels," I urged, "are a mistake. The few people who read them are slow-blooded, dull-minded folk. Of necessity they must be so, seeing that they can wait for their portion of literature (and that, too, of a kind which should be read rapidly, if at all) for a month or so without, apparently, feeling annoyance. No such readers are catered for in our venture ; we do not want them even if they want us. Our readers must be quick to appreciate—men to whom a sign, a flash, a spark is enough ; we cannot give them bonfires by instalments. Of all forms of literature, it seems to me, the novel is absolutely the least fitted for the serial form. It is essentially the heavy, not the light, that requires to be taken in occasional doses.

I propose therefore to put my blank-verse drama 'Vortigern' into the magazine, for one thing. The first scene is not too exciting, but it contains some sound poetry, and the tone is such as should elevate our first number at once above the horde of frivolous monthly scrap-books."

This was how I introduced the suggestion. It met with considerable opposition from Hopkins, but the Essayist backed me up warmly—from private motives, I fear—and we carried it through.

I should much like, I confess, while I am on the subject, to give you a sample of this play of mine. It has had various fortunes; or rather, to be accurate, it has journeyed to various quarters of the globe in search of a publisher. Its reception has not, indeed, been so various as its peregrinations, for it has been uniformly rejected. Hopkins jeered (not altogether without a suspicion of reason) at my anxiety to get such a weight of material safely off my hands. I confess—why should I blush to own it?—that it always has been a considerable relief to me to see one of my productions safely in the press. Manuscript work may be lost or destroyed; once in print the multiplication of copies insures a certain survival, and it is always possible, we all think, that the world might some day feel sorrow at having lost even the smallest trifle from our pen. But perhaps, after all, to give excerpts now would be a pity. In a short time it will be within everybody's reach who may care to read it. We have arranged—and I accept the compliment only as my due—that it shall occupy the first place in the first number of "The New Examiner," and I have signed it with the modest name of "Byron Watts."

The Essayist followed up my proposal with one of a similar tendency. He, too, it seemed, had some unsaleable matter in stock, and for his opening serial he proposed to contribute his "History of the Aryan Race," a stupendous work which he began at college, and which would be likely to drag its slow length along the pages of our magazine for several decades. I was compelled to vote against this, though with compunction, for he had materially assisted me to pass my tragedy through the committee. But there are prices which are too heavy to pay for any benefit, and this seemed one. We tried to appease his natural wrath by pointing out the uncertainty of the series being ever completed. Surely it would be better, we urged, to write something that could be brought to a termination readily, at any moment; something with a slighter link of connection than this. We persuaded him, finally, to rewrite his history, and to term it "Essays on a Great Nation." By this concession, and by a request for any slighter sketches he might have by him to fill up our vacant space with, we

soothed him finally, though with considerable difficulty, into a sulky acquiescence.

"So be it then," he said at last, "if you are so obstinately determined. But, at all events, you will be compelled to have, I suppose, some serial in prose. You cannot expect to make a success of a magazine with nothing better for the reader to anticipate than a few barren lines of a blank verse drama. I have, fortunately, now in hand a biography, and one that I fancy cannot but make something of a sensation in the reading world. It is, in fact, a life of Shakespeare. It is curious how little even the educated public know of the life of our greatest poet. Men are fond of saying that there is no information to be procured on this subject; that the greatest genius of any age perished without leaving a trace behind him. This, of course, is absurd. Few men have left us more material by which to judge of all that makes up a man's true life. His works remain, and it is from his works that I propose to build up the story of his life. The biography will not be a long one, but it should run through some twenty volumes, perhaps, of the periodical."

To my intense surprise, Hopkins assented to this singular proposition without demur. The fact was, he was growing weary of the whole thing, at any rate for the present. "Enough," he said; "we will consider that settled. In about a month's time I shall expect you two to be ready with your first instalments, and in the meantime I shall be preparing my interview with the Archbishop. You might knock up a stray verse or two" (turning to me), "that will give a light but literary tone to the whole." And with these words Hopkins left us. I am not sure, on second thoughts, that we should not have done better without his assistance; but, from old habit, I am apt to take my schemes to him, and he would probably regard it as an affront if we were to attempt any move of importance without his cognisance. He delights to play the autocrat, and would use all his power to thwart an enterprise on which he had not been consulted. Perhaps we humour him too much, the Essayist and I, but it is difficult to avoid humouring a man of this stamp.

I set to work shortly afterwards to overhaul my stray odes and sonnets. It is a fascinating but at the same time a rather specious employment this. One is apt to waste an unconscionable amount of time in exploring an old drawer of manuscript. Every half-finished sketch is full of suggestions, but the very quantity of these prevents one from settling down seriously to work at the disentanglement of any one thread. The result too often is that, after reading through a sheaf of battered verses, the head refuses to stand any

more, and the work is laid aside again for a more fitting opportunity. Still, it is a pleasing exercise, and I disinterred several rough drafts which I have kept out of the general chaos to finish at my leisure.

O ye (Major) Poets, I wonder how ye perfect your standard works! We poetasters, I imagine, do ours mostly in this hand-to-mouth sort of fashion, picking up a shred here and a shred there, and patching them together as best we may; writing down, perhaps, if we happen to be in the mood, some three or four stanzas even at a sitting, and then neglecting the half-fledged chick until some chance thought sets us on the track again; or, possibly, in anger at its incompleteness, we end by throwing over it some scanty rag of covering and turning it out into the glare of public life. The pruning and polishing process, I fear, is sadly out of fashion nowadays. Were it not so, we should hardly see such volumes (and not of verse alone, or even of minor verse) issuing from the press. Our authors—there are so many now who aspire to the title—jostle one another in the race for fame; they rush to copyright an idea almost before they have had time to write it down, certainly before they have elaborated it as it deserves. Book after book comes forth, finds its reader here and there, if fortunate, and is crushed out of sight by the inrush of fresh matter. This is not the way to produce masterpieces; perhaps it is one reason why masterpieces are fewer now than they were in days of old.

This is one of the specimens I fished up the other day out of my miscellany. A little polished it may do for a number of "The New Examiner." I have called it—

TO LYDIA, ON INVITING THE AUTHOR TO A GARDEN PARTY.

Lydia, I pray you cease
Sending invitations;
Leave an old recluse in peace
To his meditations.

I am growing frail and old,
Ask the hale and hearty;
I should catch a certain cold
At your garden party.

It is years since last we met;
Once I loved you, madly.
It were wiser to forget,
Time has changed me sadly.

Has it altered you as well?
Are you coarser, fatter?
It were better not to tell,
Since it doesn't matter.

Let me think of you as then ;
You were sixteen, barely :
Girls wear twice as well as men,
Think it over fairly.

I am toothless, bald, and lame,
Forty years above me,
You are doubtless still the same,
You could never love me.

Freely I absolve thy vows :
Go—it will be better ;
Take the good the fates allow,
Love should feel no fetter.

Think me fickle if you will,
You are free to slight me ;
Love—my heart is with you still,
Only—don't invite me.

These lines should give, as Hopkins desires, a light but not frivolous tone to our magazine. We have not yet been able to bring out our first number. Hopkins appears to find some difficulty, we hear, in approaching the subject of his initial sketch. The rest of the material is nearly ready, however, and it only remains to make arrangements for the publication of what should undoubtedly mark a new departure in the annals of periodical literature.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

WILLIAM TELL AND RUDOLF VON WARTA.

THE first of these names is known to everyone, the second to comparatively few, but we may study the two together ; for though the Suabian baron, Rudolf von Warta, had nothing to do with the insurrection of the Switzers, he has found a place in their records, and their treatment of him, compared with that of their own legendary hero, may prove instructive as regards both.

I need hardly say that modern research has banished William Tell, and the champions of the Rütli, from history.¹ We use the word "history," however, ambiguously; we use it to mean the actual events of the past, and also the written record of the past ; so that a story which can no longer be considered history, in the sense of fact, may still be called history, in so far that it has been written as such, and not as mere fiction. And in this way Ægidius, that is, Giles Tschudi, who, about the middle of the sixteenth century,² collected the traditions of his country, and wove them into a continuous narrative, may still bear the name which has been given to him, of "Father of Swiss history," though much of what he wrote has to be rejected, as investigation proceeds, from the region of facts. And this, I fear, must be the case with all the popular legends of the Swiss insurrection of 1307-1308. There are, indeed, some enthusiastic traditionists, in every country, who maintain that a story could not have arisen unless there were some foundation for it ; still, when we find the contemporary chroniclers,

¹ Among other works relating to the subject, see Vischer's *Sage von der Befreiung der Waldstätte*, Kopp's *Urkunden zur Geschichte der eidgenössischen Bünde*, and Rilliet's *Origines de la Confédération Suisse*, of which a short abstract will be found in the *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1869. See also Studer's *Notes to the Klingenbergs Chronicle*.

² The book was not published till 1734, but, during the interval, the manuscript had been much read and copied. Petermann Etterlin wrote before Tschudi, and his book was published as early as 1507, but it is not nearly so often quoted.

John of Winterthur,¹ John of Victring,² Matthias of Neuburg,³ and Ottocar of Horneck,⁴ all silent concerning the incidents, it must be admitted that the "negative evidence" against them is very strong. As to the apple story, doubted by some who yet believe in Tell's existence, the argument usually employed against it is, taken alone, rather a weak one. It is maintained that the story must be fabulous, because similar stories, of Toko, and William of Cloudesly, are found in other countries. But the similarity of legends, in two or more countries, cannot prove them to be false. It does, indeed, meet the argument that "the thing must have happened, for the story to have arisen"; it shows that the occurrence, at one particular time and place, is not the only possible foundation for the tradition; but more than this it cannot prove. In the case of Tell, however, it may count for something, taken in conjunction with the above-mentioned negative evidence; and the further coincidence of the name of William, which, if in use at all, does not seem to have been common at that time in the country,⁵ would suggest that, whatever was the origin of the Rütli legend, that of William Tell came to Switzerland from a foreign source.

It must have struck many readers, that the two stories have no essential connection with each other; that it would be possible to sweep the names of Tell and Gessler from history, while yet keeping those of Stauffacher, Fürst, and Melchthal, with their meeting on the Rütli meadow, and also that the stories are quite different in their moral aspect. Tell, as we all know, waylaid and shot Gessler;

¹ Usually called Vitoduranus. See Fuessli's *Thesaurus Historiæ Helveticæ*, and the book has been translated into German by Bernhard Freuler.

² Victoriensis, also called Leobiensis. His book will be found under the title of "Anonymi Leobensis Chronicon," in *Scriptores Rerum Austriacarum*, edited by Hieronymus Pez, and see also *Geschichtschreiber der deutschen Vorzeit*, edited by G. H. Pertz.

³ "Cette chronique a été longtemps citée sous le nom d'Albert de Strasbourg; mais M. Studer a démontré que ce personnage problématique devait céder la place à Matthias de Neuenbourg."—Rilliet. Albert of Strasbourg is also called Albertus Argentinensis.

⁴ This writer, sometimes quoted as Ottocar only, deserves special notice, because, unlike most mediæval chroniclers, he uses his own language, and thus his book is valuable from a linguistic as well as an historical point of view. It is in rhyme, and consists of more than eight hundred chapters. He appears, moreover, to have lived at the very time of the supposed events, though not at the place, his country being Styria. The chronicle extends from 1150 to 1309. Its rhymed form is by some considered a defect, and there is no doubt that the versification is sometimes very awkward. There is a short abstract of the book, by Theodor Schacht.

⁵ "Quant au prénom de Guillaume, qui ne se rencontre jamais à cette époque parmi la population des Petits Cantons, il a été très-probablement emprunté à un tireur célèbre dans le moyen âge, William of Cloudesly."—Rilliet.

while it is the most remarkable feature of the Rütli legend that the heroes resolved *not* to kill their oppressors, but to banish them. This is by far the better story, for whatever may be said in defence of assassination—and in all ages there have been those who considered it justifiable—there is certainly something nobler in overcoming the evil-doer without bloodshed. We would not so much mind giving up William Tell, if we could keep the Rütli champions; and it is really very strange, that two stories, setting forth such opposite principles, should have become thus linked together.

Now, even assuming both the legends to be fabulous, there are some of us who may yet think it worth while to inquire, as a study in traditionary lore, which of the two is the most representative of Swiss sentiment; and it may be interesting, for this as well as other reasons, to observe how the Swiss have treated Tell's contemporary, Rudolf von Warta, or Rudolf von der Wart, as he is sometimes called. The story of this unfortunate nobleman, and his wife, Gertrude, who attended him to the last, when he was broken on the wheel, for his supposed share in the murder of the Emperor Albert I., stands out from a number of popular but ill-founded Swiss legends, as one resting on contemporary authority. It has, indeed, become known, in this country at least, chiefly through a mistake, for the account, supposed to be written by Gertrude herself, is merely the invention of a modern novelist, who never meant it to pass as genuine.¹ But the incident is recorded by contemporary writers—by John of Winterthur, and Matthias of Neuburg,² as well as by Ægidius Tschudi. They take, however, such a different view of the subject, that without pronouncing Tschudi's account to be utterly worthless, we may mark him yet more clearly as one who built his history on tradition. His description of Albert's murder, and his sympathy with Rudolf von Warta, show how ready he was to take the popular story, rather than consult the written statements of those who lived nearest to the time.

Rudolf's family name, written variously Wart, Warth, Warte, or Warta,³ was taken from a mountain near Winterthur, not far from

¹ This subject, as being in itself a curiosity of literature, I have treated more fully elsewhere; see the *Bookworm*, May, 1890. I may, however, repeat here that the author was Johann Conrad Appenzeller, a pastor of the Swiss Reformed Church, who died in 1850, in his seventy-fifth year.

² Neither of these, perhaps, can strictly be called contemporary, as they were very young at the time of Albert's assassination, and did not write for several years afterwards. But they are generally quoted as contemporaries, and may be called so, in distinction to Tschudi, or Etterlin.

³ The word signifies a watch-tower, or the height whereon the tower stands—

Zurich. His wife was Gertrude von Balm, or Palm, or Palma. His brother, Jacob, seems to have been a poet ; one of his compositions is still extant, a love-song, wherein, like countless other bards of every age and country, he laments his fate, and the coldness of the lady. "Ach, ich gar unsaelic man !" "Ah ! I am a hapless man !" ¹ But to his poetical fame, Jacob was soon destined to add another kind of celebrity, as the brother of a regicide.

Albert was murdered on May 1, 1308—the reputed head of the conspirators being, as is well known, his young nephew, Duke John of Suabia—frequently, though somewhat harshly, called Johannes Parricida—to whom, for some unknown reason, Albert had refused to restore his inheritance. The four who were proscribed with him by Albert's successor, as his companions in the deed, were Walter von Eschenbach,² Rudolf von Warta, Rudolf, or, as some call him, Ulric, von Palm—to whom Warta seems to have been related by marriage—and Conrad von Tegerfeld ; but there is reason to think that several others, notably the Bishops of Basle and Mayence, were accomplices in the plot, for various personal grievances. To Rudolf von Warta, however, a different motive has by some been assigned. Knighted as early as 1293, he had fought in the service of Albert's predecessor, Adolf. The respective rights of Albert, Duke of Austria, and Adolf, Count of Nassau, to the imperial throne of Germany, had been a disputed question. Albert, despite his hereditary claim as the son of Rudolf of Hapsburgh, had been at first set aside, and Adolf chosen, by the electors ; but afterwards, charged with numerous crimes, Adolf was deposed, and Albert elected. They met on the field of Gellheim, July 2, 1298, and Adolf fell, but whether

compare Wartburg in Saxony. Most writers shorten the name to Wart, showing that the second syllable was very slightly pronounced ; but Warta is the form used by Rudolf himself, in some documents relating to property (see Kopp's *Urkunden zur Geschichte der eidgenössischen Bünde*), and it is not, as some have thought, a Latinised form, for the documents are in German. Other members of the family sign themselves Warte. This interchange of *e* and *a* at the end of words is very common in old German.

¹ See Rochat, *Drei Schweizerdichter aus dem dreizehnten Jahrhundert*. Other writers would make Jacob von Warte, the poet, to have lived somewhat earlier ; but it is certain that Rudolf had a brother of the name.

² It has been queried whether this person was related to Wolfram von Eschenbach, the poet. There is a passage in Ottocar von Horneck's chronicle which seems to me to settle the question negatively. After describing the murder, he says that to tell all Albert's love to his wife, Elizabeth, would require more power than that of Wolfram von Eschenbach, or Hermann von Aue. This is not the only allusion he has made to the poet Eschenbach ; but he would scarcely have mentioned him in this place, without reference to the murderer, had any relationship existed between them.

by Albert's hand, is uncertain. There were many, however, who regarded Albert as a usurper and regicide, and Rudolf von Warta certainly appears, from his own words, to have been one of these. But whether it was really his desire to avenge Adolf, or his allegiance to the Duke of Suabia, or some private motive, that urged him to the crime, were difficult to decide—and, as we shall see, there are some who would acquit him of any share in it.

At Windisch, on the Reuss, in Aargau, the conspirators carried out their design. They crossed the river with the Emperor, leaving his son, Duke Leopold, and his friends and followers on the opposite shore, and, thus cut off from help, he was attacked and killed. According to the most popular account, as given by Tschudi, and imitated by numerous modern writers,¹ the murderers were Duke John, Eschenbach, and Palm, Warta merely looking on; but this is at variance with the earlier records. Ottocar of Horneck, who very likely wrote as soon as the news had travelled from Argovia to Styria, and Matthias of Neuburg, who wrote about forty years later, distinctly assign him his part in the deed. Their accounts, however, differ greatly in detail—a circumstance which is sometimes considered as weakening evidence, and sometimes as strengthening it, and which may, indeed, be considered either way; but in this case the difference is very marked. Matthias places the scene in a field, Ottocar in a thicket. According to the former, Warta said, "How long shall we allow that corpse to ride on horseback?" whereat his esquire, Rulassing, seized the king's bridle; the Duke stabbed him in the neck, Palm cleft his head, Warta ran his sword through him. Ottocar does not record the speech about the corpse on horseback, and he makes Eschenbach seize the bridle, never mentioning Rulassing, nor any of the followers, by name; and it appears, also, from his account, that Palma and Warta had already wounded Albert—Warta cleaving him across the face, not stabbing him as Matthias describes—when John, who was riding at some distance behind, and to whom Albert had called for help, came and joined in the attack; while Matthias Neoburgensis seems to imply that John struck the first blow. These two chroniclers deserve to be quoted, inasmuch as they have assigned a definite part to each of the murderers, while the others only describe the Duke as being helped in his work of murder by Palma, Warta, and Eschenbach

¹ See Müller's *Geschichte der Schweizerischen Eidgenossenschaft*; Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*; Zschokke's *Schweizerlands Geschichte für das Schweizervolk*; Simond's *Voyage en Suisse*; Planta's *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*; Coxe's *House of Austria*; Beattie's *Switzerland Illustrated*, &c.

collectively.¹ As for Tegerfeld, though his name appears with theirs in the letters of proscription, there is no definite mention of him in the chronicles.²

It is remarkable that Ottocar, who describes the incident as minutely as if he had himself seen it, never tells us who were the eye-witnesses. It would seem, from his account, that no one was present, except the murderers and their followers, and if, as he says, they were in a thicket, they could not have been seen by those on the opposite shore. Matthias Neoburgensis, and some later writers, make a certain Castel to have been present, engaged in conversation with Albert; but Ottocar, strangely enough, only mentions this person afterwards, as arriving with Duke Leopold and the Bishop of Strasburg, to see Albert die, and to pursue the assassins.³

Rudolf von Wartenburg fled to his castle at Falckenstein, in Solothurn, and took his companions, or some of them, with him.⁴ Here he

¹ Johannes Vitoduranus tells us that the Duke conspired against Albert and slew him, "cum Domino de Wart, Domino de Eschibach, Domino de Balm et quibusdam aliis," but he gives no further details. Victoriensis describes the circumstances with some prolixity, even finding space to quote poetry, but still he only tells us that the Duke did the deed "subministrantibus viris impiis," whose names he has previously given, and the Klingenberg Chronicle only says that "die von Wart, von Eschenbach, von Balm und ander" helped him. See also the Chronicon Claustro-Neoburgense and the Chronicon Salisburgense, in *Scriptores Rerum Austriacarum*, edited by Pez; and see also, in the same collection, Thomas Ebendorf, who was born towards the close of the century—he describes the "perfidi feudales" as doing the work together, and afterwards tells how Wartenburg "dignas suis criminibus poenas exsolvit."

² Ottocar (p. 805) tells a story of a nameless knight who, aware of the plot, and confessing to his priest, was ordered, as penance, to disclose it to Albert; and this he actually did, but was not heeded. Some suppose this knight to have been Conrad of Tegerfeld. If all be true that we read, of the warnings which Albert received, he was strangely blind.

³ The popular story, of Albert dying in the arms of a peasant girl, is not to be found in any of the above-mentioned writers; but if, as some say, the woman was of a degraded class, the circumstance may have been intentionally omitted; and thus it is possible that there was an eye-witness, whose testimony has been ignored. Ottocar, indeed, suggests that there were people near, for he describes Castel as pursuing the murderers, "when he had learnt which way they went"; but it does not follow that anyone, except the persons concerned, actually saw the deed.

⁴ "Sew furt mit der Vart Auf seiner Vest ain
Der do hiess von der Wart Dew hiess alten Valckenstain."

Ottocar, p. 810.

According to Matthias of Neuburg: "Occisores fugati primo venerunt in castrum Froburg, dolo autem elusi per comitem de Nidouwa, postea sunt dispersi." This may, perhaps, have occurred before the going to Falckenstein—the two accounts are difficult to reconcile; but there seems to be additional

remained awhile, and from Ottocar's account, written apparently at the time, it would seem as if all were aware of the fact. It was not for more than a year after Albert's death that his chosen successor, Henry VII., pronounced sentence against the murderers, and during this interval we find Warta quietly transacting business, and selling portions of his estates,¹ as if nothing had occurred to interrupt the even tenor of his life. This certainly seems rather cold-blooded ; but we cannot tell what inward torments of conscience he may have been enduring the while. From allusions which he makes in these documents to his wife Gertrude, and to his two sons, it would seem that they were with him ; and other documents show that Eschenbach was also at Falckenstein for a part of this time ; but where the Duke was hiding or wandering is not very clear. Meanwhile the Empress Elizabeth, with her sons Leopold and Frederick, and her daughter Agnes, the widow of Andreas III. of Hungary, burnt the castles of the murderers, and beheaded their vassals.² Frederick, who, it seems, had been absent at the time of his father's death, was inclined to be more merciful than the rest ; he begged his mother to spare some of the prisoners : she answered, " You never saw your father's corpse ! " and Frederick yielded.³ The details of this blood-revenge, however, seem to have been greatly exaggerated. It is certain that several men were put to death, but whether the massacre extended to women and children, as sometimes stated, is doubtful. To Agnes, in particular, tradition ascribes great barbarity. It is said that she watched the slaughter with delight, exclaiming, as the blood flowed over her feet, " I am bathing in May-dew ! " According to an oft-quoted legend, which shows her character in two lights, she seized on the infant son of the murderer Eschenbach and would have strangled him with her own hands, but, moved by the entreaties of her soldiers, she spared him and adopted him. This story, however, is not in the contemporary chronicles, neither is that of the hermit Berchtold of Oftringen, who, when Agnes had built the abbey of Königsfelden with the spoils of her victims, is said to have rebuked her, telling her that she could not please Heaven with shedding

proof that Warta was at Falckenstein during the interval between the regicide and the proscription.

¹ See Kopp's *Urkunden*.

² " Der Herzog Lewpolt
Seiner Muter Willen er ervolt,
Seiner Veinde Vest,
Wa er die west,

Dy ersturmt er und ervacht,
Er gewan mit seiner Macht,
Wart, Palem und Eschenwach."

Ottocar von Horneck, p. 833.

³ *Ibid.* p. 834.

innocent blood. From the earlier records, indeed, it would not appear that Agnes took any part in the work of vengeance, though tradition has caused her name to be chiefly celebrated in connection therewith, and her religious fervour, extolled by her contemporaries, is now generally cited for the contrast it presents to her cruelty. This much is certain, that the abbey of Königsfelden was erected on the site of the regicide, and was named therefrom, and that both Elizabeth and Agnes ended their days there.

Jacob von Warta was made to feel the avengers' wrath : his castle was burnt, as well as his brother's, and he had to fly, and seek refuge in a peasant's hut. Truly he might now say, "Ach, ich gar unsaelic man !" Among the townfolk of Winterthur who watched the distant conflagration was the little boy, then scarcely six years old, who afterwards became known as John of Winterthur, or Vitoduranus.¹ Even while applauding Duke Leopold for his glorious revenge, Vitoduranus pities Jacob, and makes reflections on the injustice of causing him to suffer for his brother's crime. It certainly does not speak well for Rudolf, that he should have remained safe at Falckenstein during this, and allowed others to suffer in his stead. But as we do not know exactly when the work of vengeance was perpetrated, nor how long it lasted, we may admit the possibility that all was over before he knew of it.

At the request of the two Dukes, Frederick and Leopold, the Emperor Henry passed sentence of proscription and death against the murderers, September 18, 1309. Afterwards, passing through Italy, he captured the unhappy John of Suabia, who had gone thither in disguise, and condemned him, not to death, but imprisonment.² According to Matthias of Neuburg, he lived for many years after the

¹ "Quod oculis meis vidi." "Ce religieux," says Rilliet, "avait environ douze ans lors de la bataille de Morgarten," that is, in 1315. Though he describes the murder so briefly, he details all the particulars of the revenge—the burning of the castles, the beheading of the vassals, the death of Rudolf von Warta, and also the destruction of a castle near Strasburg, belonging to the lord of Finstingen, who, according to him, was an accomplice. "Ecce," he concludes, "quam gloriose vindicavit mortem patris sui Dux Lupoldus," for to him Vitoduranus would assign the chief credit, as he deems it, of this work; but from Ottocar von Horneck's account it would seem that Elizabeth took the lead therein. Neither of them make any mention of Agnes.

² "Johannes vero dux post multas occultationes tandem in forma beghardi veniens Pisas ab imperatore Henrico inibi captus et post imperatoris mortem pluribus annis tentus tandem inibi honorifice est sepultus."—Matt. Neoburgensis, ed. G. Studer. There is a tradition that he wandered about all his life, and came, when old, to revisit the scene of his crime; but this does not seem to be well founded.

death of Henry, which was in 1313 ; but others place his death in the following year, he being then only twenty-five.

Eschenbach lived in hiding, for more than thirty years, as a shepherd. He told his name on his death-bed in 1343. It is not known what became of Palm, nor of Tegerfeld.

Rudolf von Warta left Falckenstein, and, accompanied by his esquire, Rulassing or Russaling, who was also involved in the murder, made his way into Burgundy, and placed himself, trusting in old friendship, under the protection of Count Thibault, or Dietpold, of Blamont. But there was a large reward offered, and the fugitives were speedily betrayed. By this act, Count Thibault earned the title of "the Merchant"; but it would seem that gain was not his only motive, for the Countess was distantly related to the murdered Emperor, and she, it is said, had implored her husband with tears not to let the criminal escape.

Rudolf's conduct, when brought to trial, has been very variously described, some saying that he persistently denied the deed, others that he tried to justify it, and even gloried therein. Let us read Matthias of Neuburg, who seems to have stated the case fairly, though he himself was convinced of Rudolf's guilt : " As no advocate might be given to him, he spoke for himself, and at first denying that he had killed the king, he offered himself to combat ; secondly he said, ' There had been no crime committed against him, who, by slaying his own lord, the Roman king, had himself been guilty of a crime against majesty.' " ¹

It does not appear from this that Rudolf actually confessed the deed, but we can easily imagine that after such a speech, all further denial would be useless, and that he would not only lose all chance of acquittal—if, indeed, he had had any—but would stamp his name for ever as that of a self-convicted regicide.

"As," continues the chronicler, "the slayers were condemned by the sentence of the Emperor Henry, it was decided that no other sentence was necessary"; and accordingly, near the spot where Albert had fallen, Rudolf von Warta died such a death as was deemed

¹ "Cum non daretur ei advocatus, per se loquens, primo negans se occidisse regem, obtulit se duello ; secundo dixit : in eo nullum fuisse crimen commissum, qui occidendo dominum suum Romanum regem reus lese majestatis fuisset." Vitoduranus does not record the denial, only the denunciation of Albert, and some modern writers, Kopp among others, consider this a conclusive proof of the prisoner's guilt. According to Gerardus de Roo, who wrote in the time of Charles V., Warta was tortured, to wring confession from him, but I have not found this in the earlier writers. Ottocar von Horneck's chronicle comes to an end just before Warta's death, which perhaps he did not live to record.

his due. Whether it was exactly breaking on the wheel, I cannot make out from the varying descriptions ; but he was broken in some way, and left upon a wheel, which was raised in the air, and there he died after three days of agony.¹

We come now to the pathetic incident which is, indeed, recorded in two contemporary chronicles, but differs strangely, in one of them, from the traditionary accounts. While he was lingering, his wife remained with him, that is, she remained on the spot ; but it is distinctly stated by Vitoduranus, that her husband was not aware of her presence—that she would not let him know, lest she should disturb him while preparing his soul.² This, if true, was an act of far greater heroism than is generally ascribed to her. According to Tschudi, and some other comparatively modern writers, Rudolf knew, and implored her to leave him, because the sight of her sufferings increased his own ; but she answered, that she would never leave him, while he was yet alive. This view of the incident seems to be confirmed by Matthias Neoburgensis, who wrote nearly at the same time as Vitoduranus.³ Both accounts may be partially true. Rudolf may have been ignorant of his wife's presence at first, and then have become aware of it, and wished her to go, and after awhile, perhaps, have felt comforted by her being near him ; there would be time during three days for all changes of mood. There is a tradition, too, that he endeavoured to console her, and this may also be true. On one point all seem to agree, that she stayed to the end. In the fictitious narrative, which some of us have read as her own, she

¹ “Crurifragio et rotacione consumptus est,” says Vitoduranus. “Fractis dorso et membris, flexus est super rotam,” says Matthias Neoburgensis. (Gregory of Tours, in Merovingian times, similarly describes a criminal as being “intextum rotæ.”) “Rota per singula membra confractus,” is Ebendorf's phrase, and Roo says, “Vivus in rotam agitur.” The wheel, indeed, would seem to have served as an instrument for several methods of torture. Victoriensis describes “illos constrictos regicidas” as being all put to death “rotarum inflexionibus” ; while from the Klingenberg Chronicle it would appear that they were banished the country ; but other accounts seem generally to agree that Warta suffered death, while his comrades escaped.

² “Tribus diebus vixit super rota, uxore sua, ipso ignorante, tam diu ne ipsum in animæ suæ salute ibi agitanda impediret, subter rota demorante.” Appenzeller thinks this is only said by way of mitigating Warta's condition. I have not seen the statement anywhere else, except as direct quotation from Vitoduranus.

³ “Ille interrogatus, si suam vellet uxorem adesse, respondit super rota, quod non, quia pari modo in uxoris compassione atque in propria pateretur.” Observe, however, we are not told that Rudolf said this to her. He might be asked whether he would wish to have her, and answer in the negative, without actually knowing that she was there.

contrives to climb up to him, and brings him water from a neighbouring brook ; but I have not found this in any historical record, old or new. All historians—so far as I have seen—from Vitoduranus to Zschokke, describe her as being on the ground, under the wheel. The picture of her watching his agonies from below, unable to assuage them in any way, is almost too terrible to dwell on, and it is no wonder that the novelist should have taken a licence in this matter.

The unfortunate esquire, accused of holding Albert's horse while the murder was done, also died on the wheel. What he said in his defence is not recorded; but we cannot help feeling some compassion for him, since, if guilty, he was presumably acting under his master's orders, and as there is nothing said to the contrary, we will hope his death was a speedy one.

Gertrude's ultimate fate is uncertain ; most writers say that she died in a cloister at Basle, but there seems to be some ground for thinking that she married again.¹ Jacob, the poet, is supposed to have died in 1321.

The exact truth with regard to Rudolf's guilt we shall probably never know. But there is one thing in the Swiss historian's treatment of him that is well worth noticing. Albert was, according to tradition, the oppressor of the Switzers, and it was while advancing to quell their insurrection that he met his fate. We might, therefore, expect that they would look on Rudolf von Warta as their deliverer, and glorify him into a tyrannicide, like their own William Tell. But this is not the case. The Rudolf von Warta of Swiss tradition is not a tyrannicide, but an innocent sufferer, and his terrible death is one of the atrocities ascribed to Agnes, in her merciless massacre of the guiltless with the guilty. It is true, his defenders have not succeeded in making out a very good case for him. From Tschudi, who may be considered as representing Swiss traditionists in general, we learn that Warta, as a vassal of the Duke of Suabia, took an oath, with the others, to "help him to gain his inheritance." Then came the murder, in which, according to Tschudi, Warta did not take any part, and the flight, and the subsequent capture. Then he denied the murder charge, "for," says Tschudi, "he had never wounded the king, and had only been with Duke John as his sworn servant." What this means is not very clear ; but it is evident that Tschudi wants us to consider him innocent. "And when," continues the historian, "he saw that he must die, he spoke with a loud voice, 'Although I am not guilty of the king's death, and am unjustly

¹ See Schneller's notes to Melchior Russ. According to the document cited, the second marriage took place in 1317, with Ulric von Ramstein.

sentenced as a murderer, yet, if the truth be spoken, they that did the deed have not slain a king, but one who, in defiance of his honour and his oath, laid his bloody hand on King Adolf and bereft him of his life, and also took away the land and people from his kinsman John ; and as for the sentence that has been passed on me, King Albert would have been well worthy of it, as the murderer of his lord, King Adolf. God forgive me my sins !”¹

How far Rudolf spoke the truth, or how far Tschudi recorded his words truthfully, after more than two centuries, were difficult to say ; but there seems to be a strong inclination on the part of Swiss writers to clear him of the crime. Some of them have made him most worthy of sympathy, telling us how he endured his tortures with the greatest fortitude, and tried the while to comfort his sorrowing wife ; and it is even said that he prayed for his enemies—a truly Christ-like act.² Still, they cannot bring forward any positive proof of his innocence ; and it is remarkable that, while acquitting him of an active share in the murder, they seem generally rather vague as to how far he was an accomplice in the plot—even Tschudi does not state the case very plainly. What are we to understand by Wartenburg following the Duke as his sworn servant ? Did he take the oath without knowing what was required of him ? or did he consider himself justified in passively joining the plot, as a vassal of the Duke, to whom he had previously sworn fealty ? One tradition says that he stood aghast on beholding the deed ; another, that he also drew his sword, and lifted it on high, but there paused, and did not strike.³

¹ “Und wie er sach dass er sterben müsst/ sprach er mit luter Stimme/ Wiewol ich dess Königs Tod nit Schuld trag/ und unbillich für ein Mörder verurteilt wird/ so habend doch die Täter/ so man die Warheit bekennen soll/ nit ein König/ sonder ein Wütrich erschlagen/ der sin blutige Hand über sin Eid und Eer an König Adolffen gelegt/ und sins Lebens beroubt/ darzu sinem Vettern Herzog Hanssen wider Gott und Recht sin Lüt und Land vorgehebt/ und die Urteil die man mir geben/ dera were König Albrecht als ein Mörder sinen Herrn König Adolfs würdig gewesen/ Gott verzieh mir mine Sünd.” According to Müller, Wartenburg made this speech on the wheel. Müller’s account, which has been widely followed, is strangely imperfect and contradictory. He distinctly mentions Wartenburg as one of those who planned the king’s death, but afterwards represents him as if he were perfectly innocent.

² See “Origo et Historia Archi-Ducum Austriæ,” an anonymous sixteenth-century fragment, in Senckenberg’s *Selecta juris et historiarum anecdota*, and see also Stettler’s *Annales Helvetiae*, 1627. “Er bettete für seine Widersächer,” the latter says.

³ Bullinger MS., quoted by Appenzeller. I have not been able to find the passage, nor the statement, elsewhere. Appenzeller, in the preface to his story, tells us that “according to the almost unanimous testimony of contemporary and later historians, Wartenburg did not take any active part in the murder,” which

This would indicate a sudden repentance, too late both for Albert and himself. Or could it possibly mean that he had a thought of *defending* the victim?

All such conjectures as these are in direct defiance of contemporary statement. In the opinion of the contemporary chroniclers Rudolf von Warta was a murderer; viewed in any other light, he is a traditionary being, like William Tell. But we need not reject the traditions concerning him, in the same way; for while we can hardly suppose that the chroniclers would have left out all mention of a remarkable man who really existed, we can easily believe that they might be unable to judge impartially of an accused regicide. In all times people have been condemned for deeds they never did. We have seen that Rudolf offered to clear himself by combat; this cannot, indeed, be taken as positive proof of a good conscience, for even in those days there must have been many men who secretly scorned such tests, and trusted to their swords to bear them through; still, it may count for something in his favour. But then what are we to think of him for taking the others to Falckenstein? Must we conclude that he had planned it beforehand with them? or was it an after-thought, arising from his own generosity, that urged him to protect the criminals, at the risk of suffering along with them? It may have been so. He may, indeed, have been one of the best, or one of the worst of men. We would like, if we could, to think him innocent, for his wife's sake; we would like to think that she had the comfort of knowing it; and thus the imaginary death-scene, written in her name, is relieved of some of its sadness, because from this passage, though not from the rest of the book, Rudolf appears to be altogether guiltless of any share either in the deed or the plot. Yet, even in supposing that Gertrude would find comfort in this, we are assuming more than we really know. She may, for anything that we can prove to the contrary, have incited him to the deed; and Jacob, whom Vitoduranus pitied, may have been equally concerned therein. We can decide nothing about either of them; but the point to which I wish particularly to draw attention, as speaking well

has been quoted in some English books without the qualifying *almost*; but even with it the statement seems to me misleading. I have not found any contemporary writer who positively acquits Warta of his share in the crime; though, as we have seen, the records are sometimes vague, and sometimes varied as to detail. "All Swiss historians," Appenzeller observes, "are for his passivity during the action," but I do not know whether, as Swiss historians, Appenzeller means to include any who wrote before the separation of Switzerland from the Empire, in 1499. He may possibly have found some contemporary writers taking Warta's side, but he does not quote them by name.

both for him and for themselves, is that the Swiss have tried to acquit Rudolf of the murder, instead of praising the exploit, like that of William Tell. No doubt the two acts were different—readers of Schiller will remember the interview between Tell and Parricida, who has sought succour from him—still, we should have expected that if the Switzers showed any sympathy for Rudolf von Warta, they would show it in the same way as to their own hero—that they would discover him to be a patriot, who, like Brutus, sought the common good of all, while the other conspirators only sought their own ends. It may well be asked, Whence did this sympathy on their part arise, for one who was not of them, and, as far as is recorded, did nothing for them? Had they any real grounds for supposing him innocent? or did the feeling spring from hereditary hatred to Duke Leopold, whom they defeated at Morgarten? Whatever the cause, the fact that they have tried, though not very successfully, to acquit him of the deed, instead of praising him for it, is worthy of notice; for when taken along with the Rütli legend, it would suggest that they were not originally inclined to sympathise with murderers, even tyrannicides; and this, perhaps, may be considered as an additional reason for assigning William Tell to foreign sources.

I may observe, before quitting the subject, that though Tschudi and his followers have stamped Walter von Eschenbach as one of the murderers, all writers are not agreed on the point, and there is quite as much room for doubt in his case, as in that of Rudolf von Warta. If innocent, he was, perhaps, even more deserving of compassion.

KATE A. A. BIGGS.

ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

SOMETIMES in a provincial corps I am astonished to recognise an actor of extraordinary judiciousness, and who played his part in this admirably correct way, often as well as it need be played. In the Compton Comedy Company there was, and may be still, an actor of this pattern, who performed the Sir Peters and other "heavy fathers" in almost perfect style. Nothing could be more natural, ripe, full, or convincing than his interpretations. Everything he did was correct, and gave pleasure. His name is Lewis Ball, and he had learned his business with Phelps in the old Sadler's Wells times. No room could, of course, be found for him on a London stage, though Irving once engaged him for the "Twelfth Night," and this for the reason that no one cares for the pieces in which he could excel. He had to comfort himself with his country audiences, who knew and appreciated him. Still, there must be something disheartening for a worthy, sound, and capable old player to find the doors barred to him in this fashion. Once, listening to one of Mr. Daly's American performances, I was struck by the judicious, skilled way in which one of his inferiors discharged his part. It was not much, but it was exactly as it should be; the full meaning he put into a common sentence was striking. I found that this was Mr. Loraine, an old "star actor," who had erst performed all the great characters. It was extraordinary the difference between him and the rest.

It is curious to think that there are still with us some survivors of this old and remote school. There are two, at least, of the good old Adelphi times. The engaging, vivacious Miss Woolgar—long known as Mrs. Alfred Mellon—is still, happily, with us. With what interest used we look at Alfred Mellon as he led the slow music in the orchestra when the Adelphi villain or adventurer was in the slow agonies of death! Mrs. Keeley, as we have seen, also still survives, full of spirit and energy. One night at the Lyceum I found myself beside a very keen, shrewd-speaking old lady who, during the acts, talked in the most cheerful, pleasant way, and during

the play interposed expressions of admiration, chiefly for Ellen Terry, whose every speech and gesture she seemed to admire. At the end I was delighted to find that this was the veteran Keeley.

Helen Faucit, the original Pauline and Clara, and Macready's leading lady, still may be seen driving about in her carriage, "a well-preserved" matron.

This old school will seem almost antediluvian to the boys and girls of our time, who, in their turn, when they come to forty or fifty, will be fondly looking back to *their* old school. "Ah! you should have seen ——," they will say to the juveniles, "in 'The Tempter' or in 'The Red Lamp'! No such acting now." "And Arthur Roberts and Arthur Williams, Lottie Venne, George Alexander, too. Where will you find playing like *that*?" Still, I think it can be shown that the older school was superior, because the material and system on which it worked was superior. It was larger, and more thoughtful, and more "filling." And this recalls a second group of players—old actors, certainly, to our generation, and who wore the mantles of the veterans I have been describing. Not so many years ago I recall seeing in the stage box at the Lyceum a portly and stately dame—Mrs. Charles Kean—curiously contrasting with the graceful Ellen Tree of yore. Charles Kean had long since passed away. Many pleasant theatrical memories are associated with these two players. Not yet forgotten are their stately and sumptuous Shakespearean "revivals." The figures of a husband and wife, enjoying a solid domestic happiness at home, are always welcome to the public, as investing the stage with a tone of *bourgeois* respectability. This sort of personality is indeed "half the battle" in all professions. Ellen Tree, in her earlier days, seemed an ideal of all that was elegant and romantic, not merely from her grace and melodious tones, but from the romantic characters with which she was associated. Our performers are now of a more earthly and less spiritual caste. We think of her with much pleasure—recalling, during her Haymarket career, when in "The Housekeeper," "The Wife's Secret," and other pieces she was tender and interesting, a vision of delight and colour. Chalon's picture of the pair in this piece brings them vividly before us. Many will recall the agreeable theatrical jest in Dublin, when, on the very evening of their marriage, I think, they played in "Much Ado about Nothing," which, it may be conceived, had a special piquancy for the audience. In the Princess days she seemed rather stout and matronly for some of the characters she essayed, and there was something "theatrical" or "charnel-house" in her tones, as was the case with Mrs. Crunnles.

I confess, Charles Kean never seemed to me a satisfactory performer. He was very stagy and artificial, and his short figure and nasal tones were often the subject of ridicule. Without knowing him, you felt that he thought much of himself and his position. They affected strict and stately methods in all their dealings, as if they were of the aristocracy of the profession. There was the halo of royal patronage—the theatricals at Windsor—which the manager regulated, to the disgust and jealousy of his brethren. Bartley, a good sound actor, with excellent traditions, figured in these royal theatricals.

There always seemed to me a pedantry in Kean's playing of the Shakespearean characters, and a certain dreariness. His reading, it need not be said, had nothing of the modern romantic school.

Such were the "old actors" of our schoolboy days, who rise more vividly before us than do the histrionic figures who are *nearer* to the present times. The truth is, they were rounder and more highly coloured. Their characters had a more *living* tone. Of late the crowd has become so dense, the successions so fitful, that no one figure stands out very distinctly. They come and depart like shadows. Perhaps this was owing to the keen relish and enjoyment of boyhood, when everything is novel, astonishing, and delightful. Yet I can say that this appreciation endured in its fullest force up to riper years, without the least sign of waning.

The fitful changes in public taste, which affect, of course, the character and methods of the actors, may be noted in a very striking way during the last thirty or forty years. In the Buckstonian days the actor and his personality was the attraction. In the course of the "evolution" the actor gave place to the excitement of sensation and the highly-spiced melodrama; and in our time we have taken up the drama of society and ordinary life, which deals with the complications resulting from human error and passions and sorrows. This is really adopting the patterns furnished by the younger Dumas—pretty elderly now—in the later days of the Empire. The public, in short, seems to desire *stories*. But it is impossible not to see that the actor should be subsidiary. He is for the play, not the play for him.

In the transition state I see a new group whom we can all recall, not nearly so prominent in gifts as the one we have been describing, but who were excellent in their level way. Such were Fechter, Robson, Sothorn, Miss Bateman, Miss Neilson, David James, Lionel Brough, "Sam" Emery, Herman Vezin and his wife, Mrs. Charles Young that was, William Farren, and a few more.

Of all the "one-character" actors that we have known, perhaps

Sothorn was the most successful. His exuberant, buoyant Dundreary was the most extraordinary and original impersonation ; certainly the most diverting. As is well known, it was almost entirely his own creation, and, as he played it, was gradually enriched by him with innumerable strokes and touchings. The reason of its success was his entire identification with the character. Sothorn was as much Dundreary as Dundreary was Sothorn. For the time he *was* altogether the fatuous lord. The exaggeration, the farcical extravagance, may be conceded ; it was out of drawing, out of nature ; but it was irresistible. During the years it was before the public, more genuine, hearty merriment was never heard within the walls of a theatre, and the laughter was always of an almost painful, aching kind. You had scarcely recovered from one hysterical burst when a more excruciating stroke still set you off again. The truth was, every speech, every movement, every incident, was irresistibly comic. He imparted a tone of sympathy, too, and made the character good-natured, and even interesting. As an analysis, too, of mental processes, it was really striking.

I recall in May 1878, when this pleasant actor, after a long absence or eclipse, returned to the scene of his old triumphs, the Haymarket, where he was welcomed by an immense enthusiastic house. Many years before Byron had written for himself a "behind-the-scenes" piece, called "The Prompter's Box," in which the character of an unsuccessful player accepting his neglect gloomily suited him better than anything he had attempted, and was really diverting. Sothorn fancied that it exactly suited *him*, and that he would make a great deal of the character. It fell, however, quite flat, and the tide of ill-luck was not to be turned back. The truth was, the fatal Dundreary business had rendered him all but helpless ; he could not "act"—he could only use the old grotesque devices, and then he exaggerated extravagantly. This proves that it is the acting, the discrimination of character, that makes a piece novel or attractive : a piece differently or indifferently performed becomes another piece altogether, and is scarcely to be recognised. If the central figure be cleverly emphasised it fills the whole : the rest makes little impression, and is merely a background. But when there is a failure in the leading figures, the smaller ones come into undue prominence. Another reason why Sothorn's version was unacceptable to the audience was that it was too much in earnest. We seemed to be invited to actively sympathise with the woes and unjust neglect of this *incompris* and ponderous tragedian, who in real life would have been an absolute bore. But the essence of comedy—

both off as well as on the stage—is a certain indifference or carelessness. Under this air of apparent suffering, as Lamb has explained it in his matchless essay, the actor should convey to the audience that he is but half in earnest, and that his woes do not, after all, sit so heavily on him. Hence the audience know that their sympathies are not required, and that as they have come to laugh they are entitled to do so. Byron conveyed this with much success. In truth, the spectacle of a dilapidated and unsuccessful play, unless thus redeemed, is calculated to excite, not mirth, but unpleasant feelings. Sothorn was all gloom, piling exaggeration on exaggeration. There were, however, many of the old touches, but none of the genuine originality of the old Dundreary. What seemed to have delighted the audience most was the rough, hoarse voice of the actor, induced by a long course of shouting through “Othello,” “The Corsican Brothers,” and “Black-Eyed Susan” all in one night. This, however, belonged to pantomime, as did also the bag of oranges, &c. Another reflection is, that the actor *acted* on the stage; the mimicking of a mimicry does not tell with an audience who do not relish the ridiculing or exaggerating of the shifts and devices which they have so often paid to see. In its new guise the piece was called “The Crushed Tragedian.” Poor Sothorn that night must have wended his way home disheartened enough, and doubting whether he would ever regain his old popularity.

A short time afterwards he tried again with “The Hornet’s Nest.” Another damp squib. Apollinaris, long uncorked, would have as much sparkle. There was laughter, but it was of that hollow foolish kind which is produced by the obvious attempt to cause a laugh. There are innocent people o’ first nights who will laugh as a child laughs when something odd is held up. It must be recollected that laughs can always be enlisted by such cheap devices as tying a handkerchief round one’s head or reddening the tip of the nose; pulling away a chair when a person is about to sit down, according to Swift, produces more genuine enjoyment than the finest piece of wit. “She is very young,” someone said; to whom Sothorn replied, “Oh, she’ll get over that.” This was greeted by a sort of inane guffaw from two or three persons. The rest remained gloomy. At this time the recipe for such jests—which Byron used freely—was simply to take some well-known conventional phrase in its most literal sense; *e.g.* if you are told “to marry in your own station,” you must think with innocent surprise that the nearest railway-station is meant!

There are some very conspicuous instances where the actor has

been so perfectly fitted to his part, and has so thoroughly identified himself with it, and developed it with such wonderful thoroughness, that the living and assumed characters become homogeneous, as it were, and it is idle for any successor to think of producing the same effect. These happy, often accidental, conjunctions are too few. Among them may be counted Mr. Phelps's Sir Pertinax, Mr. Sothern's Lord Dundreary, Mr. Rowe's Micawber, Mr. Irving's Mathias, Mr. James's Retired Buttermen, Mr. Warner's Coupeau, and Miss Jennie Lee's Joe. There may be one or two more : it is enough to name these signal instances to feel that anyone attempting the same rôle would do so under the disadvantage of being measured not only with the character, but with the person who performed ; and even in the improbable case of their showing equal merit, there would be the firmly-established partiality and prejudice to be encountered. There is often, however, an unlucky disability attending this success in a particular character of eccentricity : that it clings to the player like a shirt of Nessus and actually destroys and devours all future effort. Mr. Willard had long to suffer from this form of fame, and could not shake himself free from the incubus of "the Spider," whose glacial smile would intrude itself into every character, and compelled his authors to furnish him with replicas of that intrusive species. A more disastrous example, however, was furnished by the clever author who was identified with "Joe."

This, in its way, was really an extraordinarily perfect performance, full of pathos and colour, and stored with innumerable delicate touchings. The character was a play in itself, and thus proved how deeply-seated was the genuine instinct in the gifted author. Everything was complete ; the spectator felt that nothing was lacking. The piece was raw and transpontine—a number of scenes and characters rudely put together. The physical gifts of the actress corresponded as though they had been furnished to order—the slight, frail, wasted street arab was there before us. The tones of the voice—a quaint gamut, now husky, now impudent ; the fashion in which the broom was used ; the air of stolid bewilderment ; the sudden laugh ; the genuine note of pathos : "He wos werry good to me, he wos !"—all these touches were inimitable. The actress and her part were convertible—Joe was Lee, and Lee was Joe. It would be an interesting inquiry to trace out the cause of this complete identification limited to a single character. No doubt it arose from some similarity of character and from some overwhelming *penchant* in the same direction. Perhaps success in some small unpretending sketch of the same kind had revealed the capacity.

The result, however, as I have said, was almost grotesquely disastrous. Other somewhat analogous characters were found and attempted, but made no impression. The efforts were renewed again and again, only to reveal a rather mediocre performer. Compelled to revert to "Joe," the actress was to find that the public began to tire of the street-boy whom they had seen again and again. Finally, the once-followed star actress was glad to subside into the general utility ranks. It was the same with Sothern, whom his Dundreary pursued, in spite of all his efforts, though he indeed fancied that he had a latent vein of tragedy, which he strove to develop with much perseverance and little success. David James, however, was luckily quite successful in getting rid of Perkyn Middlewick. Phelps, too, was encumbered by his Sir Pertinax, which suggests the reflection that these "one man, one part" actors may have been somewhat limited in their talent, which they had exhausted in this one effort. The genuine, fully-furnished comedian has plenty of resources which he can draw upon.

A very remarkable actress in her way was Miss Bateman, or Mrs. Crowe, as she has since become. Some years before her success, the adroit manager Bateman *père* was showing two clever children who performed in the regular drama and excited astonishment from their precocious talent. These were the earliest of the prodigy children—a phenomenon of which we have since had rather too much. In those days prodigies, like the infant Roscius, assumed grown-up characters; now we have infantine characters played by infants and children of tender years. Their prattle and artificial *naïveté* has become one of the nuisances of the modern stage. The outcast mother in the snowstorm, as Mr. Jerome has shown in his witty "Stage-Land," cannot get through the business without the child, whom she occasionally clasps convulsively to her breast. How detestable is the child who in horny, twanging tones looks up into the grown actor's face and asks "Are 'oo my papa?" to the delight of the audience!

There is an actress whose memory still haunts playgoers—as though she were one of the actual "old players"—though she scarcely falls within the category. I mean the fair and much-admired Adelaide Neilson. She was pleasing and interesting, but she certainly lacked the large grand style. There was something, too, highly artificial in her methods—she was inclined to recite instead of to act. At the same time, it must be admitted that the public—and good judges also—admired and liked her. Many will recall the long and pleasing series of performances she gave at the Haymarket, supported

by that earnest, zealous, but rather ineffectual performer, Conway. Not many actresses think how much of their own personal success depends upon the success of another—of, say, the “june premier,” as I have heard him called, who “supports” them. A spirited romantic lover will kindle insensibly even a rather sluggish, slow-moving actress. She will, in spite of herself, catch his animation and fire, and be drawn into the spirit of the scene. Conway performed, and diligently performed, all the legitimate heroes—the Claudes, Romeos, &c. At that time he was a pleasing, well-favoured youth—interesting and much admired. But in the garden scene in “Romeo and Juliet” he certainly was too obstreperous, and it was extraordinary to hear the lover in the garden disturbing the peaceful night with his too clamorous love-making, which must have roused, not the trusty nurse merely, but every sleeper in the Palace. The fair Juliet had, as I said, innumerable admirers, not merely of her attractive, intelligent face, but of her style and acting. There always seemed to me, however, to be something hard and artificial in her utterance. She recited too—perhaps preached a little—and had a good deal of “self-consciousness.” As is the case with so many in the profession, her *finale* was rather disastrous. She had made a little expedition to Paris, on pleasure bent, and was there seized with a fatal illness. She was treated roughly, if not cruelly, by those in authority; was summarily ejected from her hotel to a hospital, I think, and there died. A melancholy catastrophe for the beautiful and much-admired Adelaide Neilson.

So firmly established is the reign of the romantic or realistic system, that it is difficult to conceive that only five-and-twenty years ago there were players who tore parts to tatters, and mouthed and churned their words. These gentry were acceptable, too, and followed. Such was the late G. V. Brooke, who now seems to us somewhat of Mr. Crummles’ pattern. Another of these protagonists, who was strangely popular and drew great houses, was the late Barry Sullivan, to see whom in the crook’d-backed Richard’s fright—Cibber’s version, *bien entendu*—was an amazing thing. Such roarings, gaspings, growlings, and ferocious cuttings and drivings, could not be conceived or described. Nor shall I forget his other dying agonies in “The Gamester,” protracted for an immense time. The poor gentleman lay on the floor, his family weeping round, whilst every instant he was projecting loud sustained groans. He writhed and rolled, conveying that the poison was actually doing its work, and that he was suffering frightful internal agonies. This sort of thing is now extinct.

Vezein has ever been a sound, conscientious, and telling actor. He has played everything, and has always played well and to the satisfaction of his hearers. In the Shakespearean round he gives us the correct, traditional reading, based on the theory that the characters and their utterances are something different from what is likely to be met with in ordinary life, and must be interpreted accordingly—a view for which there is a good deal to be said. We follow him to the end of one of these dramas with interest and pleasure. I admire his good elocution and the fashion in which he brings out the meaning of his authors. A little more “heart,” feeling, or romance would be an improvement. He is good, too, in comedy, though somewhat hard and self-conscious. But on the whole we have no more cultivated or well-trained performer. For him there is, of course, no place in London, unless he turn manager-actor, and have his own theatre. But he now “tours it” in the country with his own company.

Mrs. Vezin, or Mrs. Charles Young, is a name that is now almost forgotten, yet she was an actress of great power and sympathetic force.

What, by the way, is the secret or mystery of this wonderful touring system? It must be a costly and tremendous thing to take about a large band of persons, with their attendants, baggage, dresses, wigs, scenery, and the rest. These companies can be counted by the score, and ever on the march. On a Sunday—the favourite day for movement, as the evening is free—the northern lines are crowded with these caravans, crossing each other and playing on their way. And yet, save in the case of some great London success, on a visit to a country theatre I have almost always found a disastrous emptiness and desolation. One would think that two or three such failures in the course of a tour would bring the whole to a disastrous *finale*; but the thing seems to go on merrily.

Another useful contributor to the public entertainment, and one who made a creditable effort to form public taste, was that now almost forgotten actress, Miss Litton. This painstaking person, who had a certain talent and versatility, was the founder of the now flourishing Court Theatre, where she gathered about her many capable performers for the performance of long set pieces. The leading humorists were brought from the country, and it is remarkable that even so lately “the country” was a useful training-ground for actors. Now the supply seems to have ceased altogether; for the natural reason that there are no stock companies, and that the town now supplies the country. This is likely to be a disastrous change; for though the country acting is crude enough in style, there was an

abundance of genuine talent—witness the two admirable mimes, Hill and Righton, who were introduced at this theatre. After quitting the Court Miss Litton ventured on an enterprise at the Aquarium Theatre, where she later attempted in the most persevering way to resuscitate the good old legitimate drama. This effort had but indifferent success, but she persevered for a long time and with great gallantry. We had thus an opportunity of seeing some welcome pieces, long “laid on the shelf,” revived with much care and spirit, and modernised with a nice reserve. We look back with much enjoyment to many a pleasant afternoon when “She Stoops to Conquer,” “The Busybody,” “The Country Girl,” “The Beaux’ Stratagem,” “The Good-natured Man,” and other pieces were set out before us. There are but few who have ever seen the welcome “Beaux’ Stratagem”—a piece of genuine comedy, interesting and diverting in the highest degree. Farren was the gay and buoyant Archer, played in the true comedy style; Brough, Scrub; Miss Litton and Miss Creswell the two elegant ladies of the comedy. I always think one situation is one of the most delightful known. A man of fashion disguises himself as a footman and goes down to the country to the mansion of his mistress. He is a very elegant person indeed, and of surprising grace, with which he performs his menial duties. The character of his remarks and the graces of his manner and figure bewilder and captivate the ladies. It will be seen what a rich development of comedy is here; the gentleman always “breaking through the footman.” Scrub, the rustic servant, is equally captivated, being filled with a dazed and loutish admiration for his companion, whose elegant “London style” quite fascinates him. He tries to imitate him, as when Archer “nurses his knee” he attempts to do the same in awkward fashion. The sound, excellent Ryder, was the morose husband Sullen, and the whole was admirably performed.

Yet another afternoon, and we were shown the ever-blooming “She Stoops to Conquer.” There are but few actresses capable of doing justice to Miss Hardcastle, just as there is not one now capable of representing Marlow. For this delightful Kate there is required acting upon acting; that is, the actress has to assume a character, and that character, again, has to assume another character, and this effort causes a sort of artificiality. Miss Hardcastle should be thoroughly spontaneous, full of gaiety and spirits, yet she is sympathetic too. Again, it should be the lady assuming the barmaid, or breaking through the barmaid, yet the part is usually played as a barmaid *au bout des ongles*. There is no Miss Hardcastle on the

stage now. I think Miss Emery has a good deal of the correct notion : and Ellen Terry it would exactly suit.

We have lately lost an admirable actor, who certainly possessed the power, not merely of realising a character, but of finding the proper expression for it—two gifts not often met with together. Even where an actor knows what his character is, it is often strange to find him expressing it by methods that are almost opposed to it. David James—né Belasco—was of the line of the old actors ; he became the character he acted, though it must be said he was signally successful in only three or four parts. The truth was, he ripened slowly, and the fitting opportunities only came to him late, and he had been long grounded, as it were, in the mummeries of burlesque. From these it was difficult for him to shake himself free. Two of his characters were certainly admirable, worthy of even the most palmy period of the stage—the inimitable “Butterman” and “Eccles.” In the former he displayed the rare gift of appearing to be, as it were, saturated with his character. It welled forth from his very pores. He “made up” the figure, too, not by mechanical means, but by his very habit of body. Thus the long, ill-fitting baggy waistcoat was not a mere bit of pantomime dress—it was the expression of his mind within ; he was always arranging it, pulling it down, reminding us that he felt awkward in this bit of finery. So with his face, always mantling with a vulgar exuberance. Every movement, every gesture, was in keeping. He was the whole play : the others merely puppets. It was indeed a most finished, natural performance, and it is wonderful to think that it was given without interruption for some four years.

Another amazing run at the Vaudeville—*consulibus James et Thorne*—was that of the “School for Scandal,” which kept the boards until the performers became utterly sick of it. I recall one of the Company telling me that they would play all sorts of wanton tricks, withdrawing certain passages for a night or two, forgetting or inventing speeches ; it did not matter—the public persisted in coming.

In the old Strand days there really seemed to have been two other actors, named James and Thorne, so utterly different were their methods. What pleasant, diverting hours are associated with that rather squalid, contracted, and uncomfortable theatre ! What roars of laughter set in as it came to ten o'clock, when the burlesque began ! What a humorous party, one of whom was a Clarke—the lugubrious Clarke, who was unsurpassed in “Jeames” parts, which he invested with a stately melancholy ! I still recall his genuine disgust when he heard that a friend of his had set up an eating-house

in the Borough. "A heatin' 'ouse in the Boro'?" he repeated over and over again, in sorrow rather than in anger. Memories of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" are still cherished—James portraying Francis in his melancholy plain way, and Fenton, who had also painted the scenes, enacting Henry. It is hard to forget James's rueful face as he was severely punished in a friendly contest "with the gloves" by his royal friend. There was pain, surprise, disgust, exhibited. Thorne in those days was always cast for some ridiculous female character—burlesque queens and comically forlorn spinsters. He was always dropping his "shignon," getting entangled in the wires of his crinoline; yet in the early part of the night he was the comedian playing Meddle in "London Assurance."

For a long time this merry pair held sway at the Vaudeville, that is, so long as this wonderful "spurt" of success continued. But after some failures a long smouldering disagreement broke out, and they dissolved partnership.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

GAS AS A SANITARIAN.

A LONDON fog is not a thing of modern manufacture, but it must be admitted that it has been much improved upon of late years ; so much so, that if drastic measures be not taken to combat the latest and most approved methods of producing it, it will, with the increasing growth of this great metropolis, become one of the most stable phenomena of a London winter.

In the Diary of John Evelyn, under the date of November 1699, there is this entry : "There happened this weeke so thick a mist or fog that people lost their way in the streetes, it being so intense that no light of candles or of torches yielded any (or but very little) direction. . . . At the Thames they beat drums to direct the watermen to make the shore." This, then, was apparently an exceptional occurrence. But a Londoner of the present day would be far more likely to make such an entry as this : "Owing to the disastrous price of coal—and the abnormally dry season—we have had only one or two foggy days during the whole of November !!!" And there can be no manner of doubt that, as chimney after chimney is added to the hundreds of thousands that already pour out black smoke into an overburdened atmosphere, this death-dealing nuisance will become year by year more intolerable.

In a previous article¹ I tried to demonstrate what a blot these "town" fogs are upon the by no means too clear sheet of our domestic economy ; but, in fact, it is only when the atmosphere is dense that the truth is borne in upon us. Meanwhile the fatal waste of fuel continually goes on, to the exhausting of one of our greatest national resources—an extravagance for which our own posterity will curse us. As a remedy for this evil, I then proposed the universal adoption of gas for cooking and heating purposes in our great cities. There was nothing new in this proposal, but some novelty in the arguments brought forward in support of it ; and I now wish to suggest a few more (I hope) practical hints towards the furthering of a scheme which would work to both our individual and national comfort and credit, and which also is fortunately growing rapidly in popular favour.

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, July 1892 : "How to Make London Smokeless."

So in earnest am I in this matter that, if I could afford to build a house for myself, I would, by constructing *a residence without a chimney*, set a good example to all the other unfortunate people who are obliged to live the year round either in London or its suburbs. In the place of chimneys I would have one main ventilating shaft, and into this I would run the connecting flues of all lights and stoves, and of my kitchener and therma (to give hot water for baths and other domestic purposes); and all of these should consume gas. If houses in the metropolis were so constructed, the smoke "fog" nuisance would cease to exist. Also, I maintain, and would guarantee, that a house so constructed would be not only the most convenient, but also the healthiest possible dwelling.

This assertion may probably raise dissent from people of inexperience, or the victims of faulty, half-experimental appliances. Let us then take separately each branch of household economy that (at present and generally) involves the use of coal, namely: lighting, cooking, water-heating, and house-warming, and consider the general adoption of gas for all these purposes—not only for the abatement of the smoke nuisance (though that in itself would be worth millions to our great cities), but also on the score of health, convenience, comfort—and possibly, in some instances, of economy.

LIGHTING.

One would suppose that not much was needed under this head, for gas already fairly holds the sway in the field of illumination. But I would point out that probably 90 per cent. of the burners now in use are faulty and extravagant. It is rather curious that people generally will spend a considerable sum on an elegant chandelier, and then burn the gas itself through burners costing perhaps two a penny, and giving probably not half the illuminating power that they should do. (It may be taken as a general principle that the best results are obtained with London gas when the velocity of the current leaving the burner is as low as possible—and herein lies one of the chief uses of the regulator. With the open burner one may generally presume that a very steady, rigid flame is not doing good duty; at the same time a burner that is *too* easily affected by slight currents of air is, like a drunken man, a nuisance by reason of its unsteadiness).

But the consumption of gas through open, unprotected burners is now a primitive mode of illumination—popular, like music-halls, because they are cheap and nasty. Mr. Chevalier, I believe, asked the question, whether people go more to these places of amusement for the entertainment or the drink? "Perhaps some would say," he

is reported to have added, "that both are equally bad," which is particularly rough on the drink. (But that is another matter.)

I say, "a primitive mode," for great strides have been made of late years in the matter of burners, the highest level being perhaps attained by the "incandescent" gas lamp. But to this system there is the drawback of the "mantle," which is indispensable, but also very fragile. I do not think that the Wenham "regenerative" ventilating system of lighting will be easily surpassed, either in economy, or on the score of health. In this principle are engendered many great advantages. There is an immense increase of illuminating power, as compared with the common open burner; none of the products of combustion (which tarnish picture-frames and decorations) are emitted into the room, and (a distinct notch on the score of health) all the vitiated air of the apartment is drawn away by the ventilating shaft. As no good ventilation is possible without heat, it is in this point that the employment of gas (in this mode) is far superior to that of electricity. Such a light is also steady, and very soft and mellow to work by, as I know by experience.

We now come to the second matter,

COOKING.

Gas cooking-stoves are now so generally used in large institutions, hospitals, clubs, and all places where cooking is considered as a fine art, that little needs to be said by way of recommending them for general domestic use. In fact, this system may be thoroughly relied upon as superior to the old method, both for economy, and comfort, and cleanliness. There is no soot, no dust, no dirt; the heat may always be regulated to a nicety, and the result should be a dish of superior quality, and "done to a turn." When I made this statement in my previous article (to which I have referred), the *Whitehall Review*, in criticising it, asked whether meat cooked by gas is generally better than that cooked by a coal-fire—insinuating the doubt. To this I will answer by quoting from the *Lancet* analytical commission on smoke prevention (to which I shall refer at greater length farther on), of November 25, 1893, by far the most important and authoritative contribution to this question that has been published up to the present time:

"The advantages accruing from the use of gas for cooking purposes are especially manifest where it is employed on a large scale; in fact, where cooking has to be done, perhaps, several times a day for 1,000 persons and upwards, coal fires would prove to be unequal to the task. It is perfectly surprising to see in what small space a complete meal may be cooked, comprising joints, vegetables, and pastry, in a few hours for upwards of 1,000 employes in, say, a retail establishment; and the cleanliness attendant on the use of gas in the kitchen settles

all question both as to economy and as to efficiency. We have seen hundreds of pounds of meat roasted, large piles of potatoes baked, and all kinds of pies and pastry cooked, and yet in spite of the large quantity cooked the kitchen presented the aspect of a model dairy rather than a busy culinary department, in which when coal fires are used dirt and grime are commonly present. Cooking by gas is economical, simply because the gas is only used when it is required and its full effect is utilised to cook the food, whereas in ordinary coal fires much of the heat is lost up the chimneys. On a large scale it may be reckoned that for every pound of meat cooked one cubic foot of gas is consumed; that is to say, 100 lbs., or nearly a hundredweight of beef, would require 100 feet of gas for complete cooking, which means, at the rate of 3s. per 1,000 cubic feet, a total cost of $3\frac{1}{2}d$. The cost would be somewhat greater in proportion for small quantities of meat. In some gas cooking-stoves luminous flames are used, while others are fitted with non-luminous or atmospheric burners. It is maintained, on the one hand, that luminous burners are better adapted for roasting, while, on the other, some regard the atmospheric burner as cleaner and equally if not more efficient. In both cases the joint is exposed to the products of combustion, but as the oven is well ventilated these are immediately carried away through a flue—a provision of some importance seldom if ever made, or at least effected, in the ordinary coal fire oven. The advantages derived from the use of luminous flames are, first, that radiant heat is largely furnished—the form of heat used when a joint is roasted in front of the fire—and that the flame is constant. On the other hand, delicate analyses have shown that every luminous flame burning freely in air gives off distinct traces of carbon monoxide, acetylene, and even inflammable gases such as hydrogen and methane.¹ The products of the atmospheric burners, on the contrary, are more complete; but there is the drawback already alluded to of the tendency of atmospheric burners to light back or of the air-holes to become choked, and very objectionable and disagreeable products then result. Periodical cleaning of the burners, however, is all the attention needed to successfully avoid this difficulty; and we have seen atmospheric burners that have been in use for several years and yet show little sign of deterioration. Stoves fitted with the atmospheric burner seem to be most in favour and in greater demand. One point in this connection is interesting to observe, and that is that meat or other food cooked by gas seldom, if ever, exhibits any objectionable flavour which could fairly be attributed to the gas. This arises from the fact that the cooking operation is so certain and sure that vapours are constantly being emitted from the food, which effectually ward off any odours that may happen to be in the oven, which are then rapidly carried away into the flue by the constant draught of air passing through the cooking chamber. The flavour and character of the meat or food cooked by gas leave, as experience has shown, little to be desired. Consequent on the sharp heat and a plentiful supply of air around the joint cooked, the juices of the meat are kept in while the excess of fat is eliminated. This is the reason why in cooking with gas the joint is invariably richer in gravy constituents. Moreover, the fat which collects in a pan provided underneath the cooker is cleaner—in fact, nearly white; the degree of perfection in this respect depending upon the distance the catch-pan is situated from the source of heat. If it is too close the dripping is browned; but in some stoves an arrangement is made for

¹ This is, I think, only the case when the gas is burnt from metal burners, or where the flame comes in contact with metal, or if the gas is burning at too high a pressure.—L. C. D'O.

drawing the fat away from the burners ; dripping so obtained is beautifully white. Space forbids us entering into a description of the various and manifold appliances for cooking by gas and their several modifications, and we need only add that, in addition to the case of roasting, gas is equally applicable to grilling, cooking pastry, bread-making, boiling, and most other culinary operations ; moreover, our inspection has satisfied us that in gas cooking-stoves, as in gas heating-stoves, the products of combustion are complete, and that smoke or soot is never produced."

This, I presume, coming as it does from the highest medical authority, is fairly conclusive evidence, and bears out all that I have said. I will presently give the results of my own experiments in the cost of cooking small working-men's dinners—when people may judge for themselves whether, taking the year round, cooking may not be done more economically by coal-gas than by coal itself in the rough state—which in these enlightened days should justly be considered a very primitive method.

WATER HEATING

Where gas is employed for this purpose, hot water, whether for baths or for other purposes, may be had without trouble and to the instant, at any given hour of the night or day. It is also an economical mode of heating water, because there is practically no waste of heat, the gas only being lighted when hot-water is needed, and being immediately turned off so soon as its task has been completed. With a well-constructed "therma" a warm bath may be had for about a penny at any time, and the number of successive baths obtainable is unlimited—a convenience almost unattainable by any usual domestic hot-water supply. And one has no idea (till one has tried it) how nice it is to be able to take *just* the rough chill off one's cold bath on very cold winter mornings.

To have the ordinary hot-water system (*in connection with the kitchen coal-range*) entails a certain amount of inconvenience or worse. To take the case of my own abode, where all the cooking is done by gas throughout the year, but where the hot-water system of the house is connected with the coal-range: if a hot-water bath be called for in the summer time, a special fire (and a roaring one) must be lighted, and kept up for a very considerable time, entailing probably a cost of from threepence upwards, and considerable internal profanity in the kitchen. Even in the winter months, when the kitchen range is used for warmth, the fire must have a good deal of extra stoking up when a bath is needed. And then, as a last straw, the frost comes, and the whole affair becomes a danger and a nuisance.

It was "something going wrong with the kitchen boiler" that caused Max Adeler such extravagant inconveniences. You will remember how the workmen came to look at the job ; how they mixed a quantity of mortar on his grass-plot ; shot a load of bricks down at the front gate, blocking the way ; made a large hole in the side of the kitchen, removed the offending boiler—and then went away for a long time, leaving Max Adeler and Bob to sit on guard night after night with "shot-guns." And when, after much other adventure and delay, the work was at last finished, the boiler leaked more badly than before. Well, I, too, have had something of the same experience, and have wished that the whole thing was where hot-water systems are quite unnecessary. I would be glad to have all this complication out of the house, and to have a simple straight water-supply (that would always be get-at-able) to a *therma* in the bath-room.

Now it is evident that all these matters of cooking and water-heating by gas have a most important bearing upon the question of smoke-prevention, and their general adoption would tend towards the desired cure ; but I now approach my main point, that the *universal* application of gas, as the *sole* domestic heating-agent, is the only practical remedy for the evil. If this truth could only be borne in upon all classes, and be acted up to by those within whose power it lies to act up to it, that most desirable of all sanitary achievements might be attained—a "smokeless London."

When I advanced this view before, the *Whitehall Review* asked : "Are we to give up our pleasant open fires?" To this I would answer : "Certainly, within the limits of the City, at least, considering the evils they create, and for the general good of the community." Here are some of those evils, as described by Dr. Oswald : "The damage to valuable books, furniture and pictures, the grimy appearance of our public edifices, the greasy black mud of our streets, the flight of wealthy people from town for many months, the gloomy depressing skies, the choking atmosphere, the pallid looks of the regular denizen, the direct injury to health, increased mortality, the interruptions to traffic, the loss of trade, the dangers of accident, the encouragement of crime, the diminution of sunlight, the consequent decrease of animal and vegetable vitality, and other almost innumerable bad results. Is it not strange, then," he asks, "that the community, though loudly complaining, takes no steps to heal this ever-magnifying sore?" It is strange, indeed ! And the cure, as I have said before, is only to be looked for in the universal adoption of gas, and gas only, instead of coal (so far as we

can see at present) for domestic purposes—for heating our rooms not less than for cooking our food.

The *Lancet* agrees ; for, after directing its most influential attention to this important matter since the winter of 1890-91 (when an inquiry, started in its columns in the hope of finding a stove to consume coal under conditions of complete combustion, only made patent the fact that a coal-stove of any kind is not likely to wean the British public from its "open coal-fire"); after going off in 1892 after a special close kitchen range, it comes round, in November 1893, in a most instructive, exhaustive, and downright good "special report," to the true and only practical solution of the difficulty, and gives us, through a Special Commissioner, an almost unqualified commendation of the general adoption of cooking and heating by gas as a means of smoke-prevention. I gather from several phrases in this last report, and from its general tone, that this Commissioner is also the author of the leading article that was kindly devoted in the *Lancet* to criticising the views put forward by my humble self in these pages. In that article it was admitted that "unquestionably the employment of gaseous fuel would be a means of obviating the (*fog*) evil." And, as he was then good enough to point out one or two faults in the construction of my scheme, I will return the compliment as we proceed with the fourth and most important head of this discussion—I hope in all good feeling (for I thoroughly appreciate the importance of what the *Lancet* commission has done towards helping lift London "fogs").

GAS FIRING.

Like too many scientific inquiries, that of the *Lancet* commission unfortunately fails in several points of practical detail which should not have been overlooked. It is a thousand pities that such an important inquiry should not have been more thorough and more practical in demonstration, which might have doubled its weight. The gravest of these oversights was that the stream of air passing out of the test room was not registered by anemometer—or in fact taken into account at all. And it was for this reason, as will be shown farther on, that the condensing stove gave a far better heating result than any other form of gas-fire that was tested. It seems to have slipped the memory of the commission for the time being that ventilation must not be separated from heating effect in any scientific inquiry upon matters relating to the economics of any heating appliances.

To begin with, the commission sets itself the task of proving upon scientific lines that the adoption of gaseous fuel for domestic heating

is not particularly prejudicial to health. Now to my mind, when rightly applied, it has every sanitary recommendation, and the ordinary open coal-fire should be looked upon as a death-dealing institution. It is the chief cause of that bugbear of elderly females—the draughty room. And with the ordinary open damperless fire-place, the greater the need of warmth, and the hotter the fire, the greater the draught. If you do not believe this, place a newspaper across the front of a “dead” fire to “draw it up,” and as the fire improves you will see a corresponding pressure put upon your paper until at last it is quite difficult to keep it from being drawn up the chimney. Then, perhaps, you will realise the enormity of the current of air that is continually leaving by the chimney when your fire is in full swing—a current which is, of course, being supplied by draughts from the doors, windows, and cracks in the floor. It is, in fact, the open coal-fire that has already induced your maiden aunt to draw her shawl more closely about her, and to exclaim : “What a shockingly draughty room this is !” The high-backed chair was invented long ago to meet this very difficulty. But it must be admitted that even such a faulty affair has one merit—it ventilates a room which, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred in London, would not otherwise be ventilated at all. True, the ventilation is of the worst kind—from the wrong end, drawing out most of the pure air at a low level, and leaving the vitiated air at the ceiling. If you do not believe this, mount a pair of steps and see how long you would like to live in the top air of the apartment. But where the open fire-place does more mischief than it is ever given the credit of, is by inducing a strong draught along the floor, sufficient to make the cat take higher ground, but in which delicate people sit in slippered feet, and wonder that they take a chill. These very people would think it suicidal to go out driving in slippers, although, probably, if fairly well wrapped-up, the draught upon their feet would not be so great.

To a very great extent this is avoided by the use of the gas-fire, even when placed in the ordinary fire-place ; but it ought to be avoided altogether. The gas-fire needs only a comparatively small flue (having no smoke) to carry away every product of combustion. This flue ought, of course, to leave the apartment near the level of the ceiling ; and if as small as practicable, and having a ventilating rose around it, the full calorific energy of the gas consumed would be used in practical heating effect upon the apartment, and the *vitiated* air would be gently drawn away, without creating any very perceptible draughts of cold air to supply its place.

Now the *Lancet* falls into several errors calculated to mislead the public in the use of coal-gas as a fuel. One of these is the assumption that the Bunsen or atmospheric burner gives a greater heat for the quantity of gas consumed than an ordinary luminous flame, whereas in point of fact, putting aside the trivial matter of flame contact, there is no difference. The atmospheric burner can be more easily applied to the heating of clay-balls, iron fretwork, or asbestos, which give out a cheerful glow; but there all advantage ends so far as heating results are concerned. Burners, whether they be luminous or atmospheric, which admit of complete combustion, will give an equal calorific energy with an equal consumption of gas, and the only thing which then remains is to get the greatest duty possible in heating effect upon the air of a given room. And this of course depends entirely upon ventilation, *i.e.* the amount of air that such energy is called upon to raise in temperature a given number of degrees. By ignoring this the *Lancet* comes to a conclusion that certain constructions of gas-fires and the employment of certain kinds of so-called "indestructible fuels," have in themselves different heat-giving qualities: whereas these things, where gaseous fuel is properly applied, do not matter one iota. When the ordinary type of gas-fire is placed upon the hearth with a flue going into the chimney, an extra two feet of flue-pipe, attached between the "fire" and the inlet to the chimney, will do more towards utilising the full heating effect of the gas consumed upon the air of the apartment than a ton of cast-iron, fire-clay, or asbestos. The misapplication of the word "fuel" (a trade misnomer) tends towards this belief, especially as the term "heating agent" is also applied to it: and in a paragraph reviewing the article in a very popular weekly, gas-fires are spoken of as being provided with a form of "indestructible coal." Now in November last, I venture to say that a ton of such an article would have fetched, if put up by auction, more than an adventurer's share in the New River Company, and would no doubt have entitled the lucky holder to a seat upon the board of arbitration.

So it comes about that through a maze of figures the condensing stove looms out conspicuously—in fact, it appears at the first blush to give a far better heating duty than any other type of stove under test. But when we look more deeply into this we find it not so. In all common sense it could not be; and the mere fact remains to us that the heat given by the gas consumed in this type of stove has been better utilised than in the others. Looking deeper still we find that this stove, being used without any flue, has only been called upon to heat a fraction of the quantity of air that the others had to

do. The air of the apartment in this case was comparatively stagnant. What would have been the state of such an atmosphere if, say, half a dozen people had been breathing it? Yet to my knowledge these types of stoves are recommended by the medical profession for use in sick rooms where there are no means of ventilation excepting by the chimney—the damper of which is even sometimes shut. These would be excellent were a good system of ventilation combined with the condensing principle; but without this, standing in the sick room alone, most of the vitiated air hangs continually in the apartment, and, I venture to say, is very greatly prejudicial to all the occupants. Far better to have a gas-fire of the type that connects by flue with the chimney, and so insures, at least, some kind of ventilation; but far better still to have the flue leave, as I have said, through or near the ceiling, with a ventilating rose around it. And as a certain amount of heat is absolutely necessary to insure the proper ventilation of any dwelling-room, stoves of all types and of all constructions come (so far as heating effect is concerned) down to the same level, and it is merely a question, as I have before said, of regulating the quantity of air leaving a given apartment that can effect the utility of heat generated from any source whatsoever. If the *Lancet* Commissioner had simply burnt the same quantity of gas as with the condensing stove, through several ordinary gas-burners at the same distance from the floor, with merely a sheet of iron over them a few inches from the top of the flames, he would undoubtedly have obtained an equal heating effect upon the air of the room, *providing that the same quantity of air passed out of the apartment in each test*, and that the gas in both cases was of the same illuminating power.

To better illustrate my point, let us review briefly the conditions under which the exhaustive *Lancet* tests were made. First, however, let me say that the condensing stove is decidedly ingenious, and does good duty in taking away some injurious products of combustion, and that where a good system of ventilation exists, or a cheerful glowing fire is not valued, it is a good method of utilising the heat of gaseous fuel. Why cannot some ingenious person contrive a condenser upon the same principle to fit over our ordinary lighting burners, so that those products which tarnish metals, injure decorations, and help perhaps a little in the blackening of ceilings above a gas jet, may at once be eliminated?

The room in which the experiments were carried out consisted of four walls, roof, and floor; a door, and probably two windows; and its cubical contents, we are told, are 1,080 feet. Now, to raise the

temperature of 1,080 cubic feet of air 10 degrees only requires, say, 200 units of heat. To maintain the temperature against the absorption and re-radiation of the walls, roof, and floor, will require per hour something like another 2,000 units; all of which should be given by the complete combustion of 3 cubic feet of gas. But the most economical stove quoted (P.— of the condensing type, not requiring a flue) consumed 16 feet to accomplish this work, and the coal-fire expended 30,000 units in heating the air only 5 degrees—a result that should have been obtained by 1,044 units. So in the case of the most favourable test of a gas stove, 83 per cent. of the heat generated is unaccounted for, and with the coal-fire 99 per cent.

The *Lancet* does not explain the cause of this loss; nor does it seem to have discovered the true reason why one type of gas-fire should give a markedly better result than another, although not actually generating so much heat!

Now, we will consider that, to ascertain the calorific value of a certain quantity of coal-gas, we take a tank containing 1,080 cubic feet of water at a given temperature, and beneath it we place a burner arranged to consume the regulated quantity of gas in one hour. From time to time we consult a thermometer immersed in the water, and register its indications. At the end of the hour we announce that so much gas has raised so many gallons (or cubic feet) of water so many degrees—and the thermal value of our heating agent is ascertained. We publish these details—including an analysis of the resultant products of combustion—and give our opinion upon the value of different burners so tested upon different days, and all the time it quite slipped our memory that the tank had an overflow, and that the supply tap had not been turned off. All the time we have had a stream of cold water flowing in at one end of our tank and flowing away, warmed, at the other. Moreover, this stream has by no means been regular. Our taps have been turned on upon some days more than upon others, and in the case of one particular test our water has not been flowing in or passing out at one-quarter of the rate which it was in perhaps the previous test. What then becomes of our comparisons drawn between different types of burners used, or of the so-called “fuel” employed? What is the practical value of the colossal array of figures that we had published?

Yet this is the grave error into which the *Lancet* has fallen. Now imagine the room used by the commission to be the tank; take the gas-fire to be the source of heat; look upon the door and window crevices as the inlet to our tank, and the chimney as the overflow,

and recollect that our tests are now being made with air instead of water, the supply of which is varying each minute because we have taken no precautions to regulate it. Sometimes it is rushing in under pressure, sometimes only barely on the move—and always going out at the overflow (the chimney) at the same speed at which it has entered. Every alteration of temperature in the room, the difference in density of the air outside, the smallest variation of the speed of the wind passing with aspirating effect over the top of the chimney, and several other causes have had serious influences upon the inflow and outflow of the air that we have been proposing to heat, to the detriment, more or less, of the gas stove under test.

Now, it is evident that our units of heat have had to warm up not only the contents of the room, and to maintain the temperature of the walls, but also to heat this large (for it is large) body of cold air—air ten degrees less than that in the room—which came into the room to replace that escaping up the chimney. We have certainly had some kind of ventilation, although upon a bad and most expensive principle ; but as far as our test goes we cannot have arrived at any very reliable or practical result. We have at least (by Morrin's experiments) heated over 10,000 cubic feet of air, all of which has passed away excepting 1,080, even if our test has been conducted upon a still, dull day.

Only by measuring the outgoing current of air by anemometer, and so regulating it that each stove should raise an equal quantity an equal number of degrees, could one type of stove be fairly tested against another. And as this was not done, naturally the gas-fire in which the heat generated played for an hour upon comparatively stagnant air came out the best in heating result—at the expense of ventilation. But the object of the investigation was to lead the public to adopt a heating agent which will, as far as possible, obviate fogs, and of this the *Lancet* has proved beyond all doubt the practicability ; so any little oversight should be forgiven. And it is to be hoped that the next investigation may be more thorough and more practical.

It is a most unfortunate thing for those interested in electricity that lighting by gas was first in the field ; for even if both systems were equally economical still gas would be used by the majority of people, for the simple reason that they are used to it, their houses are already fitted, probably with costly though faulty contrivances for using it as a lighting medium ; and, moreover, it is in some sense an old tried friend. It is hard to overcome prejudice, and it is harder still to dislodge the old installation for another of the same purpose.

So it is with the introduction of gaseous fuel. First we have the prejudice to overcome ; but a greater drawback still is that we have to apply our means to dwellings all of which have been constructed to be warmed by coal or solid fuel. In other words, in each room of a house we have a large fire-place opening into a large chimney especially constructed to discharge a large volume of smoke.

This, unfortunately, has forced us to some extent to pander to existing circumstances. In fact, it has been generally the gas-stove manufacturer's aim to suit the public in this respect. The maker must turn out a "fire" that will sell ; and as people want such things generally either to stand in the fire-place and to have a flue-pipe to carry off the products of combustion into the existing chimney, or else for use where there is no chimney (or, worse still, a faulty one), an immense amount of ingenuity has been displayed to meet these requirements. People also want a means of heating that will represent as nearly as possible their old favourite—"the glowing coal-fire." The average Englishman seems to like something that he can poke ; but the gas-fire will not submit to this. So the manufacturers have fallen into two main grooves of construction : one by which a gas-fire is used under entirely unnecessary disadvantages ; the other (the condensing type)—by which gas may be burnt in considerable quantity without a flue at all—a plan which should never be recommended where there is not an excellent system of ventilation, for the air vitiated by the occupants of a room which is not ventilated (even though such ventilation be as faulty as that of the "open" coal-fire) is far more prejudicial to health than the products of the complete (as near as possible) combustion of gas sufficient for heating purposes by luminous flame.

With those "fires" made to stand upon the ordinary hearth and having a flue directly into the chimney, the best result will be got probably by the types which heat a considerable column of air passing through them without coming in contact with the products of combustion, and the flames of which are "atmospheric" and play upon clay-balls or other material, which not only gives a cheerful appearance when "glowing," but which throws off radiant heat. The higher the stoves upon this principle and the higher the heated air is discharged above the chimney outlet, the less heat of course will be lost in the current that is continually leaving, in much larger proportion than it should, up the chimney. Some objection has been raised to this type on the ground of "scorching the dust particles, &c., in the air" ; but for my own part I would sooner take my dust particles, like my tomatoes, cooked than raw.

I have said, advisedly, that the clay-balls used with such stoves look cheerful when "glowing." For I do not know a much more dismal sight than these things when, the fire being out, they stare at one white and silently, like so many well picked rabbit-skulls. Could not the canopy be made to come down and hide this sight when the stove is not in use?

Another thing against the "atmospheric fire," especially when packed with this kind of "fuel," is the explosion which often takes place upon lighting (quite sufficient to startle a nervous person), and also the great drawback of occasional "lighting back." To obviate this the *Lancet* recommends that a little gas be first allowed to pass before lighting—but, alas! this often aggravates the explosion, and is not always a remedy. But if burners were made to draw out, or swing forward from beneath the asbestos balls or packing they would then be lighted silently, a little gas might be first passed without any danger of explosion, and they would be adjusted in full view and then pushed back.¹ This would be an important step. Also, arrangements can be made so that the gas if turned down below its point of stability shuts entirely off, and will *not* "light back."

But ventilation has also a little to do with this; for I have noticed this curious effect. What is called a "ball-fire" fixed under the chimney of an open fire-place, although the burners were not faulty, very frequently "lighted back" when both door and window of the room were shut. With the door open and window shut it did not give quite so much trouble in this direction; but with the window open and the door shut the entire difficulty was overcome.

I could also, if space permitted, prove to your entire satisfaction that a gas-stove *can* be made to cure a chimney with a "down-draught," so bad that all contrivances with a coal-fire have utterly failed to give satisfaction. But I have taken up more than double the space already with this section of our inquiry than was intended; though before leaving the subject I would like to say a few words more.

Coal-gas as a fuel, if rightly applied, is a great luxury and convenience; and in the matter of economy it can hold its own with

¹ Of course I know that both luminous and atmospheric burners have been made to swing outwards to light: but this has been done by means of a swing bracket *on the gas supply*—a contrivance which will leak sooner or later, and become a source of danger. The "atmospheric burner" itself is the part which should either turn over so that the holes come from under the clay-balls, or should swing or slide forwards for lighting, so that the gas supply would not be in any way interfered with, and the joints upon which the burners moved need not be "tight."—L. C. D'O.

coal where a fire is wanted only occasionally—such as in offices, bedrooms, studies, consulting rooms, &c. In places where a fire is needed for many hours a day, it is not economical ; although in the drawing-room I would strongly recommend its use, for its absence of dust and dirt, and saving in wear and tear of furniture.

In the house which I have said that I should like to build I would have gas-fires specially constructed upon what is my ideal of perfection. The stove would be supplied with air sufficient to insure the complete combustion of the gas consumed from *outside the apartment*, either through the floor or from an outer wall—not to avoid the cock-and-bull theory about burning up the oxygen, but so that any draught along the floor would be impossible, and to insure all the ventilation being from the top of the apartment. I would have the air and the gas supply so contrived that both were heated to a very high temperature before coming to the point of ignition—of different construction, but on exactly the same principle as the recuperation lamp—a system by which the best heating effect is to be obtained, and one which seems to have been neglected by stove-makers. Would not this also insure a noiseless burner? My fire should be atmospheric, and packed with clay-balls to give a cheerful glow, and to impart as much radiant heat as possible. The flue should be from the top of the stove, of sufficient size only to carry off the products of combustion, and going straight up to the ceiling, where it would run between it and the floor above, and join into the flue coming from the ventilating light. It would then draw the vitiated air of the apartment away through the rose over the ventilating light, and, in fact, would do exactly the same duty. By this means practically the whole heating power of the gas consumed would be utilised upon the air of the room, and we should combine the three greatest things to be attained—the full calorific value of the fuel, a hot, glowing, cheerful fire, and a most excellent system of ventilation which might add a span to life, and be a material aid to comfort.

The flue from the stove to the ceiling might be covered with art porcelain or other ware, so that it would be really attractive.

But in any house not specially constructed such a contrivance would probably be more efficient than any other method, and when not convenient (or considered too expensive) to put in a shaft, the flue could be carried up nearly to the ceiling line and then through into the chimney, having a ventilating rose around it. The damper at the bottom of the chimney would, of course, be closed. The only disadvantage to this would be that in time the ceiling would be discoloured above the bend, not from any products of the gas, but for

the same reason which causes a similar effect over any steam or hot-water pipe.

THE DIFFICULTY OF THE POORER CLASSES.

To those, then, to whom the expenditure of an extra £10 or so yearly is a matter of little or no importance, the use of gas for heating purposes has everything to recommend it ; and, to leave the "fog" question quite out of the matter, the convenience and comfort, the saving in wear-and-tear of furniture, will already be the recompense. Those who are so fortunate as to be comprised within this class will, no doubt, hold closely to that kind of gas-fire which in all respects most nearly resembles an open coal one, excepting as a receptacle for cigar ashes, burnt matches, and other rubbish, for which the open grate is certainly more convenient ; but others (the great majority) less fortunate, must study the cost, and select those types which not only give the highest result in heating power for the consumption of gas, but which are so arranged that the air thus heated is only drawn away from the room in just sufficient quantity to insure good ventilation ; and it is surprising how little need thus be drawn away, providing that it is always the *vitiating* air that is expelled. Whether (as this means of heating becomes general) the gas companies will be able (if the law will allow them) to supply us with a cheaper quality of gas, which would be capable of producing a calorific energy equal to that of the present supply, but which may be again enriched at the burner for illuminating purposes, or used in specially-constructed burners, such as the "incandescent," cannot here be entered into.

But, granted that the views here put forward will commend themselves to the richer and more educated portion of the British public—(and is it not strange that the ordinary Londoner will rail against the "sky-signs" when he takes his walks abroad, for the reason that they impede the view of that sky of which we all see too little, and that he will then go indoors disgusted, and stir up his fire vigorously, whereby he is unthinkingly doing all that lies within his power to blot out that very sky himself? But so it is ; and the average Cockney will say hard things about a climate which is to a very large extent of his own manufacture)—granted that the adoption of gaseous fuel were to become general with the upper and middle classes of society, we must not yet "holloa," for we are still far from "out of the wood." Taking into consideration the slums of London, probably fully one-half of the habitations comprising our Metropolis and its suburbs are at present not even fitted up with gas for lighting purposes ; and these

habitations, under existing circumstances, would still go on adding their quota of smoke and "fog"-making element to the general discomfort.

How, then, about these inferior houses? How are we to deal with the smoke produced by the lower classes?

Many companies demand a deposit of something like £2 before "laying on the gas." The poorer classes cannot afford to make this deposit; and, unfortunately, it is precisely with these classes that such a precautionary measure is necessary. Neither can the poor afford the cost of fitting up burners, &c. And there is also (in most cases) the meter hire. These things combined would shut out all the poorer classes, and have, in fact, hitherto excluded them from employment of one of the great conveniences of modern life vouchsafed to their more fortunate brethren. They could not help in the general welfare even if they would.

THE REMEDY—"A PENNY IN THE SLOT."

Where, then, is the remedy? I think in the new departure which, since I last wrote upon this subject, is springing up (at least so far as London is concerned); and which is destined to work wonders and in time to aid us enormously in the scheme of a smokeless London by means of the *general* adoption of gaseous fuel. The system is no other than the so-called "automatic supply." Everything, as the song goes, is now "penny in the slot"—an idea which has even descended to the gas-meter. By one stroke the main difficulties connected with the supply of gas to the poor classes are swept away; for with the "penny in the slot" meter an unpaid gas bill can never be run up, and, therefore, the hitherto-demanded deposit is unnecessary. A number of gas companies now supply these meters without demanding either rental or deposit, and, moreover, they will fit up, *entirely free of cost*, the necessary brackets, burners, boiling-stove, &c., for the consumer's use. At the first blush it would seem a question how the gas companies (for it must cost them an outlay of something like £5 per house) expect to see a fair return; but this is their affair. They will, of course, gain consumers who were hitherto outside the pale, and will greatly popularise the commodity they manufacture.

But what concerns us is, that this ingenious arrangement is already very considerably displacing the use of the raw coal as a fuel. Wherever gas is thus fitted, the boiling-burner will be largely used, especially in the early morning—precisely the time when the atmosphere is most dense and favourable to the manufacture of "fog." Moreover, with

this same method of gas-supply, cooking-stoves are coming very largely into use.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

For some companies, under the above system are supplying excellent artisans' cooking-stoves *free*; others charge a small rental of something like twopence a month. The thing is already going on at a surprisingly rapid pace. I believe I am correct in saying that the South Metropolitan Gas Company alone have fitted up about 9,000 houses upon this principle within the last eighteen months, and have still usually hundreds of applications on their books; and, when the system is taken up by the Gaslight and Coke Company (as it must be), it will spread by leaps and bounds.

Not only is this doing much in the direction of a "smokeless London," but if our poorer classes, who are essentially an improvident class, are only induced to spend more of their pennies in the gas-meter (thereby providing home comfort, and greatly enhancing the lot of the poor housewife) and fewer in the public-house, then it may come about that one phase of the "penny in the slot" may help very considerably towards our material civilisation.

I have taken the trouble to make a number of practical tests with several different makes of these small cooking-stoves which are supplied with the "automatic meter," and as a result I find it quite easy to prepare thoroughly a good plain artisan dinner at a cost of about a penny for gas, while the saving in trouble, and actual time in cooking, over that of a coal-range is very considerable. In each of these tests I took exactly the same materials, and treated them in the same manner; viz. 4 lbs. of beef (roasted in oven), 4 lbs. of potatoes (boiled on top), and a large cabbage (boiled on top). The consumption of gas varying only between 27 and 30 cubic feet, the preparation of such a meal would therefore cost only a fraction over a penny, and in the summer time at least there would be effected an actual saving as compared with the cost of lighting and maintaining a coal-fire for the same purpose—shall I mention also a great saving in watchfulness and labour to the poor woman, to whom (with household duties, and only too probably a large family), such a saving means a very great deal?

And there is no doubt that, as gas becomes popular for cooking in even the most humble homes, it will soon follow (slowly, perhaps) as a heating agent. For it is always "handy," and has not to be kept in the cellar. It takes no looking after, and has not to be bought in the street off itinerant vendors. All which considerations are to the poorer classes of considerable importance.

Undoubtedly the women will do all in their power to have it and to use it—and you know (if you are a married man) that it is the woman's hand that—well, that has tremendous influence in household affairs.

A drunken man, even in a fit of the wildest fury, could not very well throw the gas bracket at his wife with the hope of setting her on fire, and there is no danger of the children upsetting it. Neither do stray coals and stones “pop about.”

As the system of “automatic gas supply” is a comparatively new thing, and unknown to the vast majority of people, perhaps a brief description of it will be of interest. I do not suppose that many of those whose walk is in a humble sphere of life will see these pages, but there are many owners of small villa and cottage property who, no doubt, will do so; and they (where they can) have now an opportunity, not only of improving their property without expense to themselves, but also of helping in the great cause for which this humble article is indited.

THE “PREPAYMENT” SYSTEM.

This system of gas supply is undoubtedly the most ingenious development of any of the “penny in the slot” crazes; and the ingenuity does not even stop at any one design or mode of attainment, but extends to an increasing number of methods, all of which work to the same end and upon the one principle—yet protected by a variety of patents, each of which is supposed by its maker to be valid. How these will eventually sort themselves out is not our affair.

In most of the “automatic” machines, from the original in South Kensington down to the latest adaption of this popular system, all that is required of the coin expended is that in most cases its weight shall relieve a catch, or that by falling into a pre-arranged position it shall make a connecting link in the machine which causes it to work so soon as a lever is pulled in a given direction. When the lever is replaced, the next article to be delivered simply comes by gravitation into its appointed place for the next delivery—or the coin falling away from its platform again leaves the catch to do its work. This is simple enough, but when the principle has to be adapted to gas which must be measured by meter, considerable ingenuity must be displayed to limit the supply so obtained to a given number of cubic feet per penny—the cubic foot itself being, until it is registered by the meter, an unknown quantity—so to speak.

Few people seem to know how the wheels are made to go round

in a meter which has perhaps been working in the house for years : few even seem to know how to record the simple index which is upon every meter, and as plain as the proverbial "pike-staff." So it comes about that (through this ignorance) the very housekeeper who prides herself upon her frugality and the minute way in which she checks all household accounts has no check upon the very important item of the "gas bill." Some I have heard of who even suppose this to be a tax, and rateable like the water supply, but upon a sliding scale. The gas bill is therefore an unknown quantity until the account comes in at the end of the quarter. It is this fact more, probably, than any other (not excepting the faulty construction of burners in general use) that has made gas companies unpopular. If the bill be a little heavier than it was supposed that it would be, people thus ignorant of what they are buying have no hesitation in saying that the statutory providers of this commodity are working a swindle upon them. Some even think that gas companies can supply meters purposely constructed to defraud them ; or that the "gas man" who reads the index can tamper with it. I even saw the absurd statement in a popular weekly journal not long since that when the "man" every quarter "takes the meter" he "*sets the index back to zero.*" It is sad, both for the manufacturer and for the consumer of such an ordinary article of daily use, that these foolish misstatements should get into print, or that people should write about what they do not understand.

As a matter of fact, the entire responsibility of the correct registration of gas meters rests with the *Government*, and not with gas companies at all ! The meter is made by the manufacturer of such articles, it then goes to the Government Inspector of gas meters and is *tested*, and, if correct, is stamped with the Government seal ; and it is only a meter so stamped that can be issued by any gas company in the kingdom. This you can see by looking at your meter—the red wax seal is plain enough.

Not to enter into details of construction, but to explain concisely how the hands of the index go round, it is only necessary here to say that the valves of a meter work on the same sliding principle as those of the steam-engine, the motive power being the pressure of gas in the place of steam. The valves sliding backwards and forwards work upon a crank movement which in its turn revolves the wheels of the index : all of course being made to a given scale, the valves, naturally, working slower or faster according to the volume of gas that is passed through them.

The broad principle upon which all these "penny in the slot" gas

meters work is this. The coin put in connects the lever (whether it be of straight or circular form) to the necessary mechanism, so that when turned, pulled or pushed working action takes place. This action is, where the article delivered must also be measured and is so to speak intangible, of necessity confined to very limited principles ; and, of the gas meters which I have examined, takes one of two forms. It is either made to revolve a notched wheel so many "notches," or to screw up a long screw so many "threads": in other words, either to throw a wheel a given portion of a revolution, or to drive a screw "home" a given distance, the extent of which in either case is determined by the amount of gas given for a penny, and is easily adjustable—and "scaled," of course, to the ordinary index of the meter. This primary action relieves the stop or the valve, whichever the case may be, and allows gas to pass through the meter: but the same crank motion transmitted by the sliding backwards and forwards of the valves in working the index in the ordinary way is also made to either wind back the wheel or screw to its original position, at which point the supply is automatically cut off. But the working is not confined to the action of one penny, for if so wished a number may be put in one after another, and the amount so "prepaid" is always indicated so that the consumer may readily see at any time the extent of gas (in cubic feet) to which the company supplying him is indebted; and his supply will not be automatically cut off by the meter until he has burnt all that has been paid for. Moreover, this "cutting off" process is very gradual, so that ample warning, varying in different types from ten minutes to an hour, is given that the company must have more pennies or the gas supply will be cut off. This is a much more practical demand than the ordinary one by letter. It is obvious to any right-minded person that the index is necessary even with the "prepayment" principle, as a check, so that if the "automatic" addition is in any way faulty or "goes wrong" the providers shall be able to collect for any gas that may have been consumed without being actually paid for and, on the other hand, that if any defect may have caused the meter to demand more money than it should have done, the mark of Cain (by the index) is upon its face, the crime is detected, and the cash thus fraudulently taken is refunded to the consumer.

Now this principle of supplying a commodity so necessary, and in such general demand, which is gaining, as I have said, by leaps and bounds, which will help immensely in the good cause of ridding London of its greatest blot and bane, by allowing the humbler classes a chance of partaking in a luxury before denied them; and

which, by its adoption on a large scale, will materially reduce the wanton waste of one of our greatest national resources, presents in its novelty another difficulty.

A DIFFICULTY.

It is one which might possibly become, like the silver question, of national importance, although springing from such a humble source. It is none other than the disposal and even distribution of copper money—such an important factor with the poorer classes. Even though this new method (of the penny in the slot) is at present in its veriest babyhood, the difficulty has come to the front, and when the largest gas company in London takes hold of the scheme, it will make itself very severely felt. The great weight of copper money, in proportion to its value, adds much to the expense of collection—an expense which must naturally revert upon the head of the consumer—especially when it must be counted once or twice : also, the hoarding of pennies in immense bulk (as these meters in the aggregate would certainly effect) is a serious affair. Although, as I have said, this method of gas supply is merely in its infancy, and has not yet been adopted by the greatest London company, yet this difficulty has arisen. What would it be in a few years' time ?

I am told that, with a view to obviating the uneven distribution of coppers, the South Metropolitan Gas Company have made arrangements with the local banks in their district that they shall take the pennies collected from their automatic meters, *at a discount of 2½ per cent.*—a serious depreciation, it must be admitted. But even this arrangement does not at present overcome the difficulty ; for the poorer classes are more accustomed to send for change of sixpence or a shilling to the public-house ; whereas the idea of asking the same favour of a bank overawes them—and banks close their doors before the meter begins to make its evening appeal for a copper diet. Obviously this difficulty must recoil upon the head of the company itself ; for, if there be a difficulty, however slight, in obtaining pennies, this will to a certain extent affect the spending capacity of the consumer, for, after all, this putting of pennies in a slot is, like drinking good old Scotch whisky, an insidious proceeding. In the first case, one hardly seems to miss the humble penny at the moment, and so one does not trouble to regulate the expenditure ; in the latter case, the result is chiefly demonstrated in the morning.

THE REMEDY.

Even this difficulty, although so novel, has been overcome. There is now being introduced an ingenious little attachment to the money-box of penny in the slot meters, which will give, out of the pennies actually put into the meter, change for sixpence or a shilling. The pennies thus given automatically as change are actually counted out, so that there can be no mistake or miscarriage. Not only this, but if there should happen not to be enough money in the meter to give change, the consumer may either wait till the complement is gradually made up, or may take what there is—and the remainder, by a clever automatic arrangement, in *gas, prepaid*. This appliance will, no doubt, be of much assistance in the working of the system itself, and a valuable adjunct to the “automatic” meter.

CONCLUSION.

The lot of being poor has had little to recommend it in any age, but it is not quite such a crime now as it was in former days. Luxuries unknown to the nobility of a century ago are now almost considered as the necessities of life, and crumbs fall more freely from the rich man's table. Our ancestors considered themselves lucky to obtain a light at the twentieth strike with the flint upon the steel, even with the driest tinder ; now we think the manufacturers of matches careless if one match in a box has no “head” upon it. With the old “flint-lock,” our sporting ancestor did not expect, even on the driest days, that his fowling-piece would go off always when intended ; but nowadays a man will say—well, what he wouldn't in the drawing-room—if he should have one cartridge in five thousand miss fire. All is tending towards an age of nervousness and impatience. Sailing ships are displaced by steam ; the old coaching days, when a man living a hundred miles from London first wished his family and relations an affectionate farewell, and saw that his will was properly attested, before making the journey, have given way to times when a man who lives eighty miles from London will come up every day to business in the most matter of fact way, and will grumble severely at the way our railways are managed if he be but five minutes late for dinner on his return in the evening. If his morning paper does not give a detailed account of yesterday's conflict with the natives in Africa he thinks that our press is getting rather behind the times. But so the age goes. The rushlight gives way to the dip, only to be outdone by the wax candle ; candles are superseded by oil lamps ; oil lamps give way to coal gas ; gas is eclipsed by electricity. We do not stop to consider or to utilise the

good that is with us, but push on to that millennium which is like the top of the hill to Sisyphus. Life is made up of hope; hope strives incessantly for the unattainable.

And now we are, even at this present moment, galloping noisily, heedlessly by a great good that lies, almost as it were by hazard, in our track. For, in this matter of dealing with the smoke nuisance, all manner of wild schemes have been advanced which could only, even if feasible at all, be promoted by drastic legislation, while all the time the real cure has not only been with us, but has been growing unostentatiously in our midst, and only needs really bringing into greater prominence, to work out our salvation. The universal adoption of gaseous fuel is undoubtedly the remedy. It is with us, nay more, it is within the reach of all classes. Why then do we wait? Why not put shoulder to shoulder, now that we see clearly the fact that there is a *present* means of obviating the evil—and fight till our object is accomplished?

LYNN CYRIL D'OYLE.

Note.—The former article called forward considerable criticism, in some cases severe, but just and good-natured—especially throughout the leading articles devoted to it in *The Lancet* and *The Journal of Gas Lighting* (the technical organ of the gas-maker, a stray copy of which now and then might by the way be equally of interest to the gas-user). Some other critics, however, were not quite so kind, but fell upon me rather heavily. The head of one of the largest firms of stove-makers, I suppose presuming that a writer of fiction should not meddle in technical subjects, published the assertion, in far from polite language, that I did not know what I was writing about. I may have partly convinced him eventually that I *did*. I sincerely hope there is nothing in the present paper that may hurt the feelings of any of these good people. I have said that the manufacturer of gas stoves makes to *sell*, but there is no reproach in this. It is unfortunately a truth which applies to all trafficking, and is one of the dependencies of trade.—L. C. D'O.

OLD HASLEMERE.

FORTY-FIVE years ago there could hardly have been found in England a more becalmed centre of stagnation than the extinct borough, half town, half village, through which our great poet-philosopher was borne on his last journey to the Abbey of Westminster. It has now gained an undying lustre ; and perhaps some folks may be interested in reading this little history by one whose recollections of Haslemere go back for nearly threescore years. There were old traditions about the pristine greatness of the old borough, which had sent two members to Parliament from the time of the early Edwards. One was, that there had been seven churches. At any rate, it has for a long time past had only the one dedicated to St. Bartholomew, which, thirty years ago, was a chapel of ease to Chiddingfold. It contains a handsome marble tablet, erected on the north wall about the middle of the last century. I used to study the inscription every Sunday, and I will try to write it down from memory :

Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF

JAMES MORE MOLYNEUX, ESQ.

Who represented in Parliament
This ancient Borough of Haslemere,
An honour several of his ancestors

Had before arrived at.

He was eldest son of

Sir More Molyneux,

Of Losely in this county,

And during the time

He was a Burgess for this Town,

He fulfilled the important Trust

His constituents were pleased to repose in him,

With Spirit, Assiduity, Pleasure and Fidelity ;

And died confessedly

A promising Ornament of his Family and Country.

As a lasting Memorial

Of the grateful acknowledgement

Due to this Corporation,

Who conferred upon him

So distinguishing a mark of their Esteem,

This stone is here erected.

Haslemere had some distinguished members. Among them were Sir George Oglethorpe, Sir Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough, Plumer-Ward, author of "Tremaine," "De Vere," &c. It was, of course, a pocket borough, latterly belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale. There was once a contest. The place belonged to the earl, and the people gave their votes by way of rent. But there was one householder who was independent, and a certain Admiral Graves got hold of him ; and, on the day of nomination, the Admiral marched up with colours flying and a band, and tendered his one vote. It had always been such a mere form of election that the earl's party had neglected to register any voters, and were taken unawares. What was to be done? The Bailiff of Haslemere put off the election, the Lonsdale party sent an express up to London, got some voters qualified, and secured a majority ! Old men have told me how barrels of port used to be broached freely in the olden time for the refreshment of the "free and independent" electors. The borough was disfranchised in 1832. The Town Hall was built in the last century, replacing an older structure. On the vane there is a crown, which, tradition said, was placed there to commemorate Queen Elizabeth passing through on her way to Cowdray. At one time, I have heard, dealers used to erect their stalls round the Town Hall in a lean-to fashion. The tolls of the market two hundred years ago were sufficient to defray the cost of the almshouses, which were built a mile away from the town and still farther from the church, and were used as a refuge for shiftless families, to save the poor rate.

The church, which stands on a hill to the north-west of the town, was built in the twelfth century. I remember its being "beautified" before 1840. At that time the pillars were the trunks of oak trees, roughly hewn, and the arches were lath and plaster. They must have been a curiosity. These were replaced by fluted pillars and elliptical arches of cast-iron, giving rather the effect of a railway station. The galleries were painted in true churchwarden style, and in front of the one against the tower was a gorgeous Royal arms, the admiration of my childhood. In this gallery sat the girls of the Sunday school, presided over by a typical dame, whose bonnet was a curiosity. The boys were hidden away behind the font under another gallery, in order that they might see and hear nothing. A third gallery, known as "The Pew," was occupied by the men in their smock frocks. A new square pulpit stood behind the reading desk and clerk's desk, which were side by side. The vestry was in the tower, and the clerk always preceded the rector up the church, ushered him into the desk, shut him in, and then took his place by

him in the manner of a gaoler. The rector always seemed to me to feel his position so acutely, as he buried his face in his ample surplice. In 1870 a new chancel was added, and the church restored, under the careful superintendence of my old friend, Wornham Penfold, a native of Haslemere, and the dock has disappeared. I remember when the musical part of the service was rendered by a flageolet, played by a fat old tailor, accompanied by a fiddle. Then we had a barrel organ, which was not very exhilarating. The two clubs used to come to church every year, and their bands played on the way. I always thought it such a pity that we didn't have such fine music inside. They used to take possession of the church, and float their flags from the galleries, to my intense delight.

Haslemere, in old times, does not appear to have been considered the seat of wisdom. I remember an old rhyme—

Godalming cats—Guildford bulls,
Chiddingfold drunkards, and Haslemere fools.

There was a curious old custom at Haslemere in Easter week. On the Monday and Tuesday the lads used to get hold of some stray horse, on which they mounted the effigy of any obnoxious person, and then drove it up and down the High Street, before taking it to the doors of the gentry for largesse. The figure was called Jack o' Lent. About fifty years ago the then curate of Haslemere incurred the wrath of the mob by diverting some money to the National School; so they rode him on the Monday, and on Tuesday paid my father the same compliment, that there might be no feeling of jealousy, and justly concluding that all the clergy are tarred with the same brush.

The half-yearly fair was another break in the monotony of our life. It was something to remember and look forward to. The market-place was alive with booths and peep-shows. I remember one representing the murder of Lord William Russell—a ghastly sight. At that time two four-horse coaches passed daily through the town between London and Chichester. Then, if you wanted to do any business in town, you had to sleep there two nights. Now, you run up after breakfast, do your business, and return to dinner. There are long, steep hills on each side of Haslemere, and I recollect one winter twice seeing the coach come labouring in through the snow with eight horses. When there was a branch line to Guildford, and a small station there, the coaches were taken off, the town sank into slumber, and became, as I have heard it called, the City of the Dead. An Act was passed for making a direct railway from London

to Portsmouth, but it was never made. After some time, the South-Western Company bought 'up the company, and carried on the present line from Guildford, which runs through some of the most lovely scenery in England. This gave new life to Haslemere.

Half a century ago life at Haslemere was very uneventful. We were a sociable, friendly set, consisting of ourselves. In winter we met at each other's houses, and played the same old games. The Vicar of Wakefield would have found himself at home amongst us. Then the suppers ! They were an enjoyment on which my memory loves to linger. There are a few still living who will sympathise with me. We were too simple for show and pretence. There were no disturbing elements about, and the stream of life flowed on in unruffled harmony. In the summer we joined in picnics to the various points of beauty in the neighbourhood. Blackdown was a favourite spot. The walk through the birch wood to the wild heath was itself a treat, and the view from the summer-house over the Weald of Sussex, and extending to the Isle of Wight, is truly magnificent. Sometimes we lunched on Hindhead, and went down the famous Punchbowl, by which Nicholas Nickleby passed on his way to Portsmouth. At that time the old road was in existence above the new one, and I recollect seeing the depression in the turf by the side of it where the stone used to stand, "Erected in detestation of a barbarous murder committed on an unknown sailor." This sailor had been drinking at a public-house called the Huts, and, when he left, three Irish ruffians followed him for a quarter of a mile, and then murdered him. They were all taken the same day, and were hung in chains near the scene of their crime. It was said that, when the gibbet was taken down, the bones of the three murderers were buried there, and the stone placed over them. When the present road was made lower down the stone was placed by it, as it now stands. About forty-five years ago there was an Ordnance survey, and Hindhead was one of the signalling points, the answering point being in Bedfordshire. The late Chief Justice Erle set up a handsome granite cross at this point, which much disturbed the Protestant soul of a worthy Dissenting preacher who was living at Haslemere. Haslemere was in the line of semaphores between Greenwich and Portsmouth, and we used to watch the arms working from our lawn. Every day at one o'clock the time was passed down to Portsmouth, and we used to set our clocks by it. About half a mile from the town, on the London Road, stand two magnificent beeches, known for miles round as "The Beeches." They stand on the brow of the hill, and are quite a landmark. I remember the first brass

doorplate being put up in Haslemere ; it created quite a sensation : the name was Burnett. One striking feature of Old Haslemere was the quaint houses, with their towerlike chimney stacks and walls covered with scalloped tiles. They were very picturesque, and full of character. We had, of course, no street lights in the olden time, and, if there chanced to be an evening service, we took our lanterns to church, and they assisted the candles stuck in tin sconces on the pews. At Christmas these sconces were filled with sprigs of holly by old Tidy, the clerk. This was our highest flight of church decoration. The chymist's shop stood then, as now, behind the pollards in the High Street. Like Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond, I used to gaze with admiring awe on the gorgeous jars which illuminated the window. One other shop is enshrined in my memory, that of Molly Upfold, by the forge of her brother, the blacksmith. Her bullseyes were famed through all the country side. How well I remember those gingerbread figures, which one never sees now ! I can see the portly figure of the old maid, slowly wending her way to church, with the beaming smile that always lighted up her face. But with this substantial form I must close these reminiscences. Farewell to Cow Street, Chicken's Lane, Shepherd's Hill, and Three Gates Lane !

The Haslemere of 1893 is very different from my childhood's home. It has lost something. It has gained more.

Let knowledge grow from more to more ;
But more of Reverence in us dwell.

It has lost the rustic simplicity which lent such a charm to its beauty.
It has won its share

in the march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

Amid the sundry and manifold changes of the world—

The old order yieldeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

I give a hearty welcome to Young Haslemere, none the less ungrudging because I view it through the mellowing haze of bygone years, softened, sweetened, sanctified by the dear memories of a happy past.

To the new town, springing like a Phoenix from the ashes, I make bold to offer the benediction of Old Haslemere.

HERBERT CANDY.

TABLE TALK.

FIRST ENGLISH ROYAL AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURES.

IF character be, as some assume, indiscreetly revealed in handwriting, our early ancestors escaped the self-betrayal to which we of later date are subject. It can scarcely be held that the neat, artistic, and painfully executed labours of a scribe, "more beautiful than copper-plate," furnish any strong indication of character, and the cross hastily affixed by the monarch which constitutes the sign manual of Norman kings cannot have thrown a very strong light of illumination upon the nature of the ruler. Not until the reign of Edward III. was anything approaching to a recognisable signature affixed to a royal document. In Angoulême, in 1370, the Black Prince signs a document, settling a pension for faithful service upon a certain John de Esquet. This he signs "Hurnont Ich dene." That these words were written by the Prince, Mr. Hardy¹ holds, is scarcely doubtful, seeing that the same words appear on the Prince's tomb in Canterbury, and that the direction is given on the instructions for his funeral, that they shall be borne on the banners which precede his body to the grave. "Ich dene," it is known, was taken as a motto by the Prince from beneath the plume of ostrich feathers on the helmet of the King of Bavaria, slaughtered at Cressy. "Hornont" (Hochmuth) is supposed to mean "high courage."

CHARACTERISTIC ROYAL DOCUMENTS.

MANY of the documents which, from the Record Office or the British Museum, Mr. Hardy quotes, are of high interest and significance. Being reproduced in facsimile, they furnish as good an idea of the nature and temper of the writer as can be preserved through the stiff, round, and elaborate style of writing which prevailed when writing was a difficult art. The instances in which a document is wholly in the handwriting of a royal personage are not in early times numerous. The most characteristic and significant document which Mr. Hardy reproduces is of this nature, being

¹ The "Handwriting of the Kings and Queens of England," by W. J. Hardy, F.S.A. Religious Tract Society.

entirely written by Richard III. Seldom has a document been more eloquent than is this. It is written in breathless haste, and its savagery is splendidly illustrated by the handwriting, which is thoroughly fierce and truculent. It is dated Lincoln, 12 Oct., 1483, three months after the coronation of Richard, and is sent to the Lord Chancellor asking for the Great Seal. It is, in fact—

a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers.

“We wolde most gladly ye camme yourselffe if that ye may ; and yf that ye may not We pray you not to fayle but to accomplyshe in all dyllygence oure sayde comawndement to sende Oure Seale incontentent apone the syght hereoffe as We truste you withe suche as ye trust and the offycers pertenyng to attend with hyt praying you to assertayne us of your newes there. Here, loved be God, ys alle welle and trewly determynd and for to resyste the malysse of hyme that hadde best cawse to be trewe, the Duc of Bokynghame, the most untrew creature lyvyng whome with Godes Grace We shall not be long tylle that we wylle be in that partyes and subdewe his malys. We assure you there was never falsse traytor better purvayde for as this berrerre [bearer] Gloucestre shall shewe you.” The fierce aspect of Richard, as shown in Shakespeare, could scarcely be illustrated better than in these concluding words, which would have been alarming enough to Buckingham had he read them.

OTHER ROYAL SIGNATURES.

CURIOUS contrasts of writing abound, as may easily be believed. By far the best writing in the volume is that of Queen Elizabeth. An extract is given from a holograph letter written when princess to Catherine Parr, and signed “your hithnis [*sic*] humble daughter, Elizabeth.” It is profoundly interesting as showing the perils to which Elizabeth was consciously exposed, and is a marvel of calligraphy. “The Elizabeth” is much neater and less bold and sprawling than is her signature after her accession to the throne. In a letter from the Earl of Leicester is the following significant sentence, written in the hand of Elizabeth: “His last letter.” Anne Bullen writes a beautiful if somewhat prim little hand. “Marye the Quene” and “Jane the Quene” are signatures of interest. The handwriting of Edward VI. is good, if rather formal ; that of Charles I. when prince is beautiful. Least stirring of all signatures are those of the Georges. “Oliver P.” is, of course, sufficiently familiar ; “Richard Cromwell,” less seldom seen. The volume may be studied with endless pleasure and advantage.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

CURIOUS, though scarcely culpable, ignorance prevails in the country concerning the American stage since it took a character of its own, and ceased to be, what it once was, a mere appanage to the stage of England. No history of American theatricals has been generally known since Bernard's remote and not wholly trustworthy "Retrospections." That actors of mark have settled permanently in America or been born there has been known, and recognised tragedians such as Forest, Wallack, Edwin Booth, and Lawrence Barratt have visited us. Jefferson has exhibited to us his gracious and poetical conception of "Rip van Winkle." John S. Clarke has shown how the most side-splitting comedy can spring from intensity all but tragic. Florence, John E. Owens, and very many others have exhibited phases of American life. Mme. Modjeska has bewitched, and Mme. Janowschek electrified, and the Daly Company, headed by that ineffable creature, Miss Rehan, has established itself in our midst. We know, however, as little as one knows about the Pyrenees who in a fog has contemplated from the Pic de Midi the mountain crests that "dally with the wind and scorn the sun," and has never wound through sinuous valleys or by brawling stream. America, however, has a noble list of actors, beginning, in tragedy, with G. F. Cooke, in whom we have a half share, and continuing through Junius Brutus Booth and his descendants; while in comedy the names of men such as Burton, Blake, Gilbert, Hackett, and I know not how many more taunt us with ignorance, or it may be missed opportunities.

EDWIN BOOTH AS AN ACTOR.

THESE thoughts present themselves to me after reading the newly published memoir of Edwin Booth,¹ by Mr. William Winter, the foremost American critic, and chronicler of things dramatic. One of the keenest of observers and most eloquent of writers, Mr. Winter succeeds in conveying to us a definite impression of the American tragedians, especially of the subject of his memoir, and gives at the same time some pleasant glimpses at the great comedians who have never visited these shores. His estimate of Edwin Booth is higher than was formed by the majority of those who saw that actor in England, where he more than once appeared. Booth, in Mr. Winter's thinking, was a tragedian in the full sense of the word; a thing I personally have never seen, and believe in these days to be

¹ Fisher Unwin.

non-existent. "The controlling attribute," he holds, "of Booth's mind—that which imparted individual character, colour, and fascination to his acting—was the thoughtful, introspective habit of a stately mind, abstracted from passion and suffused with mournful dreaminess of temperament." The same language might, I think, be used with equal justice of Mr. Irving. Gifts of imagination form, doubtless, the most important part of an actor's equipment. With these, failure is not easily conceivable. Something more, however, is wanted to make the tragedian, and that Booth possessed this I have only his biographer's *ipse dixit*. That Booth was a great character actor like Macready and Charles Kean and Irving I do not doubt. I saw him, however, in such parts of his *répertoire* as he played in England, and nothing that I have seen him do answers to what I have heard of Kean, of Cooke, or even of Booth's own father.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED "HEPTAMERON."

THE appearance in an English dress of the "Tales of Margaret of Navarre," with the famous plates of Freudenberg and the no less celebrated head- and tail-pieces of Dunker,¹ draws my attention to the question once keenly debated of their authorship. I will premise that the translation, which is new, is vigorous and satisfactory; that the prefatory matter, including a reprinted essay of Mr. George Saintsbury, supplies the cream of the information and conjecture given in recent critical editions of the "Heptameron," in that especially of M. Le Roux de Lincy (Paris, 1853-54), on the text of which the translation is based; that in typographical respects the volumes are handsome, and that the illustrations are almost as sharp and beautiful as those of the first edition in which they appeared (Berne, 1790). The work is further enriched with the reproduction of a portrait of Margaret of Navarre, from a crayon drawing by Clouet, now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. Not at all attractive is this portrait, which shows the queen in a furred robe, high at the throat, and a species of coif. She is nursing a dog, has a huge nose, a somewhat thin upper lip, a broad face, and eyes in which the editor seems to find a trace of cunning.

MARGUERITE OF NAVARRE.

WHATEVER Marguerite of Navarre may have looked, it is impossible to doubt that she was a worthy, an accomplished, a pious, and in every way a remarkable woman. She knew inti-

¹ 5 vols. 8vo. Society of English Bibliophiles.

mately four languages—French, Spanish, Italian, and Latin—and had a smattering of Greek and Hebrew. Brantôme calls her “*une princesse de très-grand esprit et fort habile tant de son naturel que de son acquisitif.*” She had a worthy and a generous heart, and seems to have been devoid alike of the licentiousness and the cruelty characteristic of her age. But one grave accusation was brought against her, and for this no evidence was ever advanced. So dishonouring and infamous was it that it has been rejected with scorn by her modern editors, and casts reproach on those alone whose fanaticism could make them stoop to such accusations. Escaping, fortunately for herself, a marriage with Henry VIII. of England, and its inevitable consequences, and one with Charles of Austria, afterwards Charles V., she formed a loveless union with Charles d’Alençon. This wedding, and the accession to the throne of her brother, Francis I., gave her the styles of Marguerite de France, de Valois, or d’Angoulême, as well as Duchess of Berry, a title which her brother conferred on her in 1517. Ten years later, by a second marriage with Henri d’Albret, she became Queen of Navarre. Her strong influence over her brother made her the chief protector of poets and of the persecuted Protestants. Her court was attended by the principal writers and scholars of the day. So intolerable to the Catholic party was the shelter she extended to Protestant writers, that it was with difficulty her brother could shield her from the fanaticism of the Sorbonne. As it was even, she was denounced as a heretic, and declared worthy of being sewn in a sack and thrown into the Seine. The poetry with which she consoled herself was all religious. “*Le Miroir de l’Ame Pécheresse,*” is distinguished by a spiritualistic pietism which was wholly distasteful to the Catholic party.

TWO ASPECTS OF MARGUERITE.

THIS woman, then, so blameless and dignified in life, pure in an age when purity was out of fashion, merciful in a period when mercy was unknown, the author of works of exalted piety, was yet a collector of indecorous stories which have been since published and still bear her name. At the first blush, these things seem irreconcilable. In fact, they are not so. They were two aspects of the woman. Princess, afterwards Queen, Elizabeth judged her “*Miroir de l’Ame Pécheresse*” worthy of translation by her own princely hands. Erasmus wrote to her: “I have long admired in you many eminent gifts of God, prudence worthy of a philosopher, chastity, moderation, piety, invincible force of soul, and marvellous contempt

for all perishable things." At the same time Marot, whose knowledge of her was full and whose worship of her was unfailing, praised her gentleness, sincerity, outspokenness, honest gaiety, says that she was joyous and laughed willingly, and where she had to speak a word too risky in French, said it in Italian or Spanish. We have here, then, the two aspects of a nature representative of what was best and, I will not say worst, for of that she had nothing, but most common and characteristic of the times. The frank, coarse laughter of Rabelais she conjoined with the religious exaltation and aspiration out of which sprang the Reformation. That she collected the novels forming the "Heptameron" is certain; that she gave them the shape assigned them when published after her death seems highly probable.

HER WORK IS, FOR HER EPOCH, MORAL.

HER defence is that practically of Shakespeare. She lived in an age of coarseness which it is now difficult to conceive. Indelicate and outspoken as are some of her stories, and free as are the conversations of the narrators, the book was intended to be moral, and from the point of view of the times *is* moral. Stories more indecent were introduced by preachers in their sermons or were printed after his escape to Geneva by that arch-enemy of the monks, Henri Etienne. Others, not perceptibly cleaner, were written by a father for the edification of his daughter, and, being published, were translated into English and other languages, and frequently reprinted. Coming about midway between Chaucer and Shakespeare, Marguerite is cleaner than either. Not for a moment does she attempt any compromise with vice. This is always detestable, and almost always punished. Her stories are much less licentious than is generally thought, and her pictures are not specially animated. In the course of discussions after each tale, the men speak with the same amount of freedom as the gentlemen of Shakespeare, not of his successors of the Restoration Comedy. Hircan is about as outspoken as Mercutio, and not half so outspoken as the heroes of Congreve or Etherege. Nomerfide is a prude beside Miss Hoyden. The characters, meanwhile, are one and all in a sense pious. They quote frequently from the Bible, and always with respect, and never approach any matter of faith except with extreme reverence.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1894.

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

By MARY HARGRAVE.

IT was in the time of the Inquisition, that period which seems to us now a sort of madness, so mad that it might even seem ludicrous to any being who knew not the meaning of the words pain and suffering. Humanity knows only too well; for suffering is the coin in which all its blunders are paid for, and humanity makes many blunders.

"She can bear no more," said the prison doctor. The holy father glanced suspiciously from the motionless face of his victim to the almost equally motionless face of the speaker. Did he see reflected there an expression of agony, or was it fancy? Around them the dreadful work went on: glowing braziers throwing lurid gleams of light on horrid implements, pulleys creaking, priests muttering, groans and shrieks of the tortured—a very hell in the fetid atmosphere.

"One more turn of the wheel?" insinuated the minister of heaven.

"'Twould kill her outright, and so you would lose both body and soul," said the doctor in cold, indifferent tones.

There was unspoken enmity between him and the Jesuit, enmity not only because of the woman who lay suffering before them, but in their whole natures. This time the Jesuit yielded.

"Take her away for the present," he commanded. "She shall have a season for reflection. When she is again able to be reasoned with, we will try once more to exorcise Satan in her."

So the tortured woman was taken to her cell.

It was a fortnight after the infliction of the torture, though to those lost wretches imprisoned in the gloom of the Inquisition prison all count of day and night was lost.

The victim's bruises were healing, and she was nearly free from the severe pain which had dulled her brain at first. She was young and strong, and her healthy blood and glorious vitality triumphed over suffering more quickly than was the case with most of her fellow martyrs. Also, the fever had left her and the burning thirst, and her head no longer throbbed painfully, as if all the blood in her poor maltreated body had rushed there in indignant protest. She was even able to move slowly without any sudden wrench of pain. Carminia was young, and life was strong within her. She lay on the straw in her dark cell thinking and thinking. She knew it was morning because of the beam of light which fell slanting across her resting-place, for her cell was one of those above ground, which boasted a tiny loophole in the thick wall, like a small chimney. Through this, as through a window, the sky might be seen. Outside in the sweet world she fancied—yes, it must be spring-time, when all is fresh and green, and birds build nests, and lambs frisk, and the trees bud. It must be spring, for winter was nearly over when she was torn from her happy home on the hillside and thrust into darkness and misery. And now she would never see the light again, or fields, or flowers, or happy children. She would die here in the gloom, racked with dreadful pains, burnt in fiery flames; in any case a fearful death. And afterwards? Afterwards she would wear on her brows the martyr's golden crown, which costs so dear, and she would walk on the golden streets of Heaven with the angels. Carminia sighed. The soft cool grass in the meadows, and the rippling brook near the old homestead in the hills seemed sweeter than those golden streets—hard, straight and glaring they must be. She craved the softer joys of earth.

And although she would certainly be saved from the eternal pangs of hell, could anything be worse than the rack? And she must undergo it all again—and soon.

Carminia's whole frame quivered as she thought of it. How was it possible to undergo that agony again? Why could she not die? Why must she suffer thus? Truly, the eternal Why? of the universe was forced in brutal fashion upon this girl of nineteen. The whole horrible scene rose before her—the false, cruel faces gloating on her helplessness; the sick heavy dread at her heart; the horrible instruments, cunningly devised for every refinement of torture—Carminia felt that it would be ten times worse this next time, and her courage

—had it gone since she had tasted pain? She knew not. It had seemed so easy out on the hills, when her health and strength did not know the meaning of the word *pain*, so easy to undergo the fiery trial, and mount up to Heaven, glorious and radiant; but the reality was so different! Now she only longed to escape at any price, to flee away. Anything, anything to avoid that slow grinding wrench apart of limb from limb.

And why should she suffer thus? For Christ's sake? It had seemed so clear once, as she grew up unreasoningly accepting the faith of her fathers. But now. Why should one so young and tender suffer for the great King of Heaven? Why did He permit men to be so cruel and ignorant? Wave after wave of doubt and despair surged over the forsaken young soul. And Carminia murmured bitterly: "*He* knew He was King of Heaven all the time, and angels comforted Him. *I* know nothing. I am a weak girl, with no friend at all in the world. I must be very wicked to murmur. Suffering has not purified me yet. I deserve no martyr's crown, ah no! Ere this my father is in the courts of Heaven, doubtless; but I, why am I not delivered?"

Great tears, born of physical weakness, coursed silently down her cheeks, and through them she seemed to see the old house in the gorge, with hills all around—white with blossom they would be by now—the paths and fields full of spring flowers, the vine putting forth green tendrils, lambs bleating, and at the old familiar gate the big watchdog would bound out to meet his mistress. She could hear his deep baying—but no, she would never hear it again. It must be desolate there now, ever since the day when father and daughter had been dragged away suddenly from their happy, peaceful life. They said her father was dead, steadfast, or, as they said, "obstinate," to the last. His old frame, weakened by age, had succumbed to the first "exhortations." He was safe, for ever past the grasp of those cruel hands. Alas! for Carminia, how much suffering must her young limbs undergo ere soul and body be wrenched asunder? Why must such things be? The problems of life, which are as shadows in the sunlight, stand out with awful distinctness in the darkness of suffering—then they seem the only realities, the whilom realities of life but phantoms. In pain and isolation Carminia's young soul awoke, and began to grope blindly in the horrid darkness. "*De profundis*," she began to repeat to herself, when the sudden grating noise of the door startled her. More suffering? Oh no; not yet! She was not ready yet.

She turned her eyes and met those of the doctor; a faint ray of

light illumined her cell from the door, where the gaoler stood waiting. The doctor's face was cold and indifferent, the eyes alone seemed to be endued with life, like living eyes behind a mask. He was not the ordinary prison doctor, but one who had been thrust into the office by an uncle of his, a prominent member of the Holy Inquisition, on the sudden death of the former doctor. Not daring to refuse, he had accepted the post for a short time, hoping even to find some reward for his enforced, hated task by opportunity of studying certain psychical and physical problems in those haunts of human suffering. But in this the man of science was disappointed, for heart and brain were alike too sickened to do aught but revolt against the scenes witnessed, and Don Manuel's one thought was of escape from them.

Carminia moved restlessly beneath his gaze. Her heavy tresses, golden-brown like those of Ribera's Saint, lay in disorder about her; her large dark eyes fixed themselves on his face, trying to pierce the gloom, asking questions her lips dare not utter. The rough prison garment, loosely fitting, showed glimpses of white neck and shapely arms—for Carminia was very beautiful.

To think of that body bruised, distorted again and again, finally charred by the flames, to satisfy the disappointed lust of fiends in human form! Don Manuel at thirty-five years of age had seen many cruel sights indifferently, with the coolness of a man entirely devoted to science. He lived in the days when a painter, eager to depict a faithful image of the crucifixion, nailed his model to a cross, and greedily watched for the true expression of dying agony. Men were callous to pain in those days, yet the sight of this girl, a child in mind and soul, touched the doctor. He was now so weary of the sight of suffering.

The gaoler was waiting at the door; the examination was over in a few seconds. "You are nearly well now," said the doctor in a cold, indifferent voice. "Youth works wonders, and you are marvelously strong."

Carminia sighed.

"What has killed some and crippled others may leave you with scarcely any lasting effects," continued the doctor; "life is still before you."

"When will they torture me again?" asked the girl, her breath coming thick and fast.

"Never, unless you so will it."

"Ah! . . . if I recant!" said Carminia wearily, after the first flash of surprise and joy, which made her cheeks flush at his "Never."

The gaoler at the door jingled his keys.

"Reflect well, *senorita*," said the calm, clear voice of the doctor; "life is sweet to all, and sweetest to one young and like yourself. How foolish to sacrifice it and undergo countless pangs for mere obstinacy—for something you do not understand at all—for a mere name!"

"A name?" asked Carminia, not scornfully as one convinced, but waveringly, hesitatingly, willing to be taught.

"What do you understand, or know, in real truth?" asked the doctor, adjusting a bandage. "You are but an ignorant child—and the sufferings of your weak body prove nothing, they are aimless. What benefits it the world if Carminia's body be reduced to a blackened mass of ashes? Sacrifice not the real for a shadow. You have a week to decide. Think it over, and you will find you are in truth fighting for a shadow."

In the week which followed Carminia did think, for the first time in her life, and until her brain grew dizzy. The more she thought, the stronger grew her longing for life, the weaker her trust in God, more and more horrible the thought of torture and death. And after all, might not her father have been mistaken? and what if religion were but a name? She knew nothing, hoped nothing, feared everything. And if, after all, it were a mistake, and her father had been mistaken, and she were suffering and sacrificing herself in vain?

Finally, Carminia recanted. After publicly confessing her error and doing penance, she was allowed to leave the prison. The doctor watched over her, and provided a place of shelter for her. He had found a new interest in life in protecting this beautiful, friendless girl. Money and influence smoothed his path for him, and under some pretext he managed to leave the country. So it came to pass that one day Carminia and Don Manuel stood on the deck of a ship together, and watched, hand in hand, as their native shores slowly receded and grew dim. The sinking sun poured forth a last glory of light, a golden radiance on sea and land, as they sailed into the unknown life before them.

"Farewell, cruelty and hypocrisy!" said Don Manuel, his face aglow with new life and energy. "We will seek a country where a man's conscience is his own."

"Take me," said Carminia, clasping his arm with both hands, "take me to a country where there is no God!"

Twenty years had come and gone since the two had fled to the gloomy northern land. Summer had come round again, and it was Sabbath afternoon. The sun shone on a well-kept garden, with its

box-trees and yews cut into stiff, fantastical shapes after the fashion of the times, and brightened the rooms of the house, well known as the abode of the skilful surgeon, Don Manuel, and his wife, Carminia.

In one of the rooms, whose dark polished floor and wainscoting were just now brightened by the sunbeams, sat Don Manuel, reading a manuscript whose title-page bore the name of Baruch Spinoza.

His hair and pointed beard were streaked with grey, but his eye had lost none of its keenness, his hand was firm and skilful as ever, and his frame strong and upright. So absorbed was he in his reading that he did not notice the entrance of a grave, beautiful woman, who glided in like a shadow, moved restlessly about, and then stood looking out, with a far-off look in eyes that saw nothing of the scene before them. One hand stroked a little discoloured mark on the wrist of the other—a habit which had grown upon Carminia—the mark dated from the pulley, and had never died away, often as Don Manuel had kissed it.

Presently the doctor put down his book, and turned suddenly in his chair.

“So ! this is right, dear wife, thou wilt bear me company at home this day, and leave that meeting of sad-faced northerners, who drone their Psalms as if they were funeral dirges, and whose melancholy hath infected thee far too much of late.”

“I would gladly go to them, but I dare not, Manuel. I, who had not the courage to confess——”

“Hush, hush ! Carminia,” interrupted her husband.

“I who denied my God,” she went on, her pale cheek flushing, and her sad-eyes dilating. “I who denied Him—oh ! how cowardly, how sinful—base ! Through weak fear of pain I denied the Lord of Heaven. Manuel ! is any wickedness so great as this ? Any sin so vile as cowardice ?”

“Come out, and we will sit in the summer-house,” said Manuel, drawing his wife out through the low window into the garden ; and as they paced between the neat borders of box, whose scent the sun drew out, and mingled with the odours of roses and thyme, sweet marjoram and lavender, he reasoned with her.

“Thou art but a woman, Carminia, and women are frail. Thou wert then but a child.”

“Other women have borne worse torments than mine, and gloried in them. My father would surely blush for shame that a daughter of his should shrink from suffering. And in Heaven he will watch for me, and wonder why I come not amid the brightness, and a pang will strike his heart when the gates are shut at the last grand

day of reckoning, and Carminia is not there. Carminia will be in the outer darkness, unworthy."

"Dear wife, if any be worthy of this Heaven—if Heaven there be, such as thou fanciest," said Manuel dreamily—"then thou wilt be there. 'Tis I who will be sent down to the lowest circle, as the Italian hath it. Thou art so gentle, so good, that a place will be there for thee, and mayhap I, too, shall slip in at thy side."

"Do not jest, Manuel. My eyes have been opened of late, and I see how true is all to which I shut my eyes so long, and hardened my heart. Heaven and hell are before us—and I have lost my hope of life. 'Whoso denieth Me before man, him also will I deny before the angels in heaven.' What can be plainer than that? Thou knowest, Manuel, I have kept silent all these years—so unworthy have I been—and strove to forget God. Yea, I did forget Him, and lived only for thee and our child. Our first was born dead, his limb twisted too; it was a reminder from Heaven of the torture I had fled from."

"No, this is folly, Carminia," said Manuel impatiently. "Thou knowest how I explained it all to thee; twas but the outcome of what thy mind had been dwelling on."

"No, no," insisted Carminia eagerly. "I *know* it was a Heaven-sent punishment. A voice deep in my heart told me so even then; but I would not hear it. I turned a deaf ear and hardened my heart to all but my love for thee."

"Do so now, Carminia; it will be better for us both."

"I must speak," said Carminia, "it burns within me like fire. I love thee as ever, Manuel, but my sin, my sin gnaws me like a serpent. Listen! My second darling came, sound and fair of limb and beautiful of face—how I loved him! I worshipped him; all my love went to him—he was taken. God was jealous; he was taken from me to Heaven to punish me and to recall my wandering heart. Was it not so?"

"I cannot believe that God would be as jealous and as fiendish as a Jesuit," said Manuel drily. "Our boy, moreover, died of a common fever, not by a miracle."

"It was foretold to me as a child, and I always felt it—that I should die for the faith," said Carminia, her eyes raised again with the far-off look in them, as if something drew her away and on. "And yet——"

"And yet," said her husband smiling. "And yet, methinks, that prophecy shall not be fulfilled. The Merry Monarch here will have no *auto-da-fé*, and we are far from Spain."

"If I had again the occasion to testify——" began Carminia.

"A woman's life consists in bearing and rearing children," said Don Manuel, "and this is the sole meaning and end of her being. If this fail her she has missed her natural aim and suffers loneliness or worse. Yet I have striven, Carminia, to make good this to thee by my companionship, though of late much business hath called me away."

"He who loveth wife or children more than Me——" said Carminia.

"For pity's sake, Carminia," interrupted her husband, "begin not again with this folly. Bring not such texts to bear, or I, too, can quote texts about those who return to their former foolishness. If thy poor woman's brain could but grasp the deeper truths of philosophy, and learn to live by reason—but it is useless to talk."

"I have faith; I want no reason," said Carminia, her eyes shining with a strange light.

"Nay, the woman is bewitched!" said Don Manuel, in unfeigned pity and amazement. He took her hand, but Carminia drew it hastily away. Together they moved back to the house, both full of trouble and unrest.

For some weeks after this the doctor was too busy to have much converse with his wife; indeed, he avoided it in his rare moments of leisure, feeling angry and impatient with what he termed her foolery. Then he was absent a few days, visiting a sick patient at some distance. On his return Carminia was gone.

A little note lay on his writing-table; it was on that treatise by Spinoza, which was such a comfort to Don Manuel, but so far beyond the power of Carminia's reasoning. The note said:

"Dear Husband,—If I do know, I must testify the truth; there is no other way, and strength is given to me at the eleventh hour. Think of me not as dead, but as ever loving and praying for thee.—
CARMINIA."

It was a grand fête-day in Madrid, and all the good folk were pressing on with one accord to the central point of attraction, the large square guarded by soldiers, where ominous pyres were raised, awaiting the completion of the sacrifice. At the windows of the tall houses fine ladies waited, fanning themselves and chatting, in expectation of a spectacle, as nowadays they fan and chat whilst awaiting a bull-fight. The dreadful procession had arrived on the scene, with the well-known Inquisition banner, bearing a green cross on a black ground. The guards were there, and the priests, rejoicing, in the fearful limitation of their brain, that they could do their fellow-men to

death. Then the penitents who had recanted, and were known by the painted dresses with flames pointing downwards—these would have the mercy of being strangled before being burnt; then the chosen band of martyrs, the bravest, who had fought and overcome all save the fiery trial; the flames pointed upwards on their grotesque yellow garments and pointed caps. They came, emaciated, worn by suffering, pale from want of light and air in those underground dens of horror, but their sufferings were nearly over now. Some bowed their heads to see nothing of the horrors in store for them, others raised their eyes to Heaven seeking courage, trying to pierce the sky and catch some vision of the glories waiting for them beyond—of the Divine Love who was surely, oh, so surely! beaming down well pleased on His children, who had borne witness to His Truth and from whom He expected the faithfulness unto death. And the cloudless sky, depth on depth of mystic blue, stretched gloriously above and beyond their gaze, sphinx-like, unresponding, smiling down on the just and on the unjust alike. Not here is any comfort or vision of hope; it must be sought within.

The King and the Queen sat enthroned honouring the proceedings by their presence, and showing the necessity they felt of destroying such subjects as chanced, by perverse obliquity of moral vision, to see the truth differently from the established manner of seeing it.

And then the Dominican preached his sermon, whilst the ladies fanned themselves and the crowd stared in delightful anticipation of horrors. In a long discourse the Dominican friar expounded the Truth as *he* saw it—fortunately in concord with the powers in authority—and condemned those who differed “to be cast into the flames, where, losing their corporeal lives, their obstinate souls will immediately go to Hell; and by this means God will be avenged of his greatest enemies.”

So preached the Dominican some two hundred years ago, and when he had finished the flames leapt up with a rush as if they, too, were eager to avenge God of His greatest enemies.

All this time a woman had been forcing her way through the dense crowd, on and on, as if drawn by an unseen force forward. Travel-stained and worn, her face was still beautiful, and the wild sad eyes gleamed exultingly as she neared the front.

“She is a witch; she has the evil eye!” they muttered in the crowd, and shrank away from her. And still more would they have shrunk had they known how she had pressed on night and day from the far-off North, and how she had reached the city just in time to proclaim herself a heretic.

As the monk finished, she forced her way through the guards and rushed on to the open space, crying "It is false ! It is false ! I, Donna Carminia, recanted here twenty years ago, and now I return to take back my recantation. I acknowledge my Lord again and die in the faith of my fathers !"

Before any one could interfere she had thrown herself into the brightest pile of flames—eager, ecstatic. The logs gave way beneath her, flames shot up around their new prey, and so Donna Carminia achieved her journey's end.

THE CHIN-LUSHAI COUNTRY.

SINCE the annexation by India of Upper Burma an important part of it, lying between the river Chindwin on the east and the Chittagong and Arakan districts on the west, bordered by Cachar and Manipur on the north, and the river Irrawadi and Arakan Yoma Mountains on the south, has been in gradual process of pacification. It is, from its natural features and from the character of its inhabitants, a difficult country in which to conduct military operations as well as to introduce civil administration. For the most part it is mountainous, especially in the west, where many parallel ranges run north and south, some of them reaching an elevation of 8,000 feet. These are covered often with dense forest and undergrowth, which however become more scant as the valleys of the Chindwin and Irrawadi are approached. The valleys are deep and unhealthy, infested with wild animals, and the swift streams subject in the rainy seasons to high floods. The country is scantily populated ; small tribes, each under its own chief, occupying the summits of such mountains as may have been selected for their fertility for occupation. The forest in these places has been cleared for fields and for villages of bamboo or of timber huts built within stockades. The earliest account given of the Lushai people was in 1799, and is found in "Asiatic Researches," volume vii., where they are spoken of as "Kookies," a name by which they are still known. Like the Chins they are of the Mongolian race, and Colonel Dalton, in his "Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal," classifies Nagas, Manipuris, and Kukis, as of one family. It is impossible to say how long the Lushais and the Chins have been in possession of the country we are describing. The migration of the Mongols from Central Asia to Assam and Burma through the valley of the Brahmaputra probably preceded the invasion of India by Aryans. Dalton prefers to name the people bordering upon Assam "Kukis," and to place the "Lushais" south of them ; he rightly also gives distinctive names to several tribes still further to the southward. He grants, however, that they are probably all different clans of the same race. For convenience sake the term "Lushai" is applied now to the people who occupy, broadly

speaking, the western half of the country under description, and "Chin" to those of the eastern half. The map will make this clear. Only two writers, Woodthorpe and Lewin, afford us information about the Lushais, and as regards the Chins little or no knowledge can be obtained in print. Our acquaintance with these tribes is limited to such incomplete details of their habits and customs as have been acquired from captives who have escaped or have surrendered, or have been gathered by officers connected with military expeditions.



SKETCH MAP OF THE CHIN-LUSHAI COUNTRY.

Different from Burma and from Bengal this country has no historical annals, and there is not a scrap of paper among the hill tribes, who possess no written language, to reveal their history. Ethnologists are agreed that the Nagas, Manipuris, Lushais, and Chins (called also Khyens) are different types of one family, which embraces Indo-Chinese borderers in general as well as Thibetans and Himalayans. A mountainous country has been favourable to the progressive differen-

tiation of types. This is well shown in the beautiful plates that accompany Dalton's "Ethnography of Bengal." The Kumis, a tribe in Arakan, say that they have been driven out of the hills eastward by the Khyens. The latter, again, declare that they at one time lived under a monarchical government in the plains of Pegu and Ava, but invaders deposed their king, and the Khyens retreated to the hills in which they now live, forming separate colonies, with each its own chief. It may, with a fair amount of confidence, be asserted that the Lushais and Chins (or Khyens) heralded the advance of the Turanian race, by way of the river valleys, from Central Asia into Burma. The Buddhist religion took root among the Burmese in the valley of the Irrawadi some 300 years B.C. The Chins and Lushais must have been at that time isolated, since they are still either idolaters or worshippers of the spirits of the woods, and in many respects animated by savage instincts.

Both tribes have frequently given trouble on the Burma and Bengal frontiers respectively, and several expeditions have been necessary to inflict punishment. The native kings of Burma seem to have exercised sovereignty over these hill tracts, and to have despatched forces of military to exact obedience or to chastise offenders from time to time. In 1754 and 1765, Burmese armies crossed the Chindwin (or Khyen-Dwen) river, and rendered Manipur tributary, and in 1774 they attacked the king of Cachar and secured his dependence. In 1783 the Burmese conquered Arakan (properly "Rakkang"), and in 1795 the Collector of Chittagong was surprised by the arrival of 5,000 Burmese troops before that place. They had come in pursuit of robbers. Terms were arranged and they withdrew. In 1809 the king of Burma sent an emissary to demand surrender by the British of the provinces of Dacca and Chittagong, which had been ancient appendages to the Burman Empire. The request was disregarded. It would seem that the route from the Irrawadi valley direct to Arakan was that adopted on these occasions by the Burmese, and the difficult and intricate paths across the Chin-Lushai hills were not resorted to. Major Symes, who was ambassador to Ava in 1795, saw on the banks of the Irrawadi some of the Khyens who had settled in that valley, and an excellent plate is given illustrating their appearance and dress in his "Account," published in 1800. On the Chittagong side it would not appear that the East India Company had any direct influence upon the hill tribes, but for some years before some of them paid yearly gifts to the Collector or Company's representative at Chittagong. Certainly up to 1869 all the Lushai tribes were considered

independent. What were the relations at that time of the Chins with the king of Burma it is not possible to say, but as Burmese traders have frequented their hills, and from what we read above, it is highly probable that they were tributary.

As regards British interference with the Lushai people, it has arisen from the raids committed upon tea-gardens in Cachar and upon native villages in the Chittagong border under British protection. Some fifty years ago the tribes acquired old British muskets with flint locks, very likely imported through Rangoon and the Irrawadi river, and familiarity with the use of gunpowder appears to have emboldened them to attack isolated tea-planters, whose estates are dotted here and there on the southern limits of the Cachar forests. Such raids took place in 1844, 1850, 1862, 1868, and 1869. Small punitive expeditions were despatched by the Indian Government, but could, owing to the difficulty of the country, its unhealthiness, and want of supplies and transport, make little lasting impression. Mr. Edgar penetrated some distance south of Cachar in 1870, and arranged the future boundary with a powerful chief, Sukpilal, but hardly had he returned, under circumstances of great difficulty, than another raid on the Cachar border took place. This led to a strong force being despatched in 1871, and, in connection with its operations for about 150 miles south of the border, Colonel Woodthorpe, C.B., R.E., has given a very interesting account of the people and the country. In this expedition Colonel Roberts (now Lord Roberts) was staff-officer. As usual, after withdrawal of our troops more trouble came. In 1888-89 and 1889-90 expeditions were again despatched from Cachar and Chittagong, and in the latter season also from Burma through the Chin country. In 1890-91 there was temporary quiet; but in 1891-92 operations had to be resumed from both sides, and a column marched through the country, under circumstances of much hardship, danger, and privation, from Burma to Chittagong. In the year 1889-90 the whole of the country was virtually annexed by the Indian Government, military and police posts established here and there in commanding positions, and mule roads opened out. It has been no easy task to establish British authority over these 39,000 square miles. Many lives have been lost, where ambush in the dense forest is so easy, and in contest with enemies who possess the characteristic of the Turanian race—indifference to life themselves; many, too, have been sacrificed to the deadly malaria of the valleys, and the difficulty of transporting food and baggage from Chittagong, Cachar, and the Irrawadi has been enormous. The tribes know now, however, that the British

have come to stay ; and with our garrisons dotted here and there, weak though they may be, but well armed and disciplined, and with the improved lines of communication, it is unlikely that any large or extended revolt will take place. The policy which is being given effect to by the political officers north, west, and south—Mr. McCabe, Captain Shakespeare, and Mr. Carey—is temperately but firmly to insist upon tribute, generally in rice, being regularly paid, labour afforded for making the bridle roads, and gradual disarmament of the tribes.

In the past three years the whole of the country lying between the Chindwin river and Bengal has been mapped by the survey officers attached to the Expeditionary Forces, and, so far as the broad details of mountain ranges and rivers are concerned, what was until lately an unexplored region is now pretty well filled up in the map. The course and uprising of the mysterious Koladyne have been ascertained, and the mahseer fish hooked in its crystal waters. This river runs first from north to south, then, bending sharply round the base of high mountains, from south to north, and finally from north to south through Arakan. The navigability of the Myittha and the Daleswarai have been tested, and some of the higher peaks, such as the Puran Klung, the Aitur Klung, the Htao, the Blue Mountain, and the Kaphring Klung—this last the highest of all, 10,000 feet—have been surmounted or circumambulated by the surveyor. It was thought advisable that the Chin chiefs, who had given us more trouble even than the Lushais, should be made acquainted with the resources of civilisation, and in 1891-92 a party of the former was brought down to Rangoon to see the city and its military equipments. Impressed, no doubt, they were, but it is curious that some of them have since that time again been in revolt. According to the census of 1891, the Lushais number 60,652 and the Chins 67,667. These figures are based of course upon estimates only, but show that, what any traveller there would readily observe, the country is very sparsely populated. Indeed, one may wander through the valleys and find the sole denizens the shy gibbon or hoolua monkey, the badger, and the rhinoceros, and, occasionally only, view in the distance a native village surrounded by its brown fields on the summit of an inaccessible mountain. All is still but for the crow of the jungle cock or the grunt of the wild boar. In fact, as primitive and savage a country as any in the world.

As regards the government of the country in the past, there has been none. Each tribe has its chief, and the tribes are sufficiently remote from each other, and separated by deep valleys and forest-clad

mountains, as to prevent their ordinarily coming into collision one with another. Between some, however, friendship exists, wives are furnished, and supplies in time of need ; with others there are feuds and occasional fights ; while in time of war with the British a large number may unite to secure their common interests. The chieftainship is not hereditary but elective, but the chief's nearest relative succeeds him on his death if acceptable to the people. The chief receives tribute in kind, and is thus rendered independent of labour. His word is law in peace and war. In some tribes the chief is distinguishable by the mode of wearing his hair, brought forward and tied in a high knot on the front of the head, with the tail feathers of the *bhimraj* inserted in it ; the sheet worn round the body is sometimes striped differently from that of his subjects. His hut is more commodious than the rest. There are no caste distinctions among the people.

A tribe may consist of 400 or 500 souls, but sometimes of as many as 2,000. The features of the people throughout the country are decidedly Mongolian: complexion light brown or olive. Occasionally a higher cast of countenance is met with. The height of a man is very generally 5 feet 6 inches, of a woman rather less. Their figures are broad, and limbs strong. Water being scarce on the mountain tops they wash little, and they look habitually dirty. All smoke inveterately, even children of five years of age, and their clothes reek with rank tobacco smoke. The men use short pipes made of bamboo ; the women use a more elaborate one, the bowl of clay communicating by a stem with a receptacle for water, through which the smoke passes to a long slender mouthpiece of ornamental metal. The water in the receptacle when fouled by tobacco juice is emptied into small gourds stoppered with a plug of wood. These gourds are carried by the men in cotton bags with other necessary articles for travelling, and a mouthful of the contents occasionally sipped, and the mouth rinsed therewith, when it is spat out. It is considered polite to offer a sip from this gourd to a friend, as a pinch of snuff was formerly in Europe. A friendly native will do so even to an Englishman, but the writer has never heard of anyone except Major Lewin who has had the courage to accept the compliment. That officer, when Deputy-Commissioner of the Chittagong Hill Tracts, rendered himself thoroughly familiar with the habits of the border tribes, and is probably the best authority on all matters regarding those dwelling near the Chittagong frontier. The writer purchased and brought to England one of the small gourds which are here spoken of, the contents of which, with disastrous effects, were spilled over the papers contained in his despatch-box.

The dress of the men consists of a coarse white or dark blue cotton sheet thrown loosely round the body and secured on the shoulder, so as to leave the right arm free. The women wear a similar covering, and, in addition, a small strip of coarser striped cloth round the waist. In the hair flowers are sometimes worn, and often a porcupine quill, with red parrot feathers fastened to the end, is thrust through the hair knot. Some tribes tattoo the faces of the women. The practice arose, it is said, from a desire to make the face so ugly that enemies should not feel inclined to run away with the village belles. The operation of tattooing is painful, and the young girls have sometimes to be held down while it is performed. Large rings of ivory or of baked clay are worn by the women in the distended lobes of the ears. Both men and women wear necklaces, some of common beads, others of cornelian and of amber. Some of the amber are much valued, and are not parted with except at very high prices. On a journey the men wear bags or haversacks, with a cross-belt of cotton; these are sometimes embroidered in colours and trimmed with cowrie shells; and the bags contain pipe, tobacco, flint and steel, the small gourd of tobacco-juice, a comb, and, if a gun be carried, a small horn of powder. The bag is often covered with goat skin. A tuft of goats' hair dyed crimson or blue is sometimes worn in the lobe of the ear.

The houses of the tribes on the mountains near Chittagong are built mainly of bamboo, and raised some three or four feet above the ground; the pigs and poultry find shelter below the floor. Further away to the eastward, where the bamboo is less common, the structures are of timber. The village is surrounded with a palisade, and the entrance secured by a gate; a guard-house commands the approach. Several years of abundant crops serve to render the fields unfruitful, and a tribe will usually every four or five years move a short distance—perhaps a day's march—to another mountain. The deserted village is then burnt, owing, it is said, to the fact that the gayal, or semi-wild oxen, which are used for beef at feasts, will continue to frequent the old site instead of the new if the huts are left standing.

The food of this people is simple, consisting of rice and vegetables boiled in earthen pots; a sour beer made from rice is much used, and a stronger spirit distilled from the same grain. Beer, like water, is carried in pieces of bamboo, cut at the knots into pieces three or four feet in length. At the reception of visitors, in which the writer has taken part, the privileged guests sit in a circle on the floor of the "guest-house," and a bamboo cup of beer or spirits is handed

round. When on hunting expeditions water is carried in dry gourds slung over the shoulder, and rice is then either boiled in a bamboo, or else, being prepared beforehand, is rammed when soft into a bamboo, and will keep good in this way for some days. At a feast one or more gayals are always slaughtered. These are noble animals, somewhat of the appearance of the American buffalo, but of smoother coat, which are partially domesticated, and serve only for food ; the milk is not used by the natives. Pork and goats' flesh are also eaten by them.

The Lushais and Chins are all warriors and hunters. Formerly armed with bows and arrows, spears, daos or hatchets, and shields of oxhide, they have for the last forty or fifty years taken a step forward in civilisation in securing the old flint-lock muskets of the British army, which some enterprising contractors no doubt introduced through Rangoon. They attach much value to these fire-arms, and no more severe penalty has been imposed upon the tribes than the compulsory surrender of these articles. One is now in possession of the writer, and the rusty state of the barrel renders it more unsafe to the holder when discharged than to the enemy against whom it is directed. The stocks of these old guns have been painted with black and red paint. The country is not supplied with much gunpowder from the seaports ; hence the natives have been driven to make it for themselves. Sulphur is obtained from Burma ; charcoal readily made on the spot ; and nitre produced by urine being passed through baskets of wood ashes. The powder thus compounded is a weak explosive, and a very large charge must be used ; but it is astonishing what a large amount of game is secured with their guns. Elephants are sometimes brought down ; deer and panther very often. It is evident that by stealthy stalking the hunter manages to get within short range of the animals. The powder horns are of gayal or deer horn, polished and prettily painted. The dao or chopper is in universal use in these hills and throughout Burma, and is indispensable for forest clearing, for building, for domestic purposes, for agricultural operations, and for warfare. In their raids the weapon is used with great effect for cutting and slashing, and in the fields it is used for dibbling the holes for the seed. Since the natives do not execute much metal-work, daos are purchased in Cachar or Manipur. Those which have been used in warfare by mighty chiefs are reverently preserved in their families. When fighting is going on, the paths through the forest known to the natives are often obstructed with sharp bamboo stakes known as "punjis," which, protruding but slightly above the surface of the

ground, do immense injury to the feet of an enemy who may be marching when the light is dim.

Raids are common upon each other, and likewise, until lately, upon peaceable villages in the plain country bordering the hills. The Chins and Lushais always endeavour to surprise an enemy; they travel by night, and lie concealed in the dense undergrowth of the forest during the day. No fire is lighted lest the smoke should betray their whereabouts, and cooked victuals are carried. They attack a village in the grey light of early dawn, cutting down all men and such women and children as they do not care to take away as captives; the village is fired, the heads of the slain carried off as trophies, which are much prized. The value of such is enhanced by the notion current that human sacrifices are necessary to the success of their agricultural operations.

Poor Lieutenant Stewart, of the Leinster Regiment, with two privates, were attacked one early morning, killed before they could get their arms, and beheaded, while on a survey expedition a few years ago in the hills east of Rangamatti. Stewart's head was surrendered in 1890 by a Shendu chief living on the Htao Mountain, far away to the eastward, and his revolver by another who resides upon the Blue Mountain. The raiding party was led by a young warrior, who was to claim his bride in the latter locality when only he could prove his prowess by bringing in heads. Rangamatti is the headquarters of the Deputy Commissioner of the Chittagong Hill Tracts, who, with his wife and daughters, at that time was residing here. They received the intelligence of these murders with much consternation, and were nightly in expectation of an attack upon Rangamatti, which is environed by forests. The police guards were instructed to be vigilant, and the ladies scarcely slept. Before long, in the depth of the night, a glare of fire was shed over the station, shouts were heard, the ladies hurriedly leapt from their couches to gather together, fearing that the attack had come at last. After all, it was a false alarm! The thatched cook-house in the grounds of the bungalow had accidentally caught fire. Still, there have been many anxious nights passed at Rangamatti and others of the police posts throughout the country by small and isolated garrisons, when the savage foes have been prowling round, and several gallant defences by the Frontier Police when attacked by overwhelming numbers almost in the dark.

The return of a successful raiding party is celebrated with shouts by the women and children, an ample feast of beef and spirits is partaken of, and a general carousal follows. The bloody heads are piled in a heap as the proudest spoils of war.

The Tashon Chins, with their tributaries, can number 10,000 fighting men, and the Lushai tribes can certainly muster in equal strength. All able-bodied men can and do go on the war-path. Unlike the Lushais, the Chins are afraid to venture in water of any depth, and in their raids never cross the Chindwin River. In the course of the military operations of the past few years a large number of captives have been released from both tribes and returned to their native villages in the plains. Some of the women have been found to prefer to remain as the wives of their savage captors.

The methods of agriculture pursued are as follows. A site for operations being selected on the slopes of a mountain, the forest is cut in the spring and burned when dry in the month of May. Great care has to be taken to prevent the flames from spreading further than the boundary of the proposed fields. The large logs which will not readily burn lie where they fall, and serve to prevent the soil being washed down the slopes by the many monsoon rains. Some of them are used as a fence to keep wild animals from trespassing on the growing crops. Ploughs are not used ; the dao and axe are the only implements of agriculture. Holes are dug with the former, and five or six kinds of seeds thrown into one and the same hole. These ripen in turn, with, perhaps, intervals of a month between them. During the growth of the plants and at harvest the villagers live in temporary huts in the fields, to tend the crops and keep them from injury by birds and beasts. When the harvest is gathered in there is general rejoicing and drinking of spirits. Hill rice of excellent quality, Indian corn, mustard, beans, cotton, til, tobacco, yams or sweet potatoes, gourds, turmeric, melons, brinjals, limes, and plantains are produced ; so that the people fare well.

The larger share of agricultural work is performed by the women ; the men prefer to squat in the village and smoke. Their peculiar business is to fight, to hunt, and often go long distances to barter goods for necessaries, such as salt, at the frontier bazaars. The regular rainfall and the manure applied from the ashes of the burnt timber render the growth of the crops easy and the harvest abundant.

Except in time of war, a small trade is regularly carried on with the markets on the Bengal and Burma borders. Small parties of men can be met daily in the devious and almost hidden tracks which lead over hill and dale, up and down stream-courses, through dense forest and thorn brake, bearing on their backs in baskets heavy loads of rice, of raw cotton or coarse cloth, *en route* to a bazaar, perhaps 100 miles distant, to barter their produce for salt, dried sea-fish, tobacco, or brass vessels. Coin has been little used until introduced lately by the

troops. Brass buttons were at one time much prized, but rupees and smaller silver pieces are now eagerly taken, and, indeed, at one time during the military operations expected by the natives, as exchange for the merest trifles. A small amount of india-rubber, of bee's-wax, and of ivory is brought down to the plains. The supply of the former on the Chittagong side is said to be almost exhausted. At Demagiri, at the head of the navigable part of the Kornafuli river, and on the border of the Lushai Hills, the nearest bazaar to the western tribes, between 3,000 and 4,000 of the hill people come down yearly to barter. The Chakmas, who live in the hills nearer to Chittagong, go into the forests in the rainy season to cut timber for boats. Large rafts are floated down stream to Chittagong, composed of logs of large size, as well as bamboo. Quantities of cane are also brought down. Instances occur of the Chakmas being attacked by the savage Lushais, and their heads being taken. Heads thus carried off are easily concealed under the salt in their large baskets. Trade between the Chins and Burmese is believed to be larger than that of the western frontier. Their country is more accessible, and pack bullocks are used. The Lushai people traffic also with Manipur and Cachar on the north. Cinnamon and walnut trees have been found in the hills, and a tree producing a black gum used as varnish, but it is not known that these products are exported to any extent. A small trade is carried on with Burma in amber, silk, and beads for necklaces. Teakwood and rice in considerable quantities come down the Chindwin river, but the Chin tribes are not themselves much concerned in this trade.

The dialects spoken by the tribes differ considerably, but have sufficient affinity to indicate that they have sprung from a common stock. There is no written character. The vocabulary is confined to words expressive of simple wants and sensations, the grammatical inflexions however permitting of tense, case, and number being signified. Numbers can also be indicated. There being no post, and no means of writing letters, a messenger must be sent if one tribe wishes to communicate with another; pieces of bamboo cut in a peculiar way are sometimes used to denote the character of the message.

These wild people have not unnaturally mingled the traditions of the birth of the race with prevailing religious notions. One tribe believes that its progenitor came out of a cave in the Lushai country. He married God's daughter. At that time men, birds, and beasts spoke one language. The country caught fire, and the races of men became scattered in the darkness that succeeded that fire, and their languages became different. There is a Supreme Creator, Patyen, and an inferior god, Khozing, patron of the Lushais. The Khyens, how-

ever, say that the Mounzing are creators and rule all things ; they are the father and mother who grow on the earth as two trees in a field, one evergreen, the other dry. Major Symes conjectures this to be a metaphor of successive and eternal renovation and decay, and, indeed, regarding this and the preceding myth, traces will be noticed of both Turanian and Semitic ideas which had their birth in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris. The Khyens believe that the Mounzing reside in the great mountain Gnowa, where the images of their dead are deposited. They have no idea of future rewards and punishments, do not know what "sin" is, and do not pray, since they say they cannot see the Mounzing. But the Lushais anticipate a future condition, happy to the man who destroys most enemies ; they will all be his servants hereafter. The inferior god among some of them is called Sheem-sank, and a rude figure in wood represents him in some villages. Before this figure the heads of their slain enemies are placed. A gayal is sometimes sacrificed to the Supreme Being, and a goat to Sheem-sank. The figure of this deity is, perhaps, that noticed by Woodthorpe, and which he mentions as a broken Burmese idol in Vonpial's tomb in the north Lushai country. One tribe—the Shendus—worships four spirits, Surpur (the Supreme), Patyen, Khozing, and Wauchang. There is no professed priesthood among the tribes, but in some a man called Koavang is looked upon as a medium for intercourse with Khozing, and performs the sacrifices.

As might be anticipated from their hazy religious instincts, morality is absent. Thieving is regarded as a fine art. To be found out is a crime. No restriction is exercised over intercourse between the sexes before marriage, but afterwards a woman is generally faithful. The husband is permitted to punish adultery by death. He himself is, however, allowed to have concubines. Should a girl become *enceinte* by her lover when unmarried he is compelled to take her as his wife. Marriage is arranged through the respective parents. Inquiry is made as to the man's reputation as a brave warrior and hunter. If acceptable, consent is granted, and a feast is given by the bridegroom. There is no ceremony. At night after the feast the wife is taken to her husband's house. Both the chief and other tribesmen have each one wife only, but concubines are permitted. Upon the marriage of a chief the whole village is feasted, and much drinking takes place. Among the Burmese polygamy is prohibited by law, but concubinage admitted. Laxity of morals with unmarried girls is known. So that in respect of the union of the sexes the habits of these hill tribes and of the people of the rest of Burma are, no doubt, much alike.

Beyond the weaving of cotton cloth by hand-loom similar to those of Bengal, and the manufacture of baskets, handicrafts are not practised much by the natives of the hills. The cloth is stout and durable, though the dyes are but dull. The art of weaving is supposed to have been acquired from the captives taken from the plains. Baskets are made from cane with much skill. The largest stand three feet in height, are of a conical shape, with a high pointed cover. The cane is plaited so closely and finely that rain will run off the covers, and the contents of the basket are kept dry when occasion requires it to be transported in the wet season. The people work a little in iron—an art also learned from Bengal. Ingenuity is exhibited in their bird-snares and fish-traps. The former are of two kinds ; one is in the form familiar in England—a cane is bent down, a noose fastened to the top, and some grain scattered in its neighbourhood. When the game touches a trigger the cane is released, flies up, and the noose tightens round the victim, and hangs it in the air. The second form is a shutter of bamboo, or of branches supported upon a twig or trigger ; the birds come beneath it to pick up the scattered grain, and, the trigger being disturbed, the shutter falls upon them, and holds them prisoners until the trapper arrives. For fishing, a weir is constructed across the stream, with one or more openings into baskets, into which the fish pass. They are prevented from passing out again by the orifice being turned inside the basket, similarly to lobster-pots in England. For larger game in the forest a heavy log of timber is caused to move on a pivot or axis, like a see-saw unequally balanced ; the longer end is pushed over the “runs” or tracks of the animals, supported by a trigger arrangement placed in their path. When an animal walks over or brushes against this, the log descends with sufficient force to break its back. The chiefs’ tombs are ornamented with the skulls of wild animals, those of the deer and panther being common.

The treatment of the dead varies slightly in different parts of the country. With some the corpse is put upon a raised stage and kept there until a certain day in the spring, being watched in the meantime ; it is then burnt, and a feast is given by the family of the deceased. One tribe, the Howlongs, hang up the dead body for seven days ; others dry it over a slow fire, wrap it in a shroud and bury it. Afterwards it is dug up, the bones cleaned, and put in an earthen vessel. Some tribes preserve the head dried. The writer was made aware of this custom at the village of Lalseva, near Demagiri, where the head of a mighty chief, Saipuya, was hanging in a basket in the headman’s house. The Shendus bury

the dead in graves lined with stone, with weapons and ornaments. The graves are usually surmounted by a tall wooden post, rough stones or fence encircling it. The post is rudely carved, and skulls ornament the top of the fence.

The musical instruments of the hill tribes are not many. A drum of stretched skin, a gourd with seven pipes of reed fixed to it—the ordinary pan-pipes, in fact, with an empty gourd to give resonance—also a single reed pipe and gongs, comprise all that are met with. The people seem to have little poetry in their composition, and their songs are but low monotonous chants. But, while wanting in fine instincts and exhibiting so many savage traits, they are remarkably intelligent. Anything new that is presented to them, such as a telescope, a revolver, or a compass, is at once investigated, its nature and mechanism thoroughly discussed, and passed from hand to hand. A good imitation of a breech-loading cartridge was produced in one village. Their inquisitiveness knows no bounds. Woodthorpe mentions that the people in the northern hills, on seeing the white men for the first time, turned up the cuffs of their sleeves to ascertain whether the skin was uniformly pale. The same thing happened to the writer when accompanying a reconnaissance to an out-of-the-way village in the southern hills, and the on-lookers would not be satisfied until the shirt was unbuttoned on the breast. The heliograph when set up and communication established with a fort some twenty miles away created great wonder, and when the officer who was operating it suddenly turned the mirror round, and flashed the light in the faces of the crowd of women and children which was in his rear, there was a general stampede.

Lewin remarks that the hill tribes are cruel in disposition, and regard life lightly ; that there is no politeness nor gentleness in their social intercourse ; the people salute no one, and have no form of greeting. They are, no doubt, strangely insensible and unemotional, like others of the Turanian races. The writer's experience of them mostly leads to the same impressions. The only words vouchsafed to an Englishman when he is met in the forest, rendered into our language, signify "Are you well?" to which he should reply "I am well." A circle of natives will sit down with an English officer to have a conversation through an interpreter, and will drink his rum and smoke his tobacco with enjoyment, but when the meeting breaks up there is no expression of thanks nor any form of leave-taking. Still, a thoughtful observer will agree with Major Lewin in thinking that "care and beneficence will make these hill races a noble and enlightened people." Harsh treatment and impatience will never

reconcile them to our government. In time, when they become accustomed to our presence, when justice is evenly distributed throughout the country, when security of life and property is insured, the people will learn to value the fruits of peace among themselves, and domestic industries will take firmer root ; the savage instincts will disappear, and a rise in the social scale will set in.

It will be of interest to conclude with a few remarks upon the natural resources of the country. It has been already observed that the whole of it is mountainous ; all the ranges in the west, and those south of Cachar and Manipur, are covered with thick forest, chiefly of evergreen trees and bamboos. Huge creepers, as thick as a man's arm, are pendent from the branches, and help to produce a thick mass of foliage overhead. From the summits of the mountains, as far as the eye can reach, the traveller views scenes of wild beauty and luxuriance of tropical growth ; the rivers are concealed in deep gorges, but surrounding him is a sea of hills, those near him coloured with the varied hues of forest trees of many kinds and ages, and the more distant tinted in purple and blue. At dawn the mist is lying in the valleys like an ocean of milk, and the hill tops showing like dark islands above its surface. Lewin describes forty-four sorts of timber found in the hills westwards, including jarool, toon, and garzun, eleven kinds of bamboo, and eight of cane. In one hanging creeper good drinking water is found, if a piece be cut. The cinnamon has also been seen by the writer. Tea is believed to be indigenous. The rubber tree is found in some localities. After passing the Koladyne river, some two hundred miles east of Chittagong, a marked change in the aspect of the hills occurs, the bamboo jungle and rank undergrowth cease, and there appear open grass-covered slopes, groves of oak and pine, interspersed with rhododendrons ; but, in advancing from the Irrawadi towards the Chin Hills, dense jungles and a network of steep hills and ravines are again met with. The character of the vegetation on the mountains in the interior seems to be determined by the more scanty rainfall, as well as by their superior elevation. In the Chindwin valley the teak, rubber, bamboos, acacia, catechu, and cane are found. Violets, heliotrope, coxcomb, and convolvulus are seen in the valleys, and some of the tall trees are gay with white and scarlet blossoms. Magnificent orchids cluster on the older trees, and gigantic ferns flourish in the ravines.

The jungles are alive with leeches, mosquitoes, and the minute sandfly, all of which eagerly prey upon the incautious traveller. To rest in comfort, it is necessary to be on a raised platform with a

smoky fire beneath, in the vicinity of which the flies will not venture, or to be within a well-secured curtain of muslin. Of larger animals there is great variety. The following have all been met with : the elephant, rhinoceros, bear, tiger, panther, boar, barking deer, sambur, porcupine, badger, mungoose, and hare ; of birds, the hornbill, pheasant, parrot, peacock, quail, green pigeon, partridge, and jungle fowl ; swarms of the gibbon or hoolook monkeys, as well as the common Indian variety, infest the forest, and howl and bark in unison like a pack of dogs. Among other snakes, the boa-constrictor, the large brown lizard, as well as that known as the "took-too," which lives in the trees, and emits the melancholy sound at twilight which gives to it the name. The rivers abound in mahsur and "bachra," and the sunny slopes and river banks are lighted up with the flashing colours of magnificent butterflies.

From Demagiri eastwards to the Myittha river, beyond the Chin Hills, Mr. De la Touche, of the Geological Survey, has, in the course of digging out the bridle-road, noted the geological features which presented themselves. He pronounces the results disappointing. It would appear probable that ages ago the country formed the bed of a mighty river which flowed southwards from Assam. By shrinkage of the earth's surface, or by volcanic action, the river bed was forced up into high ridges. The "ripple marks" are witnessed now in the sandstone far above sea-level. All the Lushai Hills are of this substance or of shale. In one place only were fossils found of an estuarine character. No useful minerals nor coal presented themselves, nor did the pebbles in the rivers indicate the existence of such deep down below the surface. No limestone was found until the Myittha river was reached, eastward in the Chin country. Iron and springs of brine are found in the Blue Mountain, the southern extremity of the Lushai Hills. Coalfields have been discovered on the Upper Chindwin, and fossil resin near its sources. The probability of mineral wealth is, therefore, at present small. Its forest produce, and perhaps its tea-gardens of the future, will give its value to one of our most recent annexations.

E. O. WALKER.

CURIOSITIES OF DIAMONDS.

SINCE it was discovered that diamonds consist of pure carbon there is hardly any chemist who has not performed more or less extensive experiments and investigations into the nature and origin of this most highly valued of precious stones. These researches, however, have gone on in secret, and the common ear has seldom heard that there have been—and, for aught we know to the contrary, are yet—diamond seekers in the modern laboratory. That the results of such experiments have been published by few is no proof that few experiments have been made, for human nature and vanity prefer silence to publicity, where investigations have failed and hopes been disappointed. It was not only the incomparable splendour of this king of gems, and its being of such enormous value, that led chemists anxiously to experimentalise upon the origin of the diamond; but its isolation from every other substance in many other respects rendered the inquiry a peculiarly fascinating undertaking. The anomalous composition of the gem, the singular localities in which it is discovered, and its unique physical characters, all seemed to set speculation in activity and at defiance.

The general physical qualities of the diamond are so well known that we may be very brief in their description. The figure of the stone varies considerably; but most commonly it is an hexagonal prism, terminated by a six-sided pyramid. When pure it is colourless and transparent. In its natural state it is covered with a dullish crust, often of a muddy colour, on the removal of which the brilliant jewel beneath flashes forth in all its characteristic lustre. Its specific gravity is from 3.44 to 3.55. It is one of the hardest substances in nature, and as it is not affected by a considerable heat, it was for many ages considered incombustible. Pliny says, if laid on an anvil and struck with a hammer, the anvil will inevitably split, and in many instances the diamond has been known to indent the steel. Sir Isaac Newton, observing that combustibles refracted light more powerfully than other bodies, and that the diamond possessed this property in great perfection, suspected from that circumstance that it was capable of

combustion at a very high temperature. This singular conjecture was verified in 1694, by the Florentine academicians, in the presence of Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany. By means of a powerful burning-glass they were able to destroy several diamonds. Singularly enough, Sir H. Davy employed the same lens many years afterwards to effect the same purpose, directing the rays upon a diamond placed in a jar of oxygen gas. Francis I., Emperor of Germany, witnessed the destruction of several large diamonds by means of the burning-glass; and these experiments were repeated by Rouelle, Macquer, and D'Arcet, who proved conclusively that the stone was not merely evaporated, but actually burnt, and that if air was excluded it underwent no change. Diamonds are not all the pure unsullied gems which glitter in our jewels; they appear in a variety of colours, some of which enhance, while others detract from, their value. Sometimes it is tinged with blue, yellow, green, or a beautiful rose colour, and frequently it is brown, or dull yellow.

As usual upon disputed points, speculation has been busy about the origin of the diamond, and a large number of theories, all more or less probable, have been propounded to set the matter at rest. The two most reasonable expositions are, perhaps, the explanations put forward by M. Parrot and Baron Liebig. The former scientist, who has laboriously investigated the perplexing subject, is of opinion that the diamond arises from the operation of violent volcanic heat on small particles of carbon contained in the rock, or on a substance comprised of a large proportion of carbon and a smaller quantity of hydrogen. By this theory, as he conceives, we are best able to account for the cracks and flaws so often noticed in the gem, and the frequent occurrence of included particles of black carbonaceous matter. Baron Liebig, on the other hand, claims the credit of offering a simple explanation of the probable process which actually takes place in the formation of the diamond. His contention is that science can point to no process capable of accounting for the origin and production of diamonds, except the powers of decay. If we suppose decay to proceed in a liquid containing carbon and hydrogen, then a compound with still more carbon must be formed; and if the compound thus formed were itself to undergo further decay, the final result, says this eminent authority, must be the separation of carbon in a crystalline form.

Some very fine specimens of the diamond crystal have long been found near the town of Purnaor Pannah, in Bundelcund. The mines producing them are situated in a range of hills, called Bund-Ahill by the natives, extending about twenty miles in length by

between two and three in breadth, and are said to be partitioned into twenty-one divisions; but we do not know that the whole belonged to Bundelcund. Of these, the mines of Rajepoor, Mahara-jepoor, Kimmerah, and Guddaseah contain the best diamonds; and one dug from the last-mentioned mine has been reputed one of the largest in the world. It was kept in the fort of Callinger, amongst other treasures of Rajah Himmud Bahadur. A number of rajahs are proprietors of the mines, each having a charge of his own, without any interest in the produce of the rest. A superintendent is appointed to inspect the produce, and every diamond as soon as found is registered, valued, and, if the rajah does not choose to keep it, is offered for sale. When sold he receives two-thirds of its value. In the reign of the Emperor Ackbar, the mines of Pannah produced to the amount of £100,000 annually, and were then a considerable source of revenue; but for many years they have not been so profitable, although some diamonds of exceptional size and value are discovered occasionally in the Guddaseah mine.

Diamonds are also found in the ferruginous sand and gravel which forms the beds or banks of rivers in various parts of the Indian peninsula, from Bengal to Cape Comorin, especially in Golconda and Visapore; and good samples of this precious gem have now and again been found in the district of Banjar, in the East India Island of Borneo, some of wonderful lustre and size, and very superior quality. An enormous diamond found in this island, weighing 367 carats, is said to be now in the possession of the Rajah of Mattan. Considerable quantities of diamonds of all sizes and values have, during the last hundred and fifty years, been obtained from the Brazils. The diamond mines are situated due north of the Rio Janeiro; and great numbers are also collected from the river Jigitenhona, the waters of which being turned aside, or dammed out, the mud at the bottom is first removed, under which is a stratum of rounded pebbles and gravel. In this gravel the diamonds are found, and separated by washing them with great care. The system of diamond-washing adopted in Brazil is borrowed from the methods employed in Hindostan, and is an interesting and exhaustive operation. The washing begins with the rains, about November. The upper parts of the troughs are charged with cascalbs (diamond earth), and a man, standing before the open end or at the side, dashes water upon the contents; he then stirs the mass with his fingers, to relieve it of the worthless earth, dust, and clay, and when the water runs clear the washing is repeated. A pocket of diamonds may thus sometimes,

but very rarely, be hit upon ; but often after the gravel has received as many as twelve separate washings, diamonds, although of diminutive size, will still be found in it. A good washer takes from half an hour to three-quarters of an hour in order to exhaust a single pan-full. Sometimes, to encourage the other labourers, a slave who is fortunate enough to find a stone weighing more than an oitava and a half receives his freedom, but the discovery of diamonds of this size is few and far between. Magnifying-glasses are not yet in use, although they would save much trouble and prevent loss. The present rude system is very severe upon the sight, which soon fails, and past twenty-five years of age few eyes can be trusted. In fact, children are always the best washers. It is during this operation that robberies are mostly effected. The civilised thief pretends to be short-sighted, and picks up the plunder with his tongue, but most of the stones disappear by being tilted or thrown over the lip of the pan during the washing, and are picked up at leisure. In India the miner has been seen to jerk the stone into his mouth, or stick it in the corner of his eye ; and so clever, indeed, are some of these diamond thieves that from twelve to fifteen overseers are required per gang of fifty light-fingered men.

The diamonds are invariably valued by their weight in carats, a carat being equal to four grains. The value increases as the squares of their respective weights ; thus, if a diamond of one carat be worth £8, one of two carats will be worth £32.

About one-half the weight of the diamond is cut away by the lapidary, and the quantity of diamond powder used in polishing a very large diamond has sometimes cost a thousand pounds sterling. One of the most interesting objects in Amsterdam is the diamond-mill, where all the great diamonds are sent to be cut and polished and prepared for setting. It belongs to a Jew, and a very large staff of skilled men are employed in the various processes through which the stones have to go before they are ready for mounting. Four horses turn a wheel, which sets in motion a number of smaller wheels in the room above, whose cogs, acting on circular metal plates, keep them in continued revolution. Pulverised diamond is placed upon these, and the stone to be polished, fastened at the end of a piece of wood by means of an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is submitted to the friction of the adamantine particles. This is the only mode of acting on diamond, which can be ground, or even cut, by particles of the same substance. In the latter operation diamond dust is fixed on a metal wire which moves rapidly backwards and forwards over the stone to be cut. The largest diamonds are

usually reserved for roses, which always rise in the centre to an angle, and the smaller are used as brilliants, and have a flat octagon on the upper surface. There is, of course, a marked distinction between rose-diamond and a brilliant. The one is entire and set vertically, while the other is divided and set horizontally. The diamond has always enjoyed an undisputed pre-eminence among precious stones, not only on account of its rarity, but also from its unequalled brilliancy. Some of these stones have been sold for almost fabulous prices, and many of the most celebrated diamonds known to exist have changed hands from time to time under strange and romantic circumstances.

Among the jewels formerly in the regalia of England was a diamond of great beauty and value, with which is connected a very remarkable history. It was once the property of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his hat at the battle of Nancy, in which he lost his life. The diamond was found on the field after the battle, by the Swiss, who sold it to a priest for a trifle, and it afterwards became the property of a French nobleman, named De Sancy. The treasure remained in the possession of his family for more than a century, when one of his descendants, who was captain of the Swiss guard under Henry III. of France, was commissioned by the King to raise a new force from the same nation. Henry at length found himself unable to pay his soldiers, and in this emergency he borrowed the diamond from the Count de Sancy, that he might place it in the hands of the Swiss Government as a pledge for the fulfilment of his engagements.

The Count entrusted the gem to one of his most faithful followers for conveyance to the King, but the messenger and the treasure disappeared, to the great consternation both of Henry and De Sancy. The most diligent search was made, but without furnishing any clue to the mystery. So strong was De Sancy's confidence in the perfect probity of his servant that he felt convinced some misfortune must have happened to him ; and he persevered in his inquiries, until he at length discovered that his follower had been waylaid and murdered by a band of robbers, and the body concealed in a neighbouring forest. De Sancy ascertained the locality, and instituted a careful search, which resulted in the discovery of his messenger's remains. He next gave directions to have the body opened, when, to the astonishment of all but De Sancy himself, the diamond was discovered. It was now clear that the poor fellow, on finding himself beset beyond the possibility of escape, had swallowed the diamond rather than that it should fall into the hands of the thieves. The story has been com-

memorated in the appellation the gem has ever since borne of "The Sancy."

The diamond was subsequently purchased for the Crown of England, but James II. carried it with him in his flight to France in 1688. Louis XV. is said to have worn it at his coronation, and in 1835 it was purchased by a Russian nobleman for £80,000.

Another valuable diamond possessing a history still more romantic and remarkable is the famous Pitt diamond. Towards the close of the seventeenth century a gentleman named Thomas Pitt, grandfather of the great Earl of Chatham, was appointed to the Governorship of Fort St. George, Madras. The palmy days when large fortunes were constantly made by Englishmen in the East had not yet arrived, and the wealth and power of England in the Indies were comparatively insignificant. But Governor Pitt was one of those shrewd men who can always find the opportunity of amassing riches, and he entered into commerce with some of the native merchants on his own account. Among other traders with whom he trafficked was a diamond dealer named Jourcund, who possessed one of the finest stones ever found in the mines of Golconda. He offered this to the Governor for sale, but the price asked—about £100,000—was far too enormous for his means as well as his inclination. He not only doubted the high value of the jewel, but entertained, as he stated, a reluctance to trust anything like the sum in one venture.

By degrees Jourcund came down in his price, and, after much haggling on either side, Governor Pitt at length secured the prize for a little over £20,000. He returned to Europe shortly after, and found that in all respects the diamond was of the highest quality and worth. He was offered £80,000 for it, but refused that sum, and spent £5,000 in having it cut as a brilliant. Its weight before cutting was 400 carats, but it was reduced in the process to 136½. The fragments detached in the cutting were sold for £8,000. When so prepared the jewel was the most beautiful that had been seen in Europe. A purchaser was at length found for the diamond in the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France during the minority of Louis XIV., it being bought as an ornament for the French crown. £130,000 was the sum given for the treasure, and it became known as the "Regency diamond," from the authority by whom it had been acquired.

When the story of its purchase and re-sale at so high a profit was known, scandalous rumours became current as to the means by which the Governor had become its owner. He was accused of extorting it from Jourcund by threats for a sum greatly beneath its value, and

his character became blackened with infamy. To clear himself and his descendants from so great a disgrace, he left behind him a paper narrating in full the circumstances attending its original purchase, appealing to credible witnesses who had been with him at Fort St. George, in testimony of its truth. But the calumny died out. The great fame of the Governor's descendants, the Earl of Chatham and that other William Pitt, the rival of Fox, almost obliterated his own memory ; and the paper does not appear to have been publicly used until the year 1825, when it was published as a curiosity in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

The Pitt or Regency diamond continued in the possession of Louis XIV. and the succeeding monarchs, by whom it was worn on state occasions. After the Revolution, it was still preserved among the state jewels, and the first Napoleon, on his accession to power, used it as an ornament in the hilt of his sword. The sword was found, with other personal effects of the Emperor, on the field of Waterloo, by the Prussians after the battle, and was presented to the King of Prussia, in whose possession it remained until his death.

In the British Museum there is a model in lead of the "Pigot" diamond before it was cut, and also of the various cuttings by which it was reduced in form, but not much importance is attached to its history. The largest diamond in Europe weighs 193 carats, and is the size of a pigeon's egg. It was stolen from the eye of a Malabar idol by a common soldier, and passed through various hands before it was purchased by Count Orloff for the Empress of Russia.

Similar romantic incidents invariably envelop the history of all great diamonds, and perhaps the most remarkable is the story of the De Sancy gem, which we have already related ; but the most curious and eventful history of any precious stone, as regards both size and value, is associated with the magnificent and famous Koh-I-Noor diamond. The Koh-I-Noor, or Mountain of Light, is stated by the Hindoos to have been discovered in the mines of Golconda more than three thousand years ago, and to have been originally in the possession of Kama, King of Auga. Another version states that it was stolen from one of the Kings of Golconda by a treacherous General named Mininrola, and presented by him to the Great Mogul, Shah Jehan, the father of Aurungzebe, about the year 1640. It was then rough and uncut, and about twice its present size ; but Shah Jehan gave it to a diamond-worker, who cut it so badly that he wasted half of it and did not display its lustre to good advantage. The Mogul—who was in a justifiable rage—instead of paying the jeweller for his work, fined him ten thousand ducats.

About two hundred years ago Tavernier, the French traveller, saw the Koh-I-Noor in India, and described the admiration and amazement it always excited. From that time until it came into the possession of the Khan of Cabul, at the commencement of the present century, the Koh-I-Noor changed hands many times. Runjeet Singh obtained it from the Khan in a mean and abominable way. He had heard that the Khan of Cabul had the finest and purest diamond ever seen, and he determined to possess it. The Khan was invited by the intending thief; he arrived at the Court of his host with—not the diamond, but a very clever imitation. Once in Runjeet Singh's power, that despot at once demanded the gem. It was reluctantly given up, and sent to the Court jewellers to be cut. Runjeet Singh soon received intelligence that the stone was comparatively worthless. He was so enraged at this, that he ordered the Khan's palace to be ransacked from top to bottom to find the missing treasure. At last a slave betrayed his master, and showed the diamond lying under a heap of ashes. Runjeet carried it off in triumph, and subsequently decked himself, and occasionally his horse, with its splendid brilliancy. When he died the gem passed into the hands of his successors; and in 1850, when we conquered the Punjaub, the Koh-I-Noor was among the spoil. It was brought to England and presented to Her Majesty the Queen by the East India Company. The stone was subsequently entrusted to Messrs. Coster, of Amsterdam, to be re-cut—a work that occupied the labours of thirty-eight days of twelve hours each; and the late Duke of Wellington became an amateur diamond-cutter for this memorable occasion by giving the first touch to the work. A model of it may be seen in the British Museum.

HERBERT JAMES GIBBINS.

*"THE CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO."*¹

THE battle of Waterloo has been presented to the countrymen of the combatants under an immense variety of forms. The field has been minutely laid down on maps, visited by crowned heads, overrun by crowds of tourists, and even excavated to form a monument for those who, to say the least of them, "lived to fight another day." The battle itself has been painted, modelled, made the subject of panoramas, described, criticised, commemorated in bridges and squares, and vulgarised in railway stations. It forms an important chapter in the biographies of Napoleon and Wellington, in the histories of England and France, is an event in the history of Europe, and it has accumulated a respectable literature of its own.

Nor is it undeserving of even so great and long-continued an interest. In a political, and perhaps in a military point of view, it was the most important conflict in a generation that had witnessed Austerlitz, Wagram, and Trafalgar. It was not only a fair trial between line and column, between the firmness of British infantry and the dash and impetuosity of the cavalry of France, but the closing scene of a mighty drama in which the Mistress of the Seas showed her claims to distinction on the land; and to the time-honoured names of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt added a fourth, not unworthy of the association. Nor is it the least of its distinctions that it has been the prelude to three-quarters of a century of peace, during which the rival nations have learned to respect and in some degree to understand each other, and not only to exchange frequent courtesies, but actually to wage war side by side under the influence of the heir and successor of Napoleon, and under the immediate command of the friend and aide-de-camp of Wellington.

And now, after so long an interval, during which Jomini, Clausewitz, Charras, Siborne, Hamley, Napoleon himself, and scores of inferior authorities have said their say, and men thought, and perhaps hoped, that the last criticism had been uttered, a voice

¹ By J. C. Ropes : Putnam's Sons, London.

is raised from beyond the Atlantic, from one of a nation that felt little interest in the struggle, giving a new, comprehensive, and yet most minute account of the whole campaign, drawn up, as it would appear, with scientific accuracy, and written, on the whole, in an impartial spirit. The writer, whose sympathies are so warmly with Napoleon as to regard him as among the friends and helpers of the human race, and to justify the seizure and drum-head court-martial of the Duc d'Enghien, and who is so imbued with transatlantic prejudices as to believe that the British Government was privy to, and supplied the means for, the assassination of Napoleon, nevertheless criticises severely, and we think not unfairly, the strategy and tactics of both leaders, and we are bound to admit does ample justice to the difficulties Wellington had to contend with, to the gallantry of the British soldiers, and to the inferior composition of his very heterogeneous army.

The interest in the life and actions of Napoleon has lately been revived by the discovery of letters and diplomatic documents hitherto unknown, but the interest created by the present work owes nothing to such discoveries. The work is, indeed, new and original, but its novelty and originality are derived from a careful study of existing evidence, a collation of narratives long before the world—a more difficult, and, it will be thought, a more meritorious, task than the editing of newly-discovered material, even though handled with the skill displayed by MM. Vandal or Tatistcheff.

Whatever may have been the opinions of the world at large, or of the sovereigns who, under the influence of Alexander of Russia, gave a tardy consent to the re-establishment of the Bourbons, and relegated Napoleon with Imperial rank to the island of Elba, it was assuredly not the opinion of Napoleon himself, nor of his family, nor of his principal adherents, that his career was then brought to a close. He knew enough of the Bourbon princes and their emigrant followers to be aware that they were entirely out of touch with the French people; and though it was scarcely to have been expected that the revulsion would be so rapid, or that the allied armies would be so speedily withdrawn, he knew that the disaffection of the army and the follies of the Comte d'Artois and his son must ere long bring about such a state of things as would justify his return.

The reception he met with, though by no means unanimous, would have encouraged a less sanguine man. No doubt the sea-ports were unfavourable, and the mass of the people passive or nearly so; but the dislike of and the contempt for the Bourbons was general, and the soldiers, whether disbanded, on furlough, or with

their regiments, were with him to a man. For the rank and file of the army peace had no charms ; for them there was no chance of excitement, of promotion, or of reward at the expense of foreign nations, nor were they disposed to be commanded by officers of no military experience, and who had neither part in nor sympathy with the deeds that had given to France the command and the revenues of Europe.

The arrival of Napoleon was unexpected, but once at Paris it was clear that he was accepted by the whole nation. From the first he expressed himself, and no doubt sincerely, as anxious for peace ; but his idea of peace had ever been that it should follow, not avert a war, and it could excite no surprise that the Allies should construe his desire as likely to extend only to the time when he should be in a condition to wage war to advantage. His overtures were, therefore, not listened to, and his messengers were sent back from the frontiers unheard. This, of course, he had foreseen, and that the forces that brought about his dethronement would certainly be allied once more against him. But he knew also that there was great jealousy between the sovereigns ; that the selfish claims of some had been rejected, and that there was in some quarters an unwillingness to resume the war. He knew also that there were difficulties of distance and of finance, which would cause some months to elapse before the Allies could take the field in force.

His first business, then, was to raise an army, to do which he had to set aside recent changes, and to restore the old organisation. The veterans of the Grand Army, the army of the Rhine, recalled from Dantzic and the Silesian fortresses, and from the fields of Spain, numbering about 200,000 men, largely disbanded because known to be disaffected, were ready to be re-embodied, and such had been the forbearance of the Allies, that there was no difficulty in providing stores, arms, and ammunition for each branch of the service. An army therefore was speedily organised and equipped, and ready to take the field with 126,000 men.

With officers, Napoleon was less successful. Berthier, unrivalled as a chief of staff, had followed Louis. "I should like to see him," said the Emperor, "in his court dress." Masséna and Macdonald had retired into private life. Bernadotte had become Prince of Sweden, and was likely to be with the enemy. Davoust, Soult, Ney, and Mortier, alone of the Marshals, remained. Davoust, for some unknown reason, was left in command of Paris, though he desired to be with the army. Soult, no mean general, was appointed chief of staff, a post better suited to a younger and more active man, and for

which he was but ill-qualified. Mortier was incapacitated by sickness. Of generals, Napoleon had Vandamme, d'Erlon, Mouton, Reille, Gérard, and Grouchy, but, as he afterwards observed, the events of 1814 had deprived them of their audacity. They were brave to intrepidity, but they were no longer the men of Eylau or the Danube, still less of Lodi and Marengo. The regimental officers also were mostly new to their men, and had not their confidence. Napoleon himself, though physically somewhat weaker, and certainly less active, had in no degree deteriorated in courage, tenacity, or fertility of resource.

From the first, Napoleon had taken a correct view of the situation, and laid his plans accordingly, with at least his wonted skill. He reached Paris on March 20, and by June 1 his army was ready and formidable both in numbers and composition.

At that time the English force under Wellington, and the Prussians under Blücher, lay cantoned at scattered points to the north and east of the Sambre and the Meuse. The forces of Russia and Austria were being collected, but could not concentrate or reach the valley of the Rhine before July. If Napoleon took a defensive attitude and awaited an attack within his own frontier, he would gain valuable time, augment his force, and prepare additional material of war ; but the whole force opposed to him would be concentrated and overwhelming. The alternative was better suited to his genius, and he adopted it. It was to attack in succession the forces now opposed to him, when the advantage of numbers would be on his side ; and should this prove successful, await the advance of Russia and Austria, with a great choice of ground, and scope for his unrivalled skill in manœuvring. There was also the not improbable chance of a difference between the Allies : that the ardour of Russia, only indirectly concerned in the war, would be damped ; and with Austria, from the family connexion, there was a prospect of coming to terms. Much therefore depended upon getting the better of the nearer enemies, and this required great rapidity of action.

The Anglo-Dutch army lay westward of Charleroi, the Prussian eastward of it, both upon the Sambre ; the two extending a hundred miles from Namur on the east to Tournay on the west, along, and at some points forty miles within, the Belgian frontier, on ground well known to Napoleon. The head-quarters of Wellington were at Brussels, those of Blücher at Namur. Wellington had a longer and more exposed front to protect, and his forces were therefore more widely separated than those of Blücher, and required, Napoleon calculated, two days to concentrate ; while for Prussia a less time

would be sufficient. The English base was the sea, and their lines of supply lay through Antwerp and Ostend. The Prussian base was the Rhine, and their communications lay through Liège and Maastricht. Thus the two bases lay in opposite directions, and should either army have to retire, it was probable that the distance between them would be materially increased ; there was, besides, the chance of mistrust or misunderstanding between the two commanders. Napoleon managed with great skill to conceal the position of his forces, and by a series of demonstrations to leave the direction of his attack uncertain. Three courses were open to him. He might advance to the right or east of Namur, and so turn the Prussian left. This, however, involved a long circuit over difficult ground, giving time for the Allies to unite. Or, he might advance on the left or west, by Mons and Lisle, and so, cutting off the Duke's communication with Ostend, force his retreat upon Brussels, leaving Holland and much of Belgium open to the French. This was the course the Duke thought he would and ought to have taken. There remained the direct or central attack of Charleroi, which was the one adopted. Such an advance would of course force the Prussians to concentrate, but as it would not be known for some hours to Wellington, who would, besides, take a longer time to collect his forces, the Prussians might be attacked and beaten before the Duke could come to their support. This was the plan of Napoleon—not as has been said by Alison and Thiers, and even by Jomini, to advance between the two armies, divide and attack them right and left, which would have left his rear exposed. His intention was to advance upon and attack and beat the Prussians, and then, when the Duke, having taken time to concentrate, came up, to meet him. By this plan the armies would be fought in succession, and the advantage of numbers would possibly be with the French. Napoleon also trusted somewhat to the opposite characters of the two commanders to hamper any combined movement. It was probable that the impetuous energy of Blücher would hasten on his attack, whereas the habitual caution of the Duke would tend to delay his advance till quite certain that the attack was a real one, and so prevent his risking a movement towards Blücher ; which in fact was what did, in some degree, occur.

Napoleon's army numbered about 124,000 men, of whom about 90,000 were infantry, 24,000 cavalry, and 11,000 artillery with 344 guns.

Blücher had 121,000 men, of whom 100,000 were infantry, 12,000 cavalry, and 9,000 artillery with 312 guns.

Wellington commanded 94,000 men, of whom 70,000 were

infantry, 14,000 cavalry, and 10,000 artillery and engineers with 196 guns.

Napoleon's army, if not the best, was nearly as good as any he had ever commanded. The men were enthusiastic, united in feeling, full of confidence in their leader, and for the most part veteran soldiers. Soult and Ney were the only old Marshals present. Grouchy had recently been raised to that rank. He commanded the right wing, to which Vandamme was attached. Ney, on his arrival, was to command the left wing, and under him was d'Erlon. Both the Marshals, as it turned out, had need of more generalship than they possessed.

The Prussian soldiers were mostly veterans of great experience in war, accustomed to their leader, whose headlong courage and daring and resolute character, though diminishing his value as a general, gave confidence in him as a leader, and rendered him very popular with his soldiers, who were always ready to follow when Marshal "Vorwarts" led the way. His army seems to have been somewhat deficient in discipline, especially among the superior officers. Gneisnau, the chief of his staff, was well known as admirable in that capacity, and on points of strategy Blucher usually took his advice.

Wellington's army was, he long afterwards said, the poorest he ever commanded. The only troops on whom he could rely were the 30,000 English, and the 6,000 of the German legion. These latter had served in the Peninsula, but most of the English were raw recruits. Long afterwards, speaking to Lord Ellesmere—from whose account the quotation is taken—of his English troops, the Duke gave this remarkable testimony :

"Of this very body, which bore the brunt of the whole contest, be it remembered that not above six or seven thousand had seen a shot fired before ; it was composed of second battalions to so great an extent that we cannot but imagine that this disadvantage would have been felt had the Duke attacked the French Army, as he would have attacked it at Quatre Bras on the 17th if the Prussians had maintained their position at Ligny : as he would have attacked it on the 18th at Waterloo if the army with which he entered the South of France had been at his disposal. For purposes of resistance the fact is unquestionable that these raw British battalions were found as effective as the veterans of the Peninsula ; but it might have been hazardous to manœuvre under fire, and over all contingencies of ground, with some of the very regiments which, while in position, never flinched from the cannonade or the cavalry charges through the livelong day of Waterloo."

The Hanoverians and Belgians, 45,000 men, half his infantry, were new troops, and of the Nassau and Brunswick contingents, 9,000 men, the Duke knew nothing. It was indeed a heterogeneous army, and its component parts had never yet acted under one commander. Of the Duke's generals, the Prince of Orange was an officer of experience, but who had not been distinguished as a general ; Lord Hill was a tried soldier, whose value as a general under Wellington had been proved in the Peninsula ; and Picton was a man of energy, courage and capacity. Lord Uxbridge, better known as the Marquis of Anglesea, a dashing cavalry officer, led that arm. There were also, says Mr. Ropes, many junior officers of great merit.

Of the Duke himself the estimate given by Mr. Ropes is too just and far too well expressed not to be quoted.

"The Duke himself was in the prime of life, having just passed his forty-sixth birthday. He had never met Napoleon before, but he had often met and defeated his Marshals. His career had been one of almost uninterrupted success. His experience in the field against French soldiers had been large, and he was for this reason peculiarly fitted for the work he had now in hand. He had shown very varied ability. His military imagination, if one may use such a word, may not have been large, but he had few equals in the faculty of making up his mind what it was best to do under ascertained circumstances. His decisions were always dictated by practical reasons. He never allowed sentiment to hinder the exercise of his common sense. He could advance or retreat, fight or decline to fight, with equal ease. With him it was a mere question of what it was best under the circumstances to do. Though esteemed a cautious officer, he had shown over and over again that he possessed not only courage and firmness, but that in daring and in coolly taking great risks he was equal to any emergency. His hold on his army—that is, on his own troops—was perfect. In ability, reputation, and in social rank, his pre-eminence among the officers of the British army and the King's German legion was cheerfully acknowledged, and over these parts of his army he exercised a perfect and unquestioned control ; and his long experience in dealing with his Spanish allies had given him an uncommon facility in administering the affairs of such a composite body of troops as he was now to command."

The French troops were cantoned at various and distant points between Lille and Valenciennes on the north-west, and Metz and Mezières on the east ; and the guard was unequally divided between Paris and Compiègne. Towards the end of May the concentration began, and when the Emperor left Paris on June 12 and reached

Beaumont—sixteen miles from Charleroi—on the 14th, his whole force had been silently and secretly brought together, so as to be convenient to his hand. From Avesnes, on his way, he reminded the soldiers of the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, and informed them that they were about to attack a coalition of insatiable enemies, “who, having devoured twelve millions of Poles, as many of Italians, half that number of Belgians, and a million of Saxons, were about to devour the German States of the second order.”

At 3 A.M. on the 15th, the Emperor was in the saddle and in motion with the army, he himself, with the guard in the centre, marching on Charleroi; his right wing on Châtelet; his left on Marchiennes. The Prussians, holding the opposite bank of the Sambre, after a very creditable resistance, fell back on Gilly, and finally on Fleurus, where Blucher intended to give battle. The right wing was delayed a few hours by Vandamme, to whom Soult had sent but one messenger, who failed, where Berthier, as Napoleon observed, would have sent twenty. The head of the left wing having crossed the river, pushed on to Gosselies, where Ney took the command, and advanced to Frasnes, driving back Prince Bernard of Saxe Weimar upon Quatre Bras. His further advance was delayed by the want of energy of d'Erlon, who only reached Marchiennes and there passed the night—a delay of ill augury. It was not thus that Ulm was taken or Austerlitz won.

Napoleon having decided to attack the Prussians on the following day, rested at Charleroi, lest, by too forward a movement, he might lead Blucher to refuse battle, and retire upon Wavre, there to unite with Wellington. His intention was to lead the main attack, trusting to Ney and the left wing of 40,000 men not only to beat off, but to put to flight, any forces he might find at Quatre Bras, and that done, to assist the main body in completing their victory, and to join in the subsequent pursuit. In the first and more important part of the plan Ney was successful, but in that only. D'Erlon did not come up to support him, and the forces, which had been concentrated at Frasnes, two miles from Quatre Bras, did not get into action there till between one and two o'clock, thus also delaying the attack of the main body, Napoleon desiring the two to be simultaneous. This gave time to Blucher to complete his concentration, all but the corps of Bulow, and to a part of Wellington's troops to join in resisting Ney's attack, where they were much needed. The Duke, who had expected that the real advance would be on his extreme right, did not hear of the movement on Charleroi till the afternoon of the 15th, and it was later before he was able to satisfy

himself that it was made in force ; nor was it till the morning of the 16th that his troops began to assemble at Quatre Bras. At noon he rode over to Bry to meet Blucher, to whom he promised his support if he himself were not attacked. Blucher's arrangements, however, were made independently of his assistance. The Duke thought the Prussian choice of ground faulty, as exposing the troops too much to the fire of the French artillery. Blucher, however, was obstinate, and declared he would not move a man. As the Duke rode away he remarked to Sir Henry Hardinge, "They will be damnably mauled"—as, indeed, they were.

The Prussian centre was at Sombreffe ; the left wing extended to Tongrinelle and Balâtre. The right was less securely posted, and might be turned. But Napoleon's object was the destruction, not of a wing, but of the main body of the army ; such a victory as should leave the Prussians in no condition to rally and support the English. He accordingly attacked the centre and the right wing, feeling sure of a victory, which, however, he was aware, would not be decisive unless Ney should be able to come to his assistance. While on the point of an attempt to break the enemy's main line at its centre and to carry the village of Ligny, a large body of men suddenly came into view on the left at about two miles distance. It was for some time uncertain who or what they were, whether Ney, having disposed of the English, or the latter marching to the assistance of the Prussians. It turned out to be neither, but the corps of d'Erlon on its way to join Ney, which the Emperor left them to do and proceeded with his attack. The Prussians made a brave resistance, but were beaten with a loss of 18,000 men, besides 10,000 or 12,000 whose sympathies were with the French, and who abandoned their colours and retired towards Liège. The doubt as to d'Erlon's corps and the non-appearance of Ney delayed the final attack until the night closed in and prevented a pursuit ; so that the victory, though complete, was not decisive, since the Prussians were not immediately pursued, and had, besides, Bulow's corps, which was not present at the battle. The forces engaged were nearly equal, 78,000 Prussians against 75,000 French, of whom 30,000 bore the brunt of the battle. Whether Napoleon was right in suspending his attack until he had ascertained the character of d'Erlon's corps has been questioned. It might have been better, it was thought, on the chance of their being enemies, to beat the Prussians before engaging with them, so as to secure enough daylight for the pursuit. In the course of the battle Blucher was unhorsed and twice ridden over by the cavalry, and so bruised that Gneisau had for a time to direct the retreat.

It remains to show why neither party was assisted from Quatre Bras. It was not till the morning of the 16th that the Duke's forces began to concentrate upon Quatre Bras, then held by the Prince of Orange. According to Mr. Ropes, the Duke was misled by an incorrect "disposition" of his forces to have supposed, and to have led Blucher to suppose, that their concentration would be earlier by some hours than was actually the case. Ney had in hand about 20,000 men who from various causes, and not a few blunders, only reached Quatre Bras in detachments, with which, though scarcely half his whole force, he soon after one o'clock began his attack. The other side at that hour were, however, equally backward, and the position was at first defended by one brigade only, that of Perponcher, under the Prince of Orange. About two o'clock the Duke, returning from his visit to Blucher, reached the ground and took the command. Soon afterwards Picton's and other forces arrived, and about five, Alten's two brigades, giving Wellington a slight superiority in force. The action closed in favour of the English by the arrival of the Guards from Nivelles, when the French retired on Frasnes, but in good order. Mr. Ropes takes pains to show that had Ney and d'Erlon displayed more vigour and paid more obedience to the orders of Napoleon, the result might have been different. It may be so, but the steadiness of the British and Hanoverian troops, when overmatched in numbers, did much towards the gaining of the battle. The losses were nearly equal, 4,000 to 5,000. The British at first had no cavalry and were inferior in artillery. Ney, however, gained one important point—he prevented Wellington from giving aid to Blucher. Wellington redeemed any errors of delay in concentration by the skill and tenacity with which he maintained a very unequal fight till near the close of the day. Mr. Ropes displays immense industry and no little critical knowledge in disentangling the various blunders and shortcomings of Ney and d'Erlon, and in his comments upon the manner in which their conduct and that of the Emperor has been misapprehended and distorted by writers who should have known better. He has also dissected very minutely and very curiously the negligences and inaccuracies on the other side, occurring on the day preceding and on the day of the battle. Nor is less noteworthy the manner in which he disposes of personal testimony, even that of Wellington given some years later, by collating it with admitted facts.

It is suggested that if Napoleon, having beaten the Prussians, and having his own reserves and the corps of d'Erlon uninjured, had attacked the English at Quatre Bras on the morning of the 17th, he

might have gained a victory. This again, though possible, is one of those supposititious cases which are the especial delight of military critics. It appears that Napoleon did not know of the result of the battle of Quatre Bras until eight on the morning of the 17th. Ney, assuming that the Emperor had withdrawn d'Erlon's corps from his command without notice, took offence and sent in no report.

For the entire success of Napoleon's plan it was necessary that the Prussians should be so severely beaten as to be unable to give aid to the English, or, if beaten at all, that they should fall back on Namur, which, so far as present assistance was concerned, would be the same thing. The Prussians retired under cover of the night unpursued, and, as Napoleon too hastily assumed, towards Namur. In this belief he, next morning, directed a pursuit. Towards mid-day it was discovered that they had retired upon Gembloux and thence in the direction of Wavre. As this could only mean that they contemplated uniting with Wellington, Napoleon sent off Grouchy with 33,000 men to prevent the union. A written order to this effect was sent, but its reception was always denied by Grouchy; nor was it till after twenty years that the actual order was discovered. Blucher, severely bruised, was for some hours unable to act, and Gneisnau, unacquainted with Wellington, and unaware why he had not supported them at Ligny, did not believe that he would make a stand at Mount St. Jean. Fortunately, Blucher had more confidence in the Duke, and sent an officer to inform him of their retreat towards Wavre, and of his intention, should the Duke fight, to support him. This was on the morning of the 17th, and the Duke's answer was that he would give battle if only Blucher would aid him with a single corps. As the Duke knew from the direction of the Prussian retreat that Blucher would certainly be able to do this, he decided at once to rely upon the assistance and make a stand, and so conclude the campaign with a great battle. To make certain upon the vital point of Prussian support, the Duke, towards nightfall, after a hard day's work, rode over by wretched cross roads twelve miles to Wavre, saw Blucher, and received his assurance of support next day. This ride has been disbelieved, for the Duke kept it secret, even from his own staff, lest he should be thought to doubt the good faith of his ally. Blucher, he thus learned, had decided to leave a corps to hold Wavre against Grouchy, and to march with his main body for Mount St. Jean. In the event, Grouchy, by no means a skilful general, neglected, or did not fully comprehend, his orders, and wasted in an attack upon Wavre the time by which he might have saved, not indeed the battle, but the subsequent rout of Waterloo.

For this, however, Grouchy was not wholly responsible. His orders, dated on the night of the 17th, did not anticipate what happened. He was not strong enough, should he find the Prussians concentrated at Wavre, to engage their whole army ; but the order to join Napoleon at once was not despatched till 10 A.M. on the 18th, and did not reach him till 4 P.M., when it found him engaged with the Prussian detachment at Wavre. But the cannon of Waterloo, heard by Grouchy at Walhain before he marched on Wavre, should have summoned him to join the Emperor with all speed. He seems to have resented the advice to do so tendered by Gérard, his subordinate, with a certain want of personal respect. There was always a good deal of personal feeling, leading to insubordination, in the higher ranks of Napoleon's officers, especially between the Marshals, and often, especially in Spain, attended with serious consequences.

After the retirement of Ney on the evening of the 16th upon Frasnes, the Duke remained at Genappe for the night, and on the morning of the 17th returned to Quatre Bras, where at 7.30 he heard of the defeat at Ligny, and a little later of the direction of Blucher's retreat, and received his promise of support. About ten o'clock he retired his troops, but it was not till one that Napoleon arrived in force and despatched d'Erlon in pursuit. Wellington had with him 40,000 men, and was joined on the road by other parts of his force, and especially by his cavalry. His rear guard was severely attacked, but a charge of the Life Guards finally beat back the enemy, and enabled him to halt undisturbed on the field of Waterloo. The French also, some hours afterwards, took up their ground with a view to the expected battle on the morrow. Both commanders had ample cause for anxiety. Wellington with an army nearly equal indeed in number but far inferior in quality to the French had to hold his ground until the arrival of the Prussians, and Napoleon, who trusted to Grouchy to keep the Prussians in check, or at worst to retard their arrival before the conclusion, or as he expected, the winning of the battle, was well aware that Grouchy was not a general in whose abilities he could place entire confidence.

The position upon which the Duke fell back on the evening of the 17th, and on which he was joined by the remainder of his force, had been skilfully selected and military sketches of it prepared. It was one of considerable strength, and afforded cover to the reserves and to the main line when not actually engaged, a matter of special importance with an enemy who made great use of artillery. It lay nearly three miles in front of the village of Waterloo, and about three-quarters of a mile in front of Mount St. Jean. Its immediate

front was formed by the high road between Braine-la-Leude and Wavre, which occupied a crest or ridge along which the army was extended for about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, being divided near its centre by the Charleroi and Brussels Road which passed through Mount St. Jean and Waterloo. In front of the position, upon this road, was the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, hastily fortified, and beyond the extremity of the right wing the village or small town of Braine-la-Leude, also entrenched, and beyond that of the left wing the village of Ohain on the road to Wavre. About 300 yards in front of the extreme right was Hougomont, an old solid building, within a walled enclosure, and covered by a garden and a small wood. This, a most important post, was hastily looped and otherwise strengthened. In front of the left wing the villages of Smohain, Papelotte, and La Haye were all occupied. The ridge looked down upon the French position, and behind it the ground fell sufficiently to protect the infantry when lying down, and to admit of movements of the reserves along the rear without their being seen. There were scarcely any trees or enclosures, all being open or nearly so.

The Duke numbered about 68,000 men, of whom 30,000 were British, Hanoverian, and of the German legion, on whom alone he could rely for firmness. Of the quality of the others he had no experience, but the whole were mixed in their distribution. Of heavy and light cavalry he had 13,000, and 159 guns. In general disposition his front was about two and a quarter miles in extent. The infantry, in line, lay along the Wavre road, a little in the rear of the crest. The cavalry formed the second line, and in its rear was the cavalry reserve. The light cavalry of Vivian and Vandeleur covered the extremity of the left wing, and the corps of Perponcher occupied Smohain and the adjacent villages in front, under the command of Picton. The extreme end of the right wing, under the command of Lord Hill, was supported by the infantry of Clinton and Chassé, and the large village of Braine-la-Leude was held by a detachment from the latter in case the enemy should attempt to turn that wing. The guns, in batteries, were posted in front of the infantry, upon the extremities of the line and at certain points in the rear.

Napoleon brought into the field about 72,000 men, of whom 49,000 were infantry, 16,000 cavalry, and he had 246 guns. His front line, also intersected by the Charleroi road, and roughly parallel to, and about three-quarters of a mile distant from that of the enemy, extended about two and a half miles, from opposite Hougomont on the left, to opposite La Haye on the right, where it rested on the village of Frischermont. His front] line of infantry

was flanked at either end by cavalry and protected by ten formidable batteries of artillery. About 200 yards in the rear, in the centre of the second line, was the cavalry of Milhaud and Kellerman, and on the right and left masses of cavalry, each accompanied by artillery, in all eight batteries. The third line contained the reserves. It was composed of the infantry of the Imperial Guard in the centre and its cavalry on the right and left, the whole accompanied by ten batteries of artillery. Le Caillou, where Napoleon passed the night before the battle, was rather above a mile and a half in the rear.

Napoleon himself thought that the Duke's wiser plan would have been to fall back upon Brussels, where he would be sure to unite with the Prussians. He was in the saddle at 1 A.M. on the 18th, and rode along his front, examining the enemies' position and satisfying himself that Wellington meant to accept the battle. A little later, on a report that the enemy were retiring, he again rode to the front, and was confirmed in his former opinions. The night had been stormy. Thunder and lightning accompanied by deluges of rain rendered the ground at that hour almost impracticable for cavalry. The rain however ceased between eight and nine o'clock, and the sky became bright and so continued. As Napoleon examined the British lines he is said to have exclaimed, "*Je les tiens donc, ces Anglais !*" and the printed proclamations dated "*Brussels*," found in his baggage, show that he fully counted on a victory. The improvement in the weather seems to have influenced his postponement of the attack, so as to allow the ground to become somewhat firmer. It was not till nine o'clock that the troops, with a great parade of military music, took up their several positions.

The battle began about 10.30 by an attack by Reille upon Hougomont, which was ill-directed and failed, as did other attacks given later in the day and repulsed by the Guards under Colonel MacDonnell and Lord Saltoun, who held out to the end. This was followed by the main attack, in preparation for which, at eleven o'clock, 78 pieces of artillery opened fire upon the British centre and adjacent left wing, at about 500 yards distance, and so continued for an hour and a half. The actual attack, thus preluded, was made by four columns of infantry under d'Erlon. Byland's Dutch-Belgian brigade having suffered most cruelly from the cannonade gave way and fled in confusion, but Picton supplied its place with the British brigades of Pack and Kempt, and fell while leading them on. As the enemy approached they were received by a withering fire followed by a charge with the bayonet, forcing them back in confusion, which was completed by a charge of the heavy cavalry of Ponsonby, who fell, and Somerset, led by Lord Uxbridge in person.

Two eagles were taken, 15 guns, and about 2,000 prisoners. The English had begun well. The French attempt to gain possession of the Brussels road had failed.

Just before d'Erlon's attack Napoleon observed a body of troops on the heights of St. Lambert on his right, about four miles distant. They turned out to be Prussians, the advanced guard of Bulow's corps, and from their position likely to threaten Planchenoit, a village in the rear of the French right, which, indeed, they afterwards took, but were unable to hold. Napoleon directed against them Colonel Mouton, known in the French army as Count Lobau—a title won by his gallantry in the campaign of Wagram. Their presence in such a position and at such a critical moment required Napoleon's attention, and left Ney for a time in charge of the front of the battle.

The failure of d'Erlon's attack did not prevent the capture of La Haye Sainte, soon afterwards taken, with great waste of life, with a view to the support of a second attack, this time upon the centre and adjacent part of the British right, and by cavalry, notwithstanding the state of the ground. Ney, originally a cavalry officer, and a full believer in the efficacy of that arm as it existed in the French army, felt sure that nothing could resist their attack, and did not even provide the usual infantry supports. There was reason for this confidence. The French cavalry was reputed the finest in existence, and its divisions were commanded by Milhaud, Lefebvre, Desnouettes, Kellerman, and Guyot—men distinguished in every battlefield in Europe, and led on by "the bravest of the brave," the hero of the Moskwa and the Beresina. Such were the troops and such the leaders who dashed headlong against the thin British line. The charges were made in succession, and those who witnessed and survived the shock knew not whether most to admire the brilliant and boiling valour of the attack, or the calm steadiness of the defence. Not a single square was broken, not a single gun carried off, though the skirmishers kept up a galling fire, and the squares were enfiladed by the French artillery. "I had the infantry," said the Duke, "for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own." "I never," he adds, "saw the British infantry behave so well." Napoleon averred that Guyot's division of the Guard acted without his orders. Be this as it may, with it fell the last cavalry reserve of the French army. The charges lasted two hours, until seven o'clock; and as the battalions, necessarily drawn up in squares, were decimated by the artillery or broken by sheer exhaustion, the Duke himself led up others to supply their place.

Napoleon, who had been engaged in checking the advance of Bulow and his Prussians, and had employed a part of the Guard in driving them out of Planchenoit, now turned his attention to the front, and prepared a third, and as he expected an irresistible, attack upon what remained of the British line. For this he brought forward eight battalions, all that remained of the Imperial Guard, 3,000 men, whom he formed in eight columns disposed "en échelon," the right leading, with two batteries of horse artillery on the left flank, and such cavalry as could be collected. The British infantry, drawn up in line to receive the attack, had been much reduced and broken. The Duke, however, was at hand, and with that calmness which was never so conspicuous as in the heat of battle, filled up the gaps with the Guards brigades of Maitland and Adam, troops of the best quality, which had as yet suffered but little. To support them he brought the Dutch-Belgians under Chassé from the extreme right, and what remained of Alten's brigade, and some Brunswickers. Finally, in their rear he placed the light cavalry of Vivian and Vandeleur from the extreme left. This was all that could be done, and the infantry laid down three deep, awaiting the attack.

The Imperial Guard came on at the double, seventy-five abreast. When their bear-skin capes came in sight at fifty or sixty paces distance, the Duke himself gave the word, "Up, Guards, and make ready"; on which the line springing up delivered their fire. Their fire, given with much precision, was destructive; upwards of 300 fell, including Friant and Michel, the generals in command. The Guard paused, and, crippled and broken, gave way. "Now's the time, my boys," shouted Lord Saltoun, as they charged down the slope. At that critical moment Sir John Colborne threw the 52nd regiment into line on the left flank, poured in a volley upon the rear columns, then advancing, and charged. The result was decisive. The columns fled in confusion and were pursued nearly to the Charleroi road, when the Guards fronted to the right and disposed of an attack in flank from that quarter.

What might have followed, both parties being utterly fatigued, had no third body intervened, it is not easy to say. The French would probably have retired in tolerable order; but at this critical moment, when the Guard had given way, and the 52nd was in pursuit, the vanguard of Blucher's troops, arriving by the Wavre road, reached Papelotte, and threw the French right wing into confusion. The Duke, seizing the opportunity, despatched the light cavalry in pursuit, and seeing the battle won, ordered the whole line to advance. The only resistance made was offered by Lobau, who continued to

hold Planchenoit against the whole force of the Prussians, and thus gave time to the army to retire, while the Emperor did his best to rally the remains of the Guard. At Genappe, a short mile to the rear, the Dyle was crossed by a single bridge, and the block thus created favoured the pursuit and completed the confusion, and converted the retreat into a rout. Above a hundred pieces of artillery were abandoned and taken, with the carriage and personal baggage of the Emperor, and all attempt at order was abandoned. The English remained upon the field, and the pursuit was continued by the Prussian cavalry, who pushed on nearly to Quatre Bras.

Mr. Ropes criticises severely the tactical operations of the French during the battle, which he regards as faulty in the extreme. The attack by d'Erlon in column he thinks a mistake, as was the early employment of the cavalry reserve by Ney, and the repetition of the charges after it became clear that they could produce no corresponding effect. He also regards the employment of the whole of Reille's corps in the repeated attacks upon Hougomont as a blunder, and especially during the latter part of the battle, as wasteful of troops much wanted elsewhere.

He regards one great element in the French defeat to have been the necessity for Napoleon's absence from the front while engaged in directing the operations against Bulow's corps, by which his right wing was seriously endangered, and owing to which the conduct of the battle was for some time left to Ney, who, though a brilliant combatant, was not equally distinguished as a general. He is also of opinion that had Grouchy succeeded in retarding the Prussian advance the result of the battle would have been different.

Nevertheless, Mr. Ropes does ample justice to the tactical skill of Wellington, to the forethought, coolness, and watchfulness he showed during the whole day, and his readiness to turn to account such resources as remained to him. He also bestows high praise upon the courage and presence of mind of his officers, no less than upon the firmness of the troops and the destructive character of their fire.

Mr. Ropes's criticisms in general, and his speculations on what, under certain circumstances, might have happened, are by no means out of place in a scientific account of the campaign. To military students they are especially valuable. It is, however, true that from such speculations, largely indulged in, many French historians of the battle have been led to attribute the result to the Duke's habitual good fortune; forgetting that, though fortune is an important element in war, as in all human affairs, the smiles of the fickle

goddess are seldom permanently bestowed, save to those who, by wise and prudent precautions, are least dependent upon them. A general who has fought many battles and never once been beaten, never lost a single gun, can well afford to be told that his success has been due to luck.

It has been generally thought, at least in this country, that the inaccuracies in Napoleon's comments upon his campaigns, which are, indeed, sufficiently abundant, were intentional, and intended to improve his already great reputation. Mr. Ropes, admitting the errors, denies the intention. "Napoleon," he says, "in his orders to his lieutenants, while pointing out clearly the main object to be attained, left to the individual the course to be pursued under an emergency, and did not retain in his memory the orders given, writing, as he did, at a considerable distance of time, and without access to staff books or other similar papers." "It is," he thinks, "partly, at any rate, the result of an active imagination working on facts imperfectly recollected, but which have been dwelt upon till the mind has become disturbed and warped." This is a charitable, possibly a true, explanation, and may be recommended to the partisans of a great political leader, whose veracity without some such supposition is, to say the least of it, very doubtful. Others, indeed, taking a less charitable view, may be disposed to apply more widely what Charras says of Grouchy: "He has not always been very exact, or very sincere."

FOREGLOWS AND AFTERGLOWS.

MEN do not wonder at the adoration by the savage of the sun ; for to the untutored mind the majesty of that orb eclipses all. Among created things the sun is likest a god, shedding, on its way of glory, beauty, life, and joy in unlimited profusion. To the eye of the artist nothing in nature can compare to a sunrise or sunset in certain seasons. And to educated theists the sun is the

Creator's crest upon His azure shield the heavens.

By the sun's benignant beams of light and heat the earth rejoices to-day as it has ever done since, by the divine *fiat*, it became the centre of our system. The world's unwithered countenance is bright as at creation's day. The sun is always the joy-inspiring element in nature—the source of the rainbow colours on the dark cloud. And no man has more beautifully described the sun than did the poet-king of Israel in those oft-admired words : “ The sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it ; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.”

This suggests sunrise. The powerful king of day rejoices as he steps upon the earth over the dewy mountain tops, bathing all in light, and spreading gladness and deep joy before him. The lessening cloud, the kindling azure, and the mountain's brow, illumined with golden streaks, mark his approach ; he is encompassed with bright beams as he throws his unutterable love upon the clouds, “ the beauteous robes of heaven.” Soon he touches the green leaves all-a-tremble with gold light. Aslant the dew-bright earth and coloured air he looks in boundless majesty abroad, lightening the rocks, and hills, and streams that gleam from afar. From universal gloom—horribly pictured by Byron in “ Darkness ”—he clothes all in bright beauty, proving himself to be “ of all material beings first and best.” Yet the material glory is infinitely intensified when it is clothed in light by the imagination, and irradiated by the poetic spirit. Over Christopher North's soul a gorgeous sunrise had ever an enchanting spell. And to the poetic mind of the philosophic

genius, Professor Ferrier, the changing colours of sunrise suggested a very apt illustration of the dark theory of the "Becoming," as laid down in mere skeleton form by the Greek philosopher, Heraclitus. The dawn steals gradually over the earth and sky ; and never at any moment can we say that the degree of light and colour is definite and fixed. It is continually changing. It is continually becoming stronger and stronger ; and yet at no instant can we say, or think, here one degree of clearness or colour ends, and here a higher degree of clearness or colour begins. In truth, none of the changes have either any end or any beginning, so imperceptibly are they run away into each other. The reason tells the eye that, even for the shortest time that can be named or conceived, the observer never sees any abiding colour, any colour which truly *is*. Within the millionth part of a second the varied glory of the eastern heavens has undergone an incalculable series of mutations. The eye seems to arrest the fleeting pageant, and to give it some continuance ; but the reason says it is only a series of fleeting colours, no one of which *is*. As the circle is traced by a pencil moving continuously in a straight line and out of it at the same time, or as the acceleration of a falling stone is produced by the velocity being fixed and increasing at the same instant, so the gorgeous lights and colours of sunrise proceed from a blending of fixity and non-fixity. They illustrate the philosophy of the Becoming instead of the Being.

But glorious, and educating, and inspiring as is the sunrise in itself in many cases, there is occasionally something very remarkable that is connected with it. Rare is it, but how charming when witnessed, though till very recently it was all but unexplained. This is the *foreglow*. It is in no respects so splendid as the afterglows succeeding sunset ; but because of its rarity, its beauty is enhanced. We remember a foreglow most vividly which was seen at our Strathmore Manse in January 1893. Our bedroom window looked due west ; we slept with the blind drawn. On our table was an ordinary leaf diary, with the hours of sunrise and sunset daily marked. On that morning we were struck, just after the darkness was fading away, with a slight colouring all along the western horizon. The skeleton branches of the trees stood out strangely against it. The colouring gradually increased, and the roseate hue stretched higher. The old well-known faces that we used to conjure up out of the thin blended boughs became more life-like as the cheeks flushed. The fine old copper beech (eight feet in circumference before it breaks off into three commanding limbs), the gauzy-sprigged birches, the gnarled elms, and the holly, that alone by its

green leaves showed signs of life, stood finely out against the light roseate belt of western sky. There was rare warmth on a winter morning to cheer a half-despairing soul, tired out with the long hours of oil reading, and pierced to the heart by the never-ceasing rimes ; yet we could not understand it. We went to the room opposite to watch the sunrise ; for we had observed on the diary that the appearance of the sun would not be for a few minutes. There were streaks of light in the east above the horizon, but no colour was visible. That hectic flush, slight, yet well marked, which was deepening in the western heavens, had no counterpart in the east, except the colourless light which marked the sun's near approach. As soon as the sun's rays shot up into the eastern clouds, and his orb appeared above the horizon, the western sky paled, the colour left it, as if ashamed of its assumed glory. A foreglow like that we have very rarely seen ; and its existence was a puzzle to us, till we studied Mr. John Aitken's explanation of the afterglows after sunset. We have never come across any of his descriptions of a foreglow, and, of course, across no explanation of the curious phenomenon. The western heavens were coloured with fairly bright roseate hues, while the eastern horizon was only silvery bright before the sun rose ; whereas, after the sun rose and coloured the eastern hills and clouds, the western sky resumed its leaden grey and colourless appearance. Why was that ? What is the explanation ?

The varied phenomena attending an afterglow are capable of giving a clearer explanation of the foreglow ; and to the sunset and the appearances that follow in its train we now turn. This is advisable, for during many months of the year one can witness the gorgeous afterglows, and study what we are to say in explanation ; whereas it is not an easy matter to secure a good foreglow with decided varying effects. One is always struck with the resplendent brilliancy of the autumn sunsets. Some nine years ago these were exceptionally grand, and in due course something will be said about this. But for our examination of an afterglow we have selected a September day in 1893, because one could examine it more carefully with the gentler lights and colours.

A glorious sunset has always had a charm for the lover of nature's beauties. The zenith spreads its canopy of sapphire, and not a breath creeps through the rosy air. A magnificent array of clouds of numberless shapes come smartly into view. Some, far off, are voyaging their sun-bright paths in silvery folds ; others float in golden groups ; some masses are embroidered with burning crimson ; others are like "islands all lovely in an emerald sea." Over the

glowing sky are splendid colourings. The flood of rosy light looks as if a great conflagration were below the horizon. We wended our way up to the high road between Kirriemuir and Blairgowrie to get a full view of the whole sky. The setting sun shone upon the back of certain long trailing clouds which were much nearer to the observer than a range behind ; and the front of these were darkly glowing, with the fringes brilliantly golden, while the front of those behind was sparkingly bright. In the time we have taken to make these jottings the sun had disappeared over the western hills, and his place was full of spokes of living light. Looking eastward we observed on the horizon the base of the northern limb of a beautiful rainbow, almost upright, and only a few degrees in length, produced, no doubt, by the refracted rays through the moist atmosphere in the west. Gradually it melted into thin air, and a hectic flush began to visit the eastern horizon.

Soon in the west the light faded, and piles of cold, neutral-tinted cloud encanopied the semicircle of pale light. The belt of cloud above the hills, which before stood out as if brushed with liquid gold, was now chillingly dark. But out of the east there came a lovely flush, and the general sky was presently flamboyant with afterglow. The front set of clouds was darker except on the edges, the red being on the clouds behind ; the horizon in the east being particularly rich with dark red hues. Ten minutes after the sun sunk, the eastern glow rose and reddened all the back clouds, but the front clouds were still grey. The effect was very fine in contrast. The fleecy clouds in the zenith became transparently light red as they stretched over to reach the silver-streaked west. But the front clouds, that were coming east by the gentle and balmy western breeze, were dark grey, without any roseate hues. The last of the swallows were seen flying high up as if in the gauzy clouds. Close to the southern horizon there was a deep band of red unclouded sky, against which the wooded Sidlaws looked black and sombre. The new moon was just appearing upright against a slightly less bright opening in the sky, which, with the shrill cry of an owl in the copse, had a mystic effect on the scene. In five minutes more the rosy colouring left the eastern horizon ; but, when the clouds opened in the west, the flushed sky was then magically displayed. Again, in the north, east, and south a richly roseate belt was marked between 50° and 10° of elevation. Gradually the back clouds in the zenith (very thin) became slightly reddened, but the front clouds then were uncoloured as before. As the colouring of the upper zenith clouds wandered to the west, where a flush of glowing was seen in the back clouds, the red in the east gradually waned. The varying shades of

the different kinds of blue were now beautifully seen from the pale blue at the horizon to the deep azure of the zenith. Half an hour after sunset there was no red in any part except a lingering flush in the sky behind the western clouds. But, strange to say, within the next ten minutes a second glow commenced, very feeble, still discernible. The north and east warmed up slightly with a slight tinge of rosy red. Gradually the under clouds, about 50° above the western horizon, became slightly red beneath, the back ones being dark—the reverse of what was seen before. Fifty minutes after sunset the east was still slightly flushed, as was part of the open sky in the west, whereas the open sky in the south-west was of a pale bluish-green hue. Soon the colours collapsed, and the peaceful reign of the later twilight possessed the land. The temperature was 58° Fahr., far too high for a gorgeous display. (This will be afterwards explained.) The grass was perfectly dry, and there were no symptoms of dew, also against brilliancy in the afterglow.

Now why was the eastern horizon so flushed with crimson when the sun had sunk in the west, and silvery light alone was seen in the opening of the sky above where the sun had disappeared? Similarly, why was it that in the foreglow that belted the western horizon there was a rich roseate colour, while in the east, before sunrise, there were only light silvery streaks that indicated the sun's approach? Why should there be red colours in the least expected places—especially such an immense variety and wealth of reds? Mr. John Aitken, F.R.S., has devoted considerable attention to this subject both in this country and in the South of France. What we cannot so easily determine here, where the skies are so generally cloudy, and the temperature so variable, he easily discovered in sunny France; for there the different sunset effects repeat themselves evening after evening in cloudless skies and with equable climate.

Some are of opinion that the varied colours are due to an excess of water-vapour in the atmosphere, the sun's rays being coloured as they pass through the vapour. But he is of opinion that, though moisture in the form of vapour-particles (formed by the dust-particles attracting the moisture in the air) increases and intensifies the colours, yet atmospheric dust is essential for the production of the afterglows. And he was the more convinced of this by the very remarkable and beautiful sunsets which occurred ten years ago, after the tremendous eruption at Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda. There was then ejected an enormous quantity of fine dust. Mr. Verbreeck, a high authority on the subject, computed that no less than 70,000 cubic yards of dust actually fell round the volcano itself. This will give an idea of the enormous quantity of fine dust that was showered

into the atmosphere all over the world. So long as that vast amount of dust remained in the air did the sunsets and afterglows display an exceptional wealth of colouring. All observers were struck with the vividly brilliant red colours in all shades and tints. Now, if dust is the cause of these glowing colours, there must be somewhere the blue complementary colouring, seeing that the dust acts as a disperser, and not an absorber, of the sun's component rays. The minute particles of dust in the atmosphere arrest the rays and scatter them in all directions ; they are so small, however, that they cannot arrest and scatter all ; their power is limited to the perfecting of the rays at the blue end of the spectrum, while the red rays pass on unarrested. There, therefore, ought to be somewhere in the sky a display of the colours of the blue end of the spectrum ; and these are found in numberless shades from the full blue in the zenith to the greenish-blue near the horizon. In fact, the wonderful greenness sometimes appears in a clear space in the lower sky, more intensified when contrasted with a rose-coloured cloud or haze, alongside of it. Dust, then, is the main cause of the glowing colours attending sunset ; for none of the colours are destroyed—only sifted out and sorted in a marvellous way. If there were no fine particles of dust in the upper strata, the sunset effect would be whiter ; if there were no large particles of dust, there would be no colouring at all. If there were no dust-particles in the air, the light would simply pass through into space without revealing itself, and the moment the sun disappeared there would be total darkness, as when a candle is blown out in moonless midnight. The very existence of our twilight depends on the dust in the air, and its length depends on the amount and extent of the dust-particles.

We saw that soon after sunset, though the western sky was silvery, the sky near the eastern horizon was flushed with red. That is due to the sun's rays being deprived of all except the red in their passage horizontally through so much of the atmosphere, and these red rays falling on the large particles low down in the eastern heavens illuminated them with red light. This red light near the eastern horizon would be much redder if it were not for the great amount of blue light reflected by the particles from the sky overhead. But how have the particles been increased in size in the east ? Because, as the sun was sinking, but before its rays failed to illumine the heavens, the temperature of the air began to fall. This cooling made the dust-particles seize the water-vapour to form fog-particles of a larger size. The particles in the east first lose the sun's heat, and first become cool ; and the rays of light are then best sifted, producing a more distinct and darker red. As the sun dipped lower

the particles overhead became a turn larger, and thereby better reflected the red rays. Accordingly the roseate bands in the east spread over to the zenith and passed over to the west, producing in a few minutes a universal transformation glow. Before, however, the ruddy flush reaches the zenith, the polariscope could display the redness even then, though unseen by the unassisted eye. From this we see that the crimson, seen in the east shortly after sunset, ascends in gradually paling hues, by reason of the interference of the strong deep blue overhead, then stretches overhead on to the west, where again it becomes more golden, mixed in an aurora-like glow.

The variety in the colours and the difference of their intensity depend, too, upon the two sets of dust-particles in the air. To produce the full effect often witnessed there must be, besides the ordinary dust-particles, small crystals floating in the air, which increase the reflection from their surfaces. These crystals shine far more brilliantly when suspended in the air between the observer and the sun than in any other position, and there is generally a sufficient number to produce this glorious result. The light reflected by the large quantities of ordinary kinds of dust is the chief cause of the red glow in the south, north, and east; the crystals enhance the western glow effects. In winter sunsets, the winter-clad dust-particles get frozen, and the red light streams with rare brilliancy, causing all reddish and coloured objects to glow with a strange brightness. Dead beech leaves, which in ordinary are not noticed in a marked degree, shine out as deeply red as those of the blood-stained maple. All the red-tiled roofs or red sandstone gables of the houses shine out brightly, as if painted with vermilion. When afterwards we find that there has been a heavy deposit of dew, we can account, by the sudden change of temperature after sunset, for some of the brilliancy of the colouring; then the air glows with a strange light as of the Northern Dawn. From all this it is clear, that though the colouring of sunset is produced by the direct rays of the sun, the afterglow is produced by reflection, or rather radiation from the illuminated particles near the horizon.

But we can satisfy ourselves still more by another consideration, that the afterglow is only a reflection of the sunset colours on the horizon by the same particles as shown by the direct sunlight before. Everyone knows that daylight is far brighter than lamplight, yet it is not so easy to realise the full difference. Bring a lighted lamp into the room about sunset, without drawing down the window-blind. The room does not seem to be any better lighted. One experiment was made where the window looked to the west. As the sun sinks, note how the lamp begins to light up a wider and wider area in the

room, until the room seems lighted by the lamp alone, while we can still see our way about in the lawn outside. Similarly, if we keep in view the vast scale of brilliancy to be met with at sunset, we can see that what is dark at one time and under certain conditions may really appear brilliantly illuminated a short time afterwards under different conditions. If a small area of the brilliantly clear western sky were projected by means of a mirror upon the eastern, the eastern, which looked bright before, would, alongside the reflection of the western, look black. A cloud on a bright sky may look black; but remove the white sky and we find the cloud is brilliantly lighted up. No red glow is observed overhead by the naked eye, while the polariscope can detect it, so that the red must be there. When conditions change, the red becomes visible. We imagine that in the afterglow the red overhead has increased; but in reality it has decreased, for the stars are becoming more and more numerous, showing that the daylight has been decreasing all the time.

To keep the eye from being bewildered with the afterglow, let the setting sun shine into your room so as to paint an image of the window on the wall opposite. A bright orange light may be observed in the picture, while the little clouds in it are lighted up with the same hue. As the sun sinks, the colour deepens in the picture, and the clouds then glow with a fine red light. After the sun ceases to shine on the clouds, their brilliancy gradually wanes, until at last they appear to be black; yet if you look out you will find the sky in the east and overhead flushing with crimson. After a time, the clouds in the picture lose their black appearance, and their western edges again glow with a rich light, very much as at first, except that the sharp outlines have become hazy. This shows that the illumination was from the western sky, as the clouds were far too low to be lighted up by the direct rays of the sun. The hazy outlines, too, give evidence of the indirect light which illuminates them.

Without the dust-particles there would be no foreglows or afterglows—no dawn, no twilight. Sudden light and sudden darkness would daily startle man and beast. There would be no colouring either in the morning or evening. The charms of sunrise and sunset would be gone. Strange that the grandeur of the heavens in sunrise foreglows and sunset afterglows depends for its existence on dust particles and water-vapour!

It has long been supposed that the colouring of earth and sky at sunrise and sunset is more gorgeous when observed from the top of a mountain than at its base; but Mr. Aitken's careful and repeated observations at the Rigi Kulm (6,000 feet), in Switzerland, all point the other way. For several days he took accurate notes of the obser-

vations, and the weather was uniformly favourable ; but on none of the days did he see any display of colour—indeed, he was particularly struck with the want of it. Greys predominated over other colours. Now during that time, he was afterwards told by trustworthy observers, the sunsets a mile below, from Lucerne, were remarkably fine for colour effects. The colouring must, therefore, have been produced by the more dusty lower air. This supposition is supported by other observations. On the mountain top the near cumulus clouds were always snowy-white, while it was only the distant ones that were tarnished yellow, showing that it required a great distance at that elevation to give even a slight colouring. There seems, therefore, to be very good reasons for supposing that the colouring at sunrise and sunset will be more brilliant when seen from the valley than from the mountain top.

We cannot help lingering fondly on this charming subject, just as the sun lingers in the production of the afterglows instead of suddenly finishing its work. We have to witness the sunsets at Ballahulish to be assured that Walter Paton really imitated nature in the characteristic bronze tints of his richly painted landscapes ; and never can we forget the May afterglows at Bridge-of-Allan, where, recruiting after a long illness, we were spell-bound by their fresh and invigorating grandeur. Then, of course, we were more susceptible to the magical power of Nature. The air was full of music. The thrush rivalled all the songsters of the grove in pouring forth, in his varied movements, his passionate love-song. Oh, for the power of Richard Jefferies to put in words what we saw and felt ! The trees were being clothed with their fresh foliage ; the green being unscorched, the brown being unbronzed. Peace reigned supreme, and Nature reposed in rosy sleep. The full moon was shining in the east with borrowed, reflected light, for already the sun was below the horizon. The clouds were tinged with light red from the eastern horizon all over the zenith, but in the west they had more of a neutral tint ; while below, the rich, roseate, fairy-like light clothed all the trees with a golden sheen. And behind all, there seemed to be manifested a Spirit to which our own spirit thrilled in ecstasy. Such a scene of glory must elevate the moral tone of any man who is not soulless. The conception of the Divine rises above the material phenomena to purify, to hallow, and to calm the human spirit. Then we discern that science becomes possessed of heavenly light, and “by that light really see light.”

Nature's self, which is the breath of God,
Or His pure word by miracle revealed.

A NORTHUMBRIAN VALLEY.

THE folklore and popular story of any district could not fail of interest if honestly collected and intelligently set forth. In them you read the true history of the people, uncoloured by any intervening medium. You are thus brought directly face to face with fact and life itself. The characters of the people are "writ large" in these flotsam and jetsam on the stream of time. History in the strict sense, even if it were recoverable from dusty archives or parish registers (which have been well called "the poor man's charter"), would not be so sufficing. The songs and stories and sayings of a people pulse with their very life-blood—their whole nature is there revealed, their characters held in solution—you can recover the full picture of the past by dwelling on these unsuspecting and faithful records—the more true and complete that they are unconscious—set down with no purpose but that of sincere expression of feeling, of pastime and amusement. And when the district is one that has been a centre of disturbance, of periodical and romantic raidings, in which the temper of two peoples during a long period is well illustrated, of wild revenges, and too often of almost cold-blooded murders and rapine, surely there is an added interest.

The whole Northumbrian land was exposed through centuries (during which the character of the people was being formed) to the inrush of the lawless Scots, and the picturesque Coquetdale, alike because of easy approach to it through the Cheviots, and its abundance of such spoil as the Scots desired, was especially liable to these marauding inroads. In later times Coquetdale has been celebrated, as it well deserves, for its rare mixture of wild scenery and refined sylvan beauty, for its "wale o' trout," and its handsome men and women. The old Northumbrian poet has well celebrated its delights :

Throw beuks an' bizziness to the deil,
And gang awa' to Coquetdale,

and Roxby, its later laureate, is in no whit behind. In the records of many famous anglers it stands high, and whole pages of delightful description and encomium could be transferred from them. We are

fain, in the first place, to tell something of its history as read through its existing lore, which has been greatly increased and systematised by one of its present residents, Mr. D. D. Dixon, of Rothbury, with whom we have had some pleasant intercourse, and access to many of whose scattered writings has been cheerfully afforded us. In a letter to us he says :

“I am very fond of the antiquities, scenery, and folklore of Upper Coquetdale, and, although only a village tradesman, I manage to enjoy myself during winter evenings by scribbling notes of what I have explored during the summer months. And as I travel a good deal amongst the country folk—the farmers and the peasants—I come across a lot of odd sayings, rhymes, and folklore, which I never fail to jot down at the end of my order-book. These notes are most useful to me when writing any of my modest attempts at local history.”

O si sic omnes !

I. INROADS OF THE SCOTS.

Necessarily there will grow up in a people exposed as the inhabitants of Coquetdale had been for centuries to Scotch moss-troopers, a wary open-eyedness, and a readiness on the spur of the moment to throw off the usual habit and routine, to enter on new employments and experiences. We have evidence of this in many ways ; nay, we find now and then in their songs a rough kind of enjoyment, a sort of pleasure in the excitement these struggles produced ; and what is yet more a faculty of appreciating at its true worth anything remarkable in the way of dash and bravery which their enemies had showed. Such a life, never at rest, with little sense of security, was sure to produce rough and ready men, with not a little shrewd watchfulness, and with determination and true resource. Here and there we have hint of wild humour and fun, reckless defiance as it were, of fate. The very feeling of the following is surely proof of this :

Hue an' cry, hoond an' horne, ca' to the fray,
For the Scots hae been Rotbarrie waie i' the mirk ;
An' left na a galloway, sheepe, hogge, or stirk ;
Fired a' the haudins, an' harried the kirk :
An' far waur than a'—
Oh, wae till us, wae !—
The meenister's missin'—they've lifted him tae !

But serious reflections are not wanting to go along with serious memories. “The woeful Wednesday i' the Wreigh Hill” is still spoken of, for on Wednesday, May 25, 1412, that village was ravaged and completely burned by the Scots.

In 1549 took place the Raid of Kerrs—"a left-handed race," strangely enough—a point dwelt on in the songs and tales, and this raid is still remembered and often referred to. To these Kerrs is applied a very characteristic line to be immediately quoted in its true position :

They scumfish them oot wi' the smoutherin' strae ;

meaning that by the smoke of burning straw they drove forth the old and the children from remotest parts of the houses, where they may have taken shelter and have remained hidden. This line occurs in a song which Mr. Dixon quotes as composed by a Newcastle gentleman well-known in Coquetdale,¹ as spirited as it is faithful to fact and to the feelings of those into whose mouth it is put :

Waes me !—God wot,
But the beggarlie Scot
Through the 'bateable land has prickit his way,
An' ravaged wi' fire
Peel, hauldin', and byre,
Our nowte, sheep, and galloways a' taen awae ;
But by hagbut an' sword, ere he's back owre the Border,
We'll be het on his trod, an' aye set him in order.

Nae bastles or peels
Are safe frae thae deils,
Gin the colliers be oot or the lairds awae ;
The bit bairnies an' wives
Gang i' dreed o' their lives,
For they scumfish them oot wi' the smoutherin' strae.
Then—spear up the lowe—ca' oor lads thegither,
An' we'll follow them hot trod owre the heather.

Weel graith'd, sair on mettle,
Oor harness in fettle,
The reivers we sicht far ayont the wa',
Gin we bring them to bay,
Nae saufey we'll pay.
We'll fangit, syne hangit—we'se see them a' ;
Then on, lads, on—for the trod is hot,
As oot owre the heather we prod the Scot.

We'll harass them sairly,
Nae hoo gie for parley ;
Noo the spurs i' the dish for their hungrie wames,
To your slogans gie mouth,
An' we'll sune lead them south.

Gramerce—gin we cross them, we'll crap their kames :
Then—keep the lowe breezin', lads—ca' to the fray,
Syne we're up wi' the lifters we'll gar them pay.

¹ Mr. Joseph Crawhall.

Fae to fae—steel to steel ;
 Noo the donnert loons reel,
 An' caitiffs cry "Hoo !" but it's a' in vain :
 Sec a clatter o' thwacks
 Fa's on sallets an' jacks,
 Till we've lifted the lifters as weel as oor ain,
 Then wi' fence to the crupper they'll ride a gaie mile
 To their dance frae the Wuddie at merrie Carlisle.

The inhabitants of the Borders, indeed, were so accustomed to the frequent demolition of their dwellings that they regarded it as something like a necessary evil, as may be gathered from what Sir Walter Scott makes Watt Tinlinn to exclaim to the Lady of Branksome, when telling her of the approach of belted Will Howard and Lord Dacre :

They crossed the Liddle at curfew hour,
 And burned my little lonely tower ;
 The feind receive their souls therefore !
It had not been burned this year or more.

That, after repeated raids of this kind, the good folks of Coquetdale perseveringly returned to rebuild, to resow, and re-establish their flocks and herds, bespeaks rare elasticity and determination and enterprise.

Frequently indeed did the moss-trooping Scot sing his gathering song as we find it in one of Wilson's "Tales of the Borders" :

And it's hey, my lads, for the bonnie moonlight
 That on mountain and muirland is streaming sae bright ;
 Gae saddle my steed for I maun ride the night
 As far as the English Border.
 Tak' tent, Jock lad, for the Warden's men
 Are ridin' o'er hill and ridin' through glen,
 Tuts, sax Scots lads 'ill keep twae score and ten
 O' sic feckless loons in order.

An incident which illustrates very vividly the life of these times—their "sturt and strife and develrie"—is thus set down by Mr. Dixon :

"Hepple was the native place of the renowned Robert Snowdon, who in his eighteenth year fought and slew John Grieve, a celebrated Scotch champion, in a pitched battle with small swords upon Gamble Path, in Upper Coquetdale, on the borders. The circumstance appears to have taken place sometime before the Union (1684). This Robert Snowdon had a black horse which he greatly prized. It was one night stolen, when he, accompanied by two friends, pursued the thief to the Scottish Borders, where from a wretched hovel his voice

was answered by the neighing of his favourite, on which the unsuspecting Snowdon dismounted and rushed into the house, but, while in the act of unloosing his horse, he was run through the body by a concealed assassin. The family of the Snowdons were all distinguished for their intrepidity and dexterity in the petty feuds of those turbulent times."

II. THE JACOBITE RISINGS.

The Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745 left their traces very deeply on Coquetdale. The distress and disturbance experienced by the good folks there are commemorated in these lines, often heard by Mr. Dixon on Coquet Water—lines which wonderfully recall one of Mr. Allingham's fine poems, if not, indeed, the finest of his shorter poems :

Up the craggy mountain,
An' down the mossy glen,
We daurna gan' a-milkin'
For Charlie an' his men.

The district was divided within itself. Many of the people declared for the Stuarts, and risked and lost their all in the cause. One of the most devoted was Squire Selby, of Biddleston ; and a very good story is told of the way in which the quiet prudence of the women-folk (who in this case were not so devoted Jacobites as the men) went to redeem, or to atone for, the mad extravagance of the head of the family. The two sisters of the Squire knew well that there was no good in protests against devoting everything to the cause of the Chevalier ; but by their wit they nevertheless found a means of saving something. They did it thus. They began a big piece of embroidery work in the shape of a large and heavy bed-quilt, such as Northumbrians like, and they stitched a gold guinea into each diamond of their quilt, and thus provided a little means for themselves in after years. It was, perhaps, the only way in which they could then have saved the money, and some praise must be allowed to the wit of women in stormy times ; for they succeeded. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in that fine fragment "Doctor Dolliver," which he left behind him, makes very fine use of the old doctor's dressing-gown, into which two generations of women had stitched their reverence and affection and womanliness ; we can say of the Misses Selby's quilt that they stitched into it, besides the gold guineas, their womanly common sense and caution and provident forecast.

For some time Rothbury was the Jacobite headquarters, and much

life and tumult there no doubt were, as troops were mustered, drilled, and sent forth on many errands, to return clattering through the High Street and market-place, much to the surprise and wonder of the women, and to the delight of the youth of the place, who would all fain have turned soldiers, and did indeed "play their games" in their own way. Very funny stories are told of the straits to which the Jacobites were put before all was done; an instance of this we have in the following :

The troops of Lord Derwentwater and Widdrington are said to have been well armed, but the majority of those who joined in the rising were certainly not; neither were they trained to act in concert. The Jacobite army of 1715 has been described as a mob of brave men armed with swords, guns, and pistols, which they had not been drilled to use. Whether it was in the affair of '15 or '45 I am not sure, says Mr. Dixon, but it was said that when the Jacobites in one of their marches through the county were about to enter the town of Wooler, the commanding officer wishing his men to present a soldier-like appearance before the good folks of Wooler, gave the word of command, 'Draw swords,' when, much to the amusement of the spectators, a wag amongst the crowd shouted : 'An' what are they to dae wha haven't swords?'—an incident which shows the daring character of the men engaged in the movement, also the great lack of arms amongst them.

No opportunity was lost to seize and disarm anyone suspected of Hanoverian leanings—the more that horses and arms were so much wanted. Here is a case in point, which occurred at Rothbury during the first week of the campaign. On Friday, October 14, Matthew Robson, of Bellingham (a Redesdale yeoman), when returning from the Quarter Sessions held at Alnwick, proposed on arrival at Rothbury to bait his horse, and have some refreshment himself. He had evidently been making his way to the Three Half-Moons; for on riding up the village, he came quite unexpectedly upon a company of Jacobites in the market-place. Immediately on his appearance, as he rode round the Black Bull corner, two or three of the Jacobites (who no doubt knew very well that Matthew Robson was on the Hanoverian side), came forward and disarmed him, took possession of his horse and placed the poor yeoman under arrest. After keeping him for fully three hours in mortal terror of his life, with threats to slay him or shoot him, he was relieved and sent off home to Bellingham on foot—a distance of twenty miles—his horse and harness, his buff belt and his trusty broadsword, being retained by his captors to help to arm the Jacobite troops.

Yet certain localities and villages were strongly loyal, and we learn that the title of "The Little Loyal Village of Felton" (the peculiar beauty and picturesque situation of which we shall by-and-by describe) was bestowed on it by the Duke of Cumberland for the display of zeal the inhabitants made when he and his troops halted at the village, January 28, 1746, on their march to subdue the rebel Highlanders under "bonnie Prince Charlie."¹

III. THE FAMOUS PIPERS.

The bagpipes held high place in Coquetdale, as in Scotland. From early days it boasted a piper of repute, and the taste survived till a comparatively recent date. Whole families were famed as pipers, and in great part lived by their piping, though they would hardly have been true Northumbrians had they not shown themselves expert at other things as well. There were Trumbles (Turnbells) and Allans—perhaps the most famous of them.

William Allan, the noted vermin-hunter, who also excelled in the arts of fishing, basket-making, and bagpipe-playing, lived some time at Hepple and died at Whitton. He was peculiarly attached to a dog among his pack called "Peachem," which he had trained to hunt otters. So confident was he of this animal's sagacity and perseverance that he would say, "If ever 'Peachem' spoke he could sell the otter's 'skin.'" William was a perfect stranger to letters, vulgar in his manners, and uncouth in his conversation, but his conceptions were keen and his answers and remarks wonderfully shrewd and highly amusing. In the language of sportsmen, he died game. For when nature seemed exhausted, and his pious neighbours were kindly admonishing him of the awful consequences of dying with all his sins upon his head, he exclaimed with some degree of peevishness, "Hand me the pipes, and I'll gie ye 'Dorrington Lads yet,'" when he expended his failing strength in attempting to sound his bagpipes. This was about 1760. He was the father of the famous James Allan, the Duke of Northumberland's piper. Roxby thus describes Allan:

A stalwart tinkler wight was he,
And weel could mend a pot or pan,
And deftly could he thrav a flee,
And neatly weave the willow wan'.
And sweetly wild were Allan's strains,
And many a reel and jig he blew ;
Wi' merry lilt he charmed the swains,
Wi' barbed spear the otter slew.

¹ *Denham Tracts*, Vol. I. p. 20 (Folklore Society).

Nae mair he'll scan wi' anxious eye
The sandy shore of winding Rede ;
Nae mair he'll tempt the finny fry,
The king o' tinklers, Allan's dead !
Nae mair at mell and merry night
The cheerin' bagpipe Wull shall blaw ;
Nae mair the village throng delight,
Grim Death has laid the minstrel law.
Now trouts exulting cut the wave,
Triumphant see the otter glide ;
Their deadly foe lies in the grave,
Charley and Phœbe by his side.

IV. FISHING AND POACHING.

Wherever there was good fishing in old days there was sure to be much poaching. There was good fishing in the Coquet, if this report cited by Mr. Dixon is to be believed :

"Talk o' fishin'," said an old Coquet angler, "there's no sic fishen' in Coquet now as when I was a lad. . It was nowte then but to fling in and pull out by tweeses an' threeses if ye had sae mony heuks on, but now a body may keep threshin' at the water a' day atween Hallysteun an' Weldon an' hardly catch three dozen, an' money a time no that. Aboot fifty years syne I mind o' seein' trouts that thick i' the Thrum below Rothbury that if ye had stucken the end o' yor gad into the watter amang them it wud amaist hae studden upreet." ¹

These halcyon days, if they ever existed, have gone never to return, but still poaching in Coquetdale is not a lost art. Gangs of men work the torches and the leisters, while those who like to be solitary prefer to work the gaff or the cleek. Mr. Dixon, in his account of salmon poaching, gives this incident :

"One dark November night about eight o'clock, a few years ago, I was returning home from the country, when, walking along the highway, a few miles from Rothbury, I heard, but could not see, that some one was approaching ; suddenly, with a bang and a rattle, something was thrown into the roadside ditch ; then I saw a form looming through the darkness. According to the fashion of us country folk, I shouted, 'It's a dark night' ; immediately the well-known voice of a countryman (who lived close by) replied, 'Oh ! that's ye, Mr. Dixon, aa' thought ye war somebody else : wait a bit, or aa' git thor things oot the dykeside.' Thereupon, after grappling

¹ *Rambles in Northumberland*, by Stephen Oliver, the younger.

about in the dark, he produced a lantern, a salmon gaff, and a poke : shouldering these implements, we went chatting along the road together until we came to a small burn—a tributary of the Coquet—the spot where my poaching friend was ‘gan te try for a’ fish’ ; here I left him, as I did not care to be mixed up in a poaching expedition.”

Mr. Dixon also tells that the gangs for leistering were fond of adopting disguises to aid them against the water-watchers, and he gives this little bit of character and humour in illustration :

“Some had their faces blacked and their eyes white, others these colours reversed, a third, with a yellow face, had, perhaps, red eyes and a red chin, and so on. All wore the oldest and the duddiest of clothes they could procure : their head-dress was often a battered long hat or a woman’s straw-bonnet—the latter was the favourite head-gear, as the protecting front of the old-fashioned coal-scuttle bonnet shaded the eyes from the flare of the tarry-rope lights. An amusing story is told of an old weaver, who, from all accounts, did not spend much time in the performance of his daily toilet. There were going to be some fishers on the water, and he was to be one of the party, so, on asking his wife—‘Nanny, how shud aa’ guise meesel the night?’ she replied, ‘Aa’l tell ye what, John, just wesh yor feyce, an’ a’m sure nebod’y’ll ken ye.’”

Here is another of Mr. Dixon’s illustrative and characteristic anecdotes :

“One November night, some years ago, the most expert salmon cleeker amongst our Rothbury poachers was fishing alone with a cleek and gaff at the Thrum. Sitting on the rock close to the water’s edge he was pulling out fish after fish, when suddenly the light from a bull’s-eye lantern shone down upon him. But the owner of the bull’s-eye being uncertain how many of the enemy might be sitting in ambush round the corner of the rock, and the rock being in rather close proximity to fifteen feet of water, he decided not to attack the poachers single-handed. Therefore, for a considerable length of time he paced backwards and forwards on a road above, thinking thus to tire the fishermen out. The solitary salmon cleeker meanwhile went on pulling out his fish ; but, after sitting until he was cold and stiff in the limbs, he thought to himself that either the water-bailiff or himself would have to shift his camp. Being provided with a pocketful of stones, the fisherman watched his opportunity, and the next time the bull’s-eye was turned on him, he, with a steady hand and a true aim, threw with all his force what he termed ‘a gey canny-sized staen,’ hitting the bailiff below the belt, straight on the

bull's-eye, smashing the glass and extinguishing the light, thereby causing the guardian of the fish to beat a hasty retreat unhurt, leaving the salmon-poacher to himself, and he quietly gathered up his fish and went home. Next day the poacher was highly amused to hear from the village gossip that ten or a dozen men had set on the water-bailiff at the Thrum last night and varry near killed him."

Very often the water-watchers, or bailiffs, had themselves been most inveterate poachers—one, indeed, had been for long years a noted salmon-leisterer, and on one occasion it is told how this fellow, after standing for a while watching the efforts of some less expert hands, was overcome of emulation and the old spirit, and, rushing forward to them, instead of apprehending them, said, much to their surprise and relief: "Yor sic fishers as aa' never saw; lend me a leister an' 'all show yo hoo tae spear salmon."

V. SUPERSTITIONS, &c.

Many superstitions still linger in Coquetdale, such as throwing salt over the left shoulder, and others of that class; but in old days the people, living in wild and solitary places, amid occasionally strange and exceptional sights and sounds of nature, cherished the belief in witches, the evil eye, and others. Mr. Dixon has found many records of this in going over the old parish and other books. Here is one:

Alexander Nickle, of Porbottle, in 1682 alleged that his child had been looked upon with "an evil eye" by Margaret Stothard, the reputed witch of Edlingham. Mackenzie, in his "History of Northumberland," quoting the old county record, says: "Alexander Nickle, the father of the child, deposed to the same effect, adding further, 'That seeing the childe in the sad condition, went up to Cartenton to my lady Widdrington, and told her the childe's condition, and the lady's answer was that she could not understande any distemper the childe had by the circumstances they told her, unless she, to wit, the childe, was bewitched.'"

This should not, however, be greatly wondered at, when even men of thought and culture like the famous physician, Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich (author of "Urn Burial," "Christian Morals," and "Religio Medici") believed in the same things, and had confessed to the belief not very long before.

VI. STRANGE CUSTOMS.

The fairs in the villages were, of course, great occasions. The people gathered from the whole district round. Much business of

certain kinds was done ; but the bulk of the people did not go there for business, or, at all events, for business solely. They went more for the fun, and for the fighting, which many of them considered the best part of the fun. Some very rough work must occasionally have taken place ; for often the fights became general scrambles or *mêlées*, in which even the quieter folks were involved merely by way of self-defence. To show how essential to the idea of a fair in the minds of many this fighting had become, one anecdote only needs to be quoted. One very quiet Harbottle fair-day—several years ago—a Redewater man, Willie Herdman by name—evidently disgusted with the long-maintained pacific state of affairs—was heard to exclaim, “ Sic a fair ! Here we are : it’s eleven o’clock o’ the forenoon, an’ ne’er a blow struck yet ! ”

Some of the marriage customs were very peculiar. Not to speak of some survivals of what was evidently a form of marriage by capture, two quaint customs have survived even to a late day. One of them was what is called the Petting stone. Several gallants waited for the bride at the church-door and jumped her over a certain stone, each one jumping over it after her. It was considered unlucky unless this was successfully accomplished. Then the Riding for the Kail, as it was called, was strictly carried out, as it was in many parts of Scotland. Even so late as 1823 we find clear record of the same thing in Ayrshire, and it was common in many parts of Scotland. From the *Edinburgh Courier*, January 26, 1813, this extract is cited :

“ On the 29th ult. at Mauchline, by the Rev. David Wilson, in Bankhead, near Cumnock, Mr. Robert Ferguson, in Whitehill, of New Cumnock, to Miss Isabella Andrew, in Fail, parish of Tarbolton. Immediately after the marriage, four men of the bride’s company started for the Cross, from Mauchline to Whitehill, a distance of thirteen miles ; and when one of them was sure of the prize, a young lady, who had started after they were a quarter of a mile off, outstripped them all, and notwithstanding the interruption of getting a shoe fastened on her mare at a smithy on the road, she gained the prize, to the astonishment of both parties.”

The custom was carried out in precisely the same manner in Coquetdale, and one of the local poets has thus celebrated the custom in verse :

Four rustic fellows wait the while
To kiss the bride at the church’s style ;
Then vigorous mount their feltered steeds,
With heavy heels and clumsy heads,
They smartly scourge them head and tail,
To win what country folks call kail. -

Those who have resided in Edinburgh, or any Scotch town, and had occasion to move in or to pass through any of the poorer parts, would be pretty certain at some time to see a procession pass along with a string of rough and ill-clad youngsters following, and calling out, "Pour oot ! pour oot !" which meant that they expected the best man and others of the marriage party to throw out coppers for their benefit, and often there was great fun in seeing the boys and girls scramble for them. The youthful crowd would even follow the marriage party to the house and continue to squall and cry till another batch of coppers had been thrown out. Sometimes, for a trick, the party would heat the coppers over the fire in a shovel before throwing, and then there would be burnt fingers and a fine to-do. The same thing precisely went on in Coquetdale, it would seem, and in the event of no liberality being shown in the throwing out coppers, then the crowd of boys and girls rewarded the party with howling out the disrespectful cries, "A fardin' weddin', a fardin' weddin'."

Record of strange customs, too, arose from the peculiar laws that were passed, shortsightedly directed to encourage this or that industry or to aid the raising of taxes, laws of a sumptuary character, in some instances, which were, at any rate in one case, directed to the clothing of the dead and not of the living, as witness this extract from a parish register in the year 1686 :

"The custom here mentioned has reference to the Act passed in the reign of Charles II., enacting that no corpse should be buried in anything other than what is made of sheep's wool only, or be put into any coffin lined or faced with anything made of any material but sheep's wool, on pain of the forfeiture of £5. (Many instances.)"

The Borderers were very particular in forming connections. A stout man would not marry a little woman, were she ever so rich ; and an Englishman was prohibited by the March laws from marrying a Scotchwoman, were she ever so honest.

It is very remarkable not only how traits linger—survivals of qualities and ideas developed under the pressure of wholly different circumstances—but how they even intensify themselves with the passage of time. Here is an instance quoted from a reliable source :

"Manly strength is prized among the Northumbrian shepherd families at the present day. In the district between the Cheviot Hills and the head of the Coquet, a young man was, not a great many years since, courting a lass named Hedley, whom he wished to marry. 'Let him in among us,' said the mother when the proposal came to be deliberated ; 'he's a grand fighter.'" ¹

¹ *Denham Tracts*, Vol. I. p. 29.

It is odd to notice, too, how much the Northumbrian people had in common with their enemies the Lowland Scotch. Even in speech this is the case, and very noticeable. Dr. Samuel Smiles has neatly said on this point :

“The Northumbrian dialect is a sort of mixture of Lowland Scotch and North-country English, pervaded by the strong burr peculiar to Northumberland. It is related of a Scotch lass who took service in Newcastle, who when asked how she got on with the language, replied that she managed it very well by swallowing the ‘r’s,’ and gien’ them a bit chow i’ the middle.”¹

VII. NATURAL BEAUTIES.

We might spend a good while in tracing the Coquet from its rise in the Cheviot Hills, clearing its way “through moors and mosses many,” now spreading out into gentle pools, and again leaping through narrow gorges, and in descanting on the beauties of the many tributaries that come tumbling down the little glens and hillsides and go to swell its current ; but beyond Rothbury there is no railway, and the numbers who would adventure far up is limited to the more leisured persons, fond of novelty, and enthusiastic fishermen, and, it may be, an artist or two in search of remote nooks and wild romantic corners that will suggest striking pictures. Rothbury lies on the side of a hill, just where the Coquet makes one of his finest sweeps, and is in its own way unique. It is the capital of Coquet-land, and is indeed like one who lifts up his head proudly and looks pleased over the fair and romantic lands he owns. It is far from being a dull or stupid place. There is a good deal of life in it. I learned that there were several societies, though with regret I heard that a golf club lately formed had not been a great success. The church is a fine structure, and the hotels are good. Personally we found the Queen’s Head attractive, and Mr. Lawson an admirable and hearty host. Many delightful drives may be had within an easy distance, the most exquisite of which is perhaps that to Simonside and Great Tosson.

All the country round is rich in springs—some of them chalybeate, some of them sulphur, and others iron. All the country round Rothbury, too, is rich in antiquarian remains—British dwellings, burial mounds, Roman causeways, peel (or pil) towers, ruins of camps and fortresses, telling how the waves of Border invasion swept on and retreated and swept on again.

Rothbury contains about 1,000 inhabitants, and is mainly

¹ Smiles, *Life of George Stephenson*, p. 3.

limited to three streets—the Front (or High) Street (the longest), and Bridge Street and Church Street.

We learn from Mr. Tomlinson (whose admirable “Guide to Northumberland” no traveller should be without), that the name of Rothbury is supposed by some to be derived from the Celtic word *Rhath*, meaning a cleared spot. If any weight is to be laid on the old rhyme which we owe to Mr. Dixon, it is clear that Rothbury in olden times largely put the wild heights about it—almost unfit for other use—to the rearing of goats, as did many other places in Northumberland :

Rothbury for goats’ milk,
The Cheviots for mutton,
Cheswick for its cheese and bread,
And Tynemouth for a glutton.

Sir Walter Scott’s famous letter to his friend Clerk, from the Wooler region, tells the same thing of it as a place for goats and goats’ whey :

“ I am very snugly settled here in a farmer’s house about six miles from Wooler, in the very centre of the Cheviot Hills, in one of the wildest and most romantic situations which your imagination ever suggested. And what the deuce are you doing there? methinks I hear you say. Why, sir, of all things in the world, drinking goats’ whey : not that I stand in the least need of it, but my uncle having a slight cold, and being a little tired of home, asked me last Sunday evening if I would like to go with him to Wooler, and I, answering in the affirmative, next morning’s sun beheld us on our journey through a pass in the Cheviots, upon the backs of two special nags, and man Thomas behind with a portmanteau and two fishing-rods fastened across his back, much in the style of St. Andrew’s cross. Upon reaching Wooler we found the accommodation so bad that we were forced to use some interest to get lodgings here, where we are most delightfully appointed indeed. To add to my satisfaction, we are among places renowned by the feats of former days : each hill is crowned with a tower, or camp, or cairn, and in no situation can you be nearer more fields of battle—Flodden and Chevy Chase, Ford Castle, Chillingham Castle, Coupland Castle, and many another scene of blood are within the compass of a forenoon’s ride. . . . All day we shoot, fish, walk, and ride, dine and sup on fish fresh from the stream, and the most delicious heath-fed mutton, barn-door fowls, poys (pies), milk-cheese, &c. all in perfection.”

Nothing could well be finer than some of the views round Rothbury. If you proceed down the stream your road lies as if on

an upper shelf on a high rocky slope, above, rough heathery hills, and, below, the glancing, glistening river. Soon the rocks below seem to close into a ravine, where the water narrows and deepens into a kind of gully, and forces its way with foam and noise through barriers of rock. This is what is called the Thrum, and the Thrum Mill is close beside it, one of the most striking bits of scenery on this part. A footpath leads along from Rothbury to the Thrum Mill, a favourite resort of the visitors who in summer come to Rothbury, and here find welcome change. Mr. James Ferguson, of Morpeth, has given us the following about the Thrum :

"About a mile below Rothbury, at the Thrum Mill, the river yields a little snatch of bold and romantic scenery. There, in earlier times, the pent-up waters had to force their way through a barrier of sandstone ; and the river is at the present time showing how it was done, for at one point the entire body of water forces its way in a serpentine course between rocks so close that a steady brain and sure foot can step across, but not without risk, which should not be lightly taken, for it is evident that, beneath, the rocks must be scooped and grooved out into huge tunnels and dark recesses from which escape would be impossible. Here the southern bank is an almost perpendicular face of rugged rocks, festooned and wreathed with the foliage of nature-planted bushes, and crowned with stately trees."

In one of Wilson's "Tales of the Borders," Willie Faa, the gipsy king, is represented as leaping across the Thrum with the stolen heir of Clennel Castle, and leaving his pursuers behind.

We pass by the quaint little village of Pauperhaugh, or Pepperhaugh, as it is locally called, with its unique post-office, and see on our right the remains of Brinkburn Ironworks, where many thousand pounds were sunk years ago (for coal and iron are to be found in the valley) ; but it was a failure and the works abandoned—another proof that no such enterprise can prosper unconnected with a railway ; and this was before the railway was brought so near as it is nowadays.

As we proceed onward, the valley gradually opens out, throwing its wooded heights further from the stream ; the river widens and winds, forming fine sweeps and leafy reaches in the loops it makes. We see from the depth and colour of the water just after it has passed over brawling shallows and forms pools, that there the fisher will love, in a sweet west wind that gently stirs it, to ply his "triple floating flies," or cast his minnow in the early morning sun, or the mellower afternoon light. So it flows on, murmuring and singing to

itself, till we reach the famous Brinkburn, with its Priory set sweetly on one of the greeny loops we have referred to, as though it had been prepared precisely for just such a structure. Very beautiful is the whole picture here presented—the Priory with its gardens and woods gathered round it as though nestling there, and looking on the water where its outlines are faintly reflected in the stream, that here flows calm and clear.

Another very famous point on the river is Weldon Bridge, where there is a quiet and homely inn much patronised by fishermen in the season, and by bicyclists and parties of men on walking tours. We have good reason to speak of the cleanliness and order of this inn, for we rested there and found ourselves in good company, from which we did not seek to stand aloof. True, indeed, is the old rhyme still :

At Weldon Bridge there's wale o' wine,
If ye hae coin in pocket ;
If ye can throw a heckle fine,
There's wale o' trout in Coquet.

Here the river widens out, the banks becoming flatter, and so continue for some distance with little variation till we approach the very beautiful village of Felton, where again the banks rise, the river in some degree narrows, and you have one of the finest effects imaginable. Felton lies as if in a half cup-like hollow on the left side in a series of irregular terraces, some of the houses appearing almost to be hung nest-like on the slope amid trees and delicious greenery, while the main road, now high on the right bank of the river, runs through the village of Thirston higher up, and looking, as it were, lovingly down across upon Felton. The scene is indeed delicious. From the blue and red roofs the smoke, as we looked, rose straight into the blue, for not much wind was then stirring. Had we the power of choosing the spot where we should spend the two most charming months of the year, we are not sure but we should say Felton, and would give it a fair trial, sincerely hoping that it would not verify the truth of the line that "distance lends enchantment to the view."

There is not much more to make note of till we reach Acklington, which is rather a cold-looking little village, and here we leave the river to return to it when we reach Warkworth. This is one of the quaintest of old towns. Driven from the station, we find the road goes right round the greater half of the town, and you enter it by the further side, crossing the river, which almost winds round the little town, by an old two-arched bridge with many angles, and passing under an

old and picturesque gateway that directly recalls mediæval times. Going forward you come to the main street, and the Castle lies on the height right in front of you on a flat greeny knoll. It is much more of a ruin than might be fancied from pictures of it. The keep, built on an artificial mound and thus overtopping the rest, is the portion in best preservation, if we except the great gateway on the opposite side from the town, which is one of the oldest parts, if not the very oldest, and by its powerful build and fine machicolation tells how in these days use and ornament went hand in hand. The keep was built on the site of an earlier one by the son of that Hotspur celebrated by Shakespeare in "Henry IV.," between the years 1415 and 1454. Mr. Freeman says, "It is a good study of the process by which the purely military castle gradually passed into the house fortified for any occasional emergency." All round the Castle in the olden days there ran a wall ramparted and with round towers at certain points ; but this wall has been in parts destroyed, or had mouldered away, so that the two main portions of the Castle seem to be almost disconnected. The arms of the Percys and many other devices are engraven on the walls here and there, and we see many traces of draw-wells and dungeons, deep pits and descents, in some of which, no doubt, men were imprisoned, or, it may be, shut from the light of day and tortured.

All round about Warkworth are the most delightful walks, and bits on the river are simply charming. The steep banks on the side opposite the church are laid out in the most attractive pathways ; and, as we stood there in the sunset admiring the effect, we heard the big fish leap in the still pools with the big bouldery margins beyond and nearer to us. Nor should the parish church, dedicated to St. Lawrence, be left without some examination. It is a fine structure and well worth attention, as specimens of all the various styles of English architecture are to be seen in it. Mr. Tomlinson (p. 408) gives these excellent hints regarding the most interesting points in connection with it :

"The features most worthy of special notice are, the Norman windows of the nave, the original groining of the chancel, and the Norman triplet filled with modern stained glass at the east end, and the chancel arch with its singular and perhaps unique fan ornamentation ; the old staircase for the ringer of the sanctus bell at the north-east angle of the nave ; the cross-legged effigy of a knight in the south aisle ; and a curious window in the vestry composed of three narrow slits, through which it is believed an anchorite inhabiting this chamber communicated with persons outside. The porch on the outside

is well peppered with bullet marks. Within it is laid the opening scene of Mr. Walter Besant's story, 'Let Nothing You Dismay'; the hero of the narrative having to do penance in a white sheet before the congregation entering the church."

In speaking to some of the more intelligent inhabitants I met of the facility with which the Castle might be restored, after the manner in which the Earl of Moray restored Doune Castle, I was somewhat surprised to find that the suggestion met with no encouragement from them. They shrugged their shoulders, and said that it was better as it was. The Duke of Northumberland had a splendid seat not very far off—Alnwick Castle, namely—and they knew that were Warkworth Castle restored, and the ducal family settled even for a part of the year there, it would soon come to be a heavy tax on the good folks of Warkworth, by a curtailment of their freedom in many ways—no doubt a very sensible view to take, but certainly not savouring much of feudal devotion, which just shows how far and how fast we are now travelling from the romance and sentiment of the feudal times.

Looking out from the ramparts of the Castle seaward, we could behold Coquet Island, lying perhaps a mile out, like a vast black-backed fish basking in the sun, with the lighthouse, dwindled to a small point, like a high whitish fin just behind the head. We made inquiries about the best means of getting out to it, but were told that unless when the boat goes out with supplies for the lighthouse men, there is no course but specially to employ a fisherman or boatman to row one out. But on asking whether Coquet Island Cell was worth the journey, all to whom we spoke answered decidedly no, that Coquet Island was, in their idea, best looked at from a distance; that the only portion of the famous cell that remained was now a part of the foundation of the lighthouse or keeper's house, and that if it could be seen at all it was with difficulty, and they dissuaded us from the enterprise. Wrecks, in old days, were all too frequent on Coquet Island, so that it was a cause of great rejoicing when on October 1, 1841, the first light was exhibited from the lighthouse. In 1643, during the Civil Wars, the place was taken, with all its garrison, by the Scots, and thus attained for the time some importance.

Instead of rowing to Coquet Island, therefore, we acted on the suggestion received, and visited the Hermitage, which lies about a quarter of a mile up the river from the Castle in the centre of a wood, one of the most remarkable places we have ever seen. As we approached, and came within view of this interesting structure, I could not help thinking of Coleridge's lines in "The Ancient Mariner":

The hermit good lives in the wood ; . . .
He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotten, old oak stump.

The hermitage itself is cut out of the solid freestone rock some twenty feet in height, and is approached by a flight of some seventeen steps also cut in the rock. It contains three apartments, the cell, the chapel, and the dormitory. The first is about twenty feet in length, and about seven and a half feet in height, and it is certainly not to be matched elsewhere in our country.

Here and there are relics of sculptured effigies of angels and cherubs, and crosses and other emblems. The ceilings are beautifully groined, the arches springing from highly wrought pilasters. On an altar tomb, to the right of the altar, just before a two-light window, is the recumbent figure of a lady, her hands upraised. On the inner wall over the entrance is inscribed, in old English characters, the Latin, *Fuerunt mihi lacrymæ meæ panes die ac nocte*, "My tears have been my meat day and night." Built up against the side of the rock is a little chamber about eighteen feet square, and in it is a wide fireplace. It is supposed that this was the residence of a chantry-priest, who lived here at a period subsequent to the original date of the hermitage.

The solitude of the place, the sense of sanctity, reinforced by the wealth of foliage, the shrubs, mosses, and ferns surrounding it, combine to awaken feelings new and unique ; the mind is filled with emotions kindred to those which animated the men who sought such a retreat in days long gone by, and desired to make it mirror as far as might be the feelings of reverence and worship that dwelt in them. Antiquarians give the date of the structure as the middle of the fourteenth century.

Even from this very hurried and inadequate sketch, it will be seen how rich in interest and in beauty the Coquet is ; and we only hope that some of those who read what we have written and have not yet sojourned there may be led to go and discover whether or not we have exaggerated.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

THE ORIGINAL OF FRAU AJA.

IT is well known that the caressing name—the name of playful endearment—that Goethe applied to his mother was “Frau Aja”; but it is not so well known that the original bearer of this name was the gentle sister of Charlemagne, the patient wife of Heymon of Dordone, the tender mother of the hero, Reinold; and it seems well worth while to afford to the many English admirers of great Goethe some information about the half-legendary first wearer of the name which has become so famous when applied to the mother of the author of *Faust*. There is still extant a quaint old-world story, which deals with chivalry, with romance, with magic, with adventure, and is called *Die Geschichte von den vier Heymons-Kindern*. This mainly legendary tale is printed in one of the old German *Volksbücher*, which had, and even yet has, a considerable popular circulation at a very low price. Goethe himself, in his early boyhood, bought this little, ill-printed chap-book—a copy of which is now lying before me—for a few kreutzers at some open-air bookstall in Frankfurt-on-the-Main. The style is simple, naïve, direct; the booklet is the production of some anonymous old popular story-teller, who bases his objective narrative upon current legend of the kind which ignores and despises historical accuracy, and is told to the credulous with sympathetic simplicity. The tale is as attractive to boyhood as is the once well-known and warmly admired “Seven Champions of Christendom,” which in my own schooldays fascinated the fancies of boys.

Count Heymon of Dordone was, it would appear, a fierce and stalwart man of war, one of the bravest warriors of his time; and he married Aja, the sweet and tender sister of Charles the Great. The Count was much more distinguished for hardness than for gentleness, and he did not prove a very affectionate husband. He was soon at feud with his Imperial brother-in-law, and vowed fierce vengeance against everyone—his wife only excepted—who was of the blood of Charlemagne. Sorely against her will, Frau Aja felt herself constrained to hide from her stern lord the birth of their four boys, whom she brought up secretly, not allowing her dread husband to

know of the very existence of their children. Indeed, the Countess feared that Heymon, actuated by his fell hatred of Charles, might even kill his own sons ; and the good Frau Aja was a very tender, fond mother. The four boys were called Rittsart, Writsart, Adelhard, Reinold, and they grew up without knowing who was their father. Heymon had been always away at wars when his children were born.

Now it came to pass that Charlemagne, who felt age creeping upon him, desired to lay down the burden of his stormy sovereignty, and to have his son, Ludwig, crowned in his stead. This solemn occasion was one which required the attendance at Paris of all the great peers and paladins of the Empire ; and it became a question whether Count Heymon should be summoned. There were many difficulties in the way. Heymon had burned, pillaged, and wasted the territories of Charles, and had, moreover, sworn to take the life of the great monarch himself. The Emperor acknowledged that his land had no braver warrior than the Count ; but then, the valour of the vassal was generally displayed against his liege lord. The case was one for diplomacy, and Charles sent an embassy, headed by his great paladin, Roland, to the terrible Count. Arrived at Pierlamont, the noble emissaries were well received by Frau Aja ; but not so well by the truculent Heymon. Charles sent him a safe conduct, sworn upon the corpse of St. Dionysius, and also hostages for the Count's security ; but Heymon was disinclined to go to Paris, chiefly because he had, as he thought, no son to succeed him, and feared that the successor of Charles might seize upon his land and castles. Frau Aja pleaded strongly with her lord that he should go ; but he, in his anger, struck her in the face so that she fell down. Roland and his companions were highly indignant at such a barbarous act ; but the good wife entreated her cruel husband with all gentleness and meekness, and asked him whether, if he had sons, he would now kill them ? The warrior answered No, and said he should be rejoiced to have children, but hoped for none, seeing that they had been married for twenty years without offspring. Then good Frau Aja led him into a room in which were the four sons, who as yet knew not their father. Heymon, softened, was proud and glad to acknowledge his stately boys, and at once made them all knights. Then he promised to go to Paris, and to take the young knights with him. To the haughty Reinold, who, though the youngest, was the finest and the fairest of his sons, Heymon gave the noble black horse, Beyart, which no one ever could tame until Reinold mastered him. Once subdued, the peerless horse became the warm friend and true ally of his knightly rider.

Young as he was, Reinold turned out to be fieriest and most stalwart knight in Paris. He was more than common tall—a head taller than either of his brothers. He was strong, fierce, reckless, and adroit ; and, in addition to prowess, had wisdom to guide his valour. He had something of the gift of command, and of the power of ruling men.

And so the good Frau Aja had a rich reward for all the long years of patient suffering and of Griselda-like endurance. She saw her four sons reconciled to their father, and admitted as brave knights at the Court of her brother. In those days women watched and waited, and sometimes wept, in the castle, while husbands, lovers, sons, went forth to danger, to glory, and to war. Frau Aja, sitting at home, knew that her boys, shining at Court, were mixing there with paladin and peer, and companions of Roland and of Oliver. Shortly after arrival at Paris, Reinold the Thorough saw himself constrained, in consequence of treachery done to his brother, Adelhard, to strike off the head of Ludwig, thus rendering that Prince incapable of the succession. This stringent measure roused Charlemagne to a white heat of fury. It was an unfortunate little incident which led to many complications, to many woes, and to a death feud with the great and mighty Emperor. The four brothers were compelled to fly from Paris, and even from France, and they took refuge with King Saforet in Spain.

We are half in fable-land, and learn that all four brothers escaped on the matchless horse, Beyart ; but before they got away the dauntless four had a very merry little fight with some of Charlemagne's best men-at-arms. Heymon remained in prison in Paris, and Charles, in his kingly wrath, threatened to hang the Count, and even to burn the good Frau Aja. Heymon was, however, allowed his freedom, under the condition that he should (if he could) deliver his four sons to Charlemagne. Now King Saforet, to whom the four had gone, was a son of false Mahound, and he soon began to evilly entreat the Christian brothers, so that Reinold was enforced to cut off Saforet's head, and to carry that member to Saforet's great enemy, King Yvo, of Tarragon, who gladly took the puissant brothers into his service, and showered honours upon them. They conquered all his enemies (Beyart assisting) for King Yvo, who refused to deliver them up to the vengeful Emperor, and gave his fair daughter, Clarissa, to be Reinold's wife. Reinold built a wondrously strong castle, which he called Montalban, or Weissenfels, and this strong fortress Charles besieged in vain. The brothers had many adventures and much hearty warring. Reinold—who knew not he should die a holy man

—loved wisely and well the fierce joy of fight. His brothers were once actually captured by Charlemagne, but they were delivered by Reinold and by Beyart. The sons of Heymon sought peace with their mother's brother ; but Charles showed himself inexorable, and carried on long wars against the brethren.

There were much to tell of their adventures, battles, dangers, and ultimate defeat, if we could spare the space. Charles and his great armies prevailed at length against the four knights, and the victorious Emperor, in the very meanness of his hellish rage, actually drowned the noble Beyart ; but the sad details of this Imperial crime are too hideous to be narrated, or even thought upon.

After Charles's decisive triumph, three brothers subsided into his service ; but the glorious knight, Reinold, became a hermit. Still, he felt it to be his duty to go to Jerusalem, to lend the aid of his prowess to fight for the Cross against the infidel. He made Emmerich, his son, his heir, and a knight ; and then, changed in heart, the once terrible Reinold left wife and child and home, gave up the world, and all his possessions in it. He had had enough of fame, of fighting, and of glory ; but, changed as he was, he performed prodigies of valour against the heathen, and actually took Jerusalem. This duty fulfilled, he once more saw father, mother, wife, and son—and even Charlemagne himself—and then retired to Cologne, and became so holy that he worked many miracles and did many wonders. The Bishop of Cologne began the great church of St. Peter in the year of our Lord 810 ; and the once doughty champion Reinold worked on the church as a common labourer, living only on bread and water and milk. He worked, indeed, with such furious zeal that the other masons, moved by jealousy and hatred, fell upon him and slew him. That which other warriors never could do was done by these mean, envious, murdering masons. They put the body into a sack, and threw it into the Rhine. The sack was filled with heavy stones ; but a miracle occurred. The sack could not sink, but floated until it ran on shore ; and then all men recognised Reinold, saint and martyr. It happened, at that very time, that Dortmund, which had just been converted, applied to Cologne for some holy relic for its new church, and the Bishop at once gave them the remains of the holy Reinold. The corpse was placed upon a bier to be transported to Dortmund, and then—strange to relate—the carriage, not drawn by horses or propelled by man, started briskly off of its own accord, and never stopped until it reached the spot on which the church was to be built—a church which stands to this day, and is, if such proof be needed, still

dedicated to St. Reinold. Dortmund was greatly holpen by its saint, who became its gracious patron, its beneficent protector. Once, when the place was beleagured, the saint appeared upon the walls and drove back the assailants. That was like Reinold ! Such, briefly told, is the legendary romance of the four sons of Heymon, and of their gracious mother, the good Frau Aja, from whom Goethe's mother derived her playful name.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

LORD BEACONSFIELD AS A PHRASE-MAKER.

ALTHOUGH close upon thirteen years have passed since the death of Lord Beaconsfield, the interest which is felt in his personality by English folk generally has not appreciably diminished. Much of the admiration for his genius which, during his life, was pent up by the supposed necessities of party, is now able to be displayed; and not even the harshest critic of his political career is likely at this day to deny that Benjamin Disraeli will live in our literary and social history as one of the most striking figures in the England of the nineteenth century. One indication of the influence he left behind, quite apart from the special cult crystallised by the Primrose League, is the tendency—even the growing tendency—of certain of our journalistic instructors to attempt to give point to some phrase by adding “as Lord Beaconsfield used to say.” The statesman, could he know how his name was thus employed, would smile one of the grimmest of his curiously grim smiles; for the phrases attributed to him by the “Society papers” are customarily so banal and insipid, and occasionally so hoary with age, that it is an impertinence to a great man’s memory to link him with their use.

This affectation of the moment partly arises from the reputation Lord Beaconsfield won as a phrase-maker; but that reputation was achieved by the employment of phrases which were worth making, and it was not gained without much thought and prolonged endeavour. The epigrams were not the spontaneous outcome of a brilliant moment. Pope, with his customary disregard for literal accuracy, boasted how, when—

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp’d in numbers, for the numbers came;

for Pope, like Disraeli, was a conscious artist, and the “*im-promptus*” of each never lacked all the polish that careful thought could give. Of Disraeli, indeed, it may be said that—

He looked for phrases, and the phrases came.

When once he was possessed with the idea for an effective epigram, he was never satisfied until it had made its mark. If it did not strike the popular imagination the first time of using, he would wait for years, and then give it another chance ; and some of his most historic phrases had been employed more than once before the world took heed.

There was, indeed, in this matter a display of much of the quality of permanent determination and persistent endeavour which marked Disraeli in political life, and which served to make him famous. Just as in his earliest novel, "*Vivian Grey*," he introduced "*Lord and Lady Beaconsfield*" to the literary world, and forty years afterwards secured the title of Viscountess Beaconsfield for his wife, and in another eight years that of Earl of Beaconsfield for himself; so over the whole period of his political life he carried his phrases from the point of elaboration to that of execution. In the early forties, he had written in "*Coningsby*" of certain noble lords who "in a public capacity plundered and blundered in the good old time." Thirty years later, wishing to indite a slashing attack upon the first Administration of Mr. Gladstone, then in its dying days, he declared, in the famous Bath letter to "My dear Grey," that he thought the country had "made up its mind to close this career of plundering and blundering." He had waited a long time for the phrase to become effective, but its chance had arrived at last.

Another of the "*Coningsby*" phrases was to be repeated until it was made famous, for it was Lucretia in that tale who had passed her life in "golden saloons." The phrase still took that form in 1849, when Disraeli, in discussing that old political topic, "the state of the nation," which has for the time gone out of fashion, averred in sonorous tones that "in the golden saloon, and in the busy mart of industry, in the port, in the Exchange, by the loom, or by the plough, every man says, 'I suffer, and I see no hope!'" But it was developed into its best known form in the famous Slough speech of May, 1858, when, hitting straight at the *Times* and its editor's frequent appearance at the assemblies of Lady Palmerston, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer declared that "leading organs now are place-hunters of the cabal, and the once stern guardians of popular rights simper in the enervating atmosphere of gilded saloons." And so pleased was Disraeli with the later variant that he who had claimed to be on the side of the angels, told the House of Commons on the night Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill was defeated, in 1873, that they lived in an age when young men prattled about protoplasm, and when young ladies, in gilded saloons, unconsciously talked

atheism. The late Mr. Bright once, and in the year of the Slough speech, referred to "gilded chambers," but "gilded saloons" are Disraeli's own.

In a more elaborate fashion, and even by frequent use, was the most famous Disraelian phrase of all, "Peace with honour," developed. The idea involved was, of course, not original. It is not merely to be found, like so many other good things, in Shakespeare, Volumnia having, in "Coriolanus," appealed to her son concerning a "companionship in peace with honour"; but in a speech delivered at Liverpool in 1812, when the great European war was still proceeding, by no less noteworthy a person than John Gladstone, the father of the present Prime Minister, the germ is to be discovered. Presiding over a dinner in celebration of the first election of Canning for that constituency, and defending himself from the imputation of having changed from Whig to Tory, the elder Gladstone said, "I remained the firm friend of peace whilst I thought it was practicable for peace to be obtained with safety and with honour"; and again, "Whilst peace with safety and with honour appeared to me attainable, I joined with them [the Whigs] in pursuit of this object." But not only did John Gladstone have the idea: his more distinguished son, the present Premier, employed a very similar phrase before Disraeli used it. In June, 1850, occurred the famous "Don Pacifico" debate, in which Peel joined for the last time, and Palmerston made his greatest speech, upon a motion of Roebuck's, which submitted "that the principles which have hitherto regulated the foreign policy of Her Majesty's Government [with Russell as Premier and Palmerston as Foreign Secretary] are such as were required to preserve untarnished the honour and dignity of this country, and at all times best calculated to maintain peace between this country and the various nations of the world." Here was the idea: now for the phrase. Mr. Gladstone, in the course of the debate, exclaimed, "I understand it to be the duty of a Secretary for Foreign Affairs to conciliate peace with dignity."

The idea, indeed, is to be found in many another place, from the early Victorian ballad, which observed that "We'll have peace, but it must be with honour," down to a despatch of Émile Ollivier, in those few days of July, 1870, when he could say that "peace with honour" was all France asked, and could still talk of possessing a light heart. Russell, speaking as a member of the Palmerston Administration, in the autumn of 1863, had used the precise phrase, submitting that "as Secretary for Foreign Affairs it has been my object to preserve peace with honour"; but its first use by Disraeli

had been nearly nine years before, when, in February, 1855, during the Crimean War, he told the Commons that "if the country believes that peace with honour can be achieved by the noble lord [Palmerston, who had just become Premier], the Ministry may count upon the earnest support of this House." The phrase, in fact, was so much after Disraeli's heart, that he used it with variations no fewer than four times in the Slough speech previously referred to. "You will remember that peace has been preserved, while the honour of the country has been vindicated," he informed the assembled diners. "We have vindicated the honour of England; we have preserved peace," he assured them once again. "We have vindicated your honour, maintained the peace of Europe," he added a few minutes later. And then, as if the point could not be too frequently insisted upon, he declared that the Derby Government would still pursue "that determined, but yet prudent and conciliatory, system which, while it will, in our opinions, maintain peace, will do so with honour." But it was not until the historic occasion of July 16, 1878, when Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury were welcomed back from the Berlin Congress, and the former, speaking from a window in the Foreign Office, said, "Lord Salisbury and myself have brought you back peace, but a peace, I hope, with honour," that the phrase "Peace with Honour" became lastingly linked with Lord Beaconsfield's name. At the time many a fantastic legend was invented to account for its use by the then Prime Minister, but he had so frequently employed it before that no external explanation was necessary.

This is illustrative of the Disraelian method. A phrase thought worth using was to Disraeli something the public ought to remember, and, if they did not take to it at once, it was served to them again. As far back as 1851, when proposing a resolution calling upon the Russell Government to introduce, without delay, measures for relief of the owners and occupiers of land, he held that the Commons were able to build up again the fortunes of the land of England, "that land to which we owe so much of our power and of our freedom, which has fulfilled the union of two qualities, for the combination of which a Roman emperor was deified, '*Imperium et libertas*.'" The phrase fell for the moment on barren soil, to be no more remembered of men until the "Peace with Honour" period, when it was revived with striking effect. "I speak freely to the citizens of London," Lord Beaconsfield exclaimed, at Guildhall, on the Lord Mayor's Day of 1879, the last occasion upon which he ever spoke there, "because I feel sure that they are not ashamed of one

of the noblest of human sentiments—patriotism—and would not be beguiled into the belief that in maintaining their Empire they might forfeit their liberties. One of the greatest of Romans, when asked what were his politics, replied, ‘*Imperium et libertas.*’ That would not make a bad programme for a British Ministry.” But Guildhall was the sounding-board for more than one Disraelian echo. “Turtle makes all men equal,” exclaimed Adriana Neuchatel, in “Endymion”: it had the effect of making Adriana’s creator reminiscent. He had spoken in Parliament, in 1862, of the influence of England in Continental affairs, and had submitted that the real cause might be found in the circumstance that ours is the only country which, when it enters into a quarrel that it believes to be just, never ceases its efforts until it has accomplished its aim, “whereas it was always felt in old times that, with scarcely any exception, there was not a State in Europe, not even the proudest and most powerful, that could enter into a third campaign.” Yet at the Lord Mayor’s banquet in 1876, and at a moment when all Europe was hoping, rather than expecting, that a Russo-Turkish War might be avoided, Lord Beaconsfield repeated the argument almost in terms. “If England enters into conflict in a righteous cause—and I will not believe that England will go to war except for a righteous cause—if the contest is one which concerns her liberty, her independence, or her Empire, her resources, I feel, are inexhaustible. She is not a country that, when she enters into a campaign, has to ask herself whether she can support a second or a third campaign. She enters into a campaign which she will not terminate till right is done.” That speech created considerable stir on the Continent, but scarcely more—in Germany, at least—than the one delivered in the same hall two years before, in which Disraeli had observed that “the working-classes of this country have inherited personal rights, which the nobility of other nations do not yet possess. Their persons and their homes are sacred. They have no fear of arbitrary arrests, or domiciliary visits”—an allusion which was at once connected in the public mind with the arrest, only a month previously, after a domiciliary visit, and by Bismarck’s orders, of Count Arnim, the late German Ambassador in Paris. The then Prime Minister endeavoured to remove this impression by a special *communiqué* to the *Times*, to the effect that the Arnim case was not present to his mind when he spoke; but he might have pleaded with even more effect that he had used the identical idea in the House of Commons just a quarter of a century before. “I know of no great community existing since, I will say, the fall of the Roman Empire, where the working population have

been, upon the whole, placed in so advantageous a position as the working-classes of England. I speak not of their civil rights, which are superior to those which princes enjoy in other countries—I speak simply of their material position.”

It is a commonplace of criticism that some of Disraeli's best-known phrases are not original, but it is a striking testimony to the power he possessed of fusing other men's ideas in his own mental crucible that, even when he admitted the fact, the popular voice persisted in attributing the expression to himself. Nine out of ten would to-day declare him to have invented the famous paraphrase, “*Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*,” and yet Disraeli frankly credited it to “a very great man, and a very great scholar—he would have been considered a great wit if he had not been so great a scholar,” who flourished two or three centuries ago. But it was not always thus: the extraordinary parallelism between the eulogium pronounced by Thiers in 1829 on Marshal St. Cyr and that of Disraeli in 1852 upon the Duke of Wellington, like that between an outburst of Urquhart in 1841 on Central Asia and one of Disraeli in 1846 on the Corn Laws, as well as others which are known to the political and literary student, may be considered outside any discussion of purely Disraelian phrase. But there are further specimens which are fairly within the compass, and the best known of these is the exclamation of Mr. Phœbus, the artist, in “*Lothair*”: “You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art.” Disraeli was obviously fond of this idea, for, in his preface to the same work, he had said, “There are critics who, abstractedly, do not approve of successful books, particularly if they have failed in the same style”; but it sadly lacked originality. Some have found it in Balzac; it may certainly be seen in Landor, who makes Porson, in one of the “*Imaginary Conversations*,” observe, “Those who have failed as painters turn picture-cleaners, those who have failed as writers turn reviewers.” But, more curious still, a well-known journalist—the late E. M. Whitty—applied this very idea, in a series of parliamentary sketches, to Disraeli himself, in his political relations with Mr. Gladstone, seventeen years before “*Lothair*” was published. Disraeli had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852, and, being defeated on his Budget, was succeeded by Mr. Gladstone; and Whitty, writing in July, 1853, remarked, “There is an immemorial right in authors who have failed to convert themselves into critics; and a Chancellor of the Exchequer who brought a Ministry down with his Budget . . . may deem himself fully entitled to carp at a partial mistake in his too felicitous successor.”

"I had to educate our party," was the assertion of Disraeli after carrying his Reform Act in 1867; but twelve months previously Bright, in a Reform speech, had described Lord Derby, the then Prime Minister, as no leader of his party in a high sense: "he is not its educator"; and Lord Beaconsfield, in "*Endymion*," used the idea once more in his description of the prelate who was "one of those leaders who are not guides." The coincidence between the expressions used by Bright and Disraeli does not necessitate the belief that the latter consciously borrowed from the former; but Disraeli must surely have had Sydney Smith in his mind when he exclaimed, in 1839, of Spring Rice in particular, and the Melbourne Ministry in general, "How he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and how the Government to which he belonged became a Government, it would be difficult to tell. Like flies in amber, one wondered how the devil they got there." Pope, the originator of the phrase, had not mentioned flies:

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Sydney Smith, however, in "*Peter Plymley's Letters*," had given the exact line: "He is a fly in amber; nobody cares about the fly; the only question is, How the devil did it get there?" In the same fashion, the much-criticised "ropes of pearls," which figure twice in "*Lothair*," can be traced to another source. Disraeli was so in love with the phrase that not only did he make Ruby, the jeweller, remark, "The Justinians have ropes of pearls," but Theodora observes, "Once I was decked with jewels and ropes of pearls, like Titian's Queen of Cyprus." She might with even more appropriateness have said Lucina, wife of Maximus, who figures in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy "*Valentinian*," before whose entrance upon one scene it is asked:

Are the jewels and those ropes of pearl
Laid in the way she passes?

It is, however, to consider too curiously, as some have done, whether Disraeli derived the idea of describing at Manchester the members of the first Gladstone Administration as "exhausted volcanoes," from the "extinct volcano" mentioned in Thomas Hope's "*Anastasius*," for the phrase is more obvious than was the Disraelian wont, and had not Arthur Pendennis boasted that his breast was "an extinct volcano"? Similarly, it has been argued that there is "a very singular resemblance" between parts of "*Lothair*" and the "*Half a Million of Money*" of Miss Amelia B. Edwards; but it

might just as fairly be charged against him that he appropriated his titles, as well as his tales, because Keats wrote an "Endymion," or because "Lothaire, a Romance," is to be found in the advertisement columns of the London newspapers in the year of Waterloo, and "Arthur Coningsby," John Sterling's novel, admired by Carlyle, in the time of the first Reformed Parliament. But, concerning "Lothair," there is a singular coincidence to be recorded, which seems hitherto to have escaped attention. In the earliest number of *Punch* for 1845—and that one, indeed, which deserves immortality, as having contained the introduction to "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures"—there appeared a burlesque sketch of the once-favourite melodrama, "The Miller and his Men," under the heading "Punch's Pantomime"; and in this the character of "Lothair, sometimes called Young England, afterwards Harlequin," was allotted to "Mr. D'Israeli."

But, although Disraeli may have obtained credit for some phrases which were not wholly his, it is to be considered that others which were his have become attached in the popular memory to different names. Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, in speeches at Birmingham in 1887, and again in 1894, advocated the formation of "a national party"; but sixty years ago Disraeli, in a *brochure* entitled "What is He?" had written, "If the Tories despaired of restoring it [the aristocratic principle], and were sincere in their avowal that the State could not be governed with the present machinery, it was their duty to coalesce with the Radicals, and permit both political nick-names to merge in the common and the dignified title of THE NATIONAL PARTY." It would, of course, be as absurd to imagine that Mr. Chamberlain had gone to "What is He?" for his phrase as to hint that Disraeli, when he told Sir Charles Wood, in 1852, that "insolence is not invective, nor abuse argument," had been drinking inspiration at the fount of Joseph Hume, who, in 1826, had similarly informed Palmerston that "abuse is not argument." Yet, this latter has gravely been done, though, by a like process of reasoning by coincidence, John Leech could be shown to have been indebted for the idea of his most famous cartoon directly to Thackeray, and indirectly to Disraeli. In the history of what was known forty years ago as "The Roman Catholic Aggression," Leech pictured to the readers of *Punch* Lord John Russell as a street lad, running off with lump of chalk in hand, after disfiguring Dr. (subsequently Cardinal) Wiseman's door; and attached was the legend: "This is the boy who chalked up 'No Popery!' and then ran away." Let the apparent genesis of this be traced. Disraeli, when writing "Coningsby" in 1843, referred to middle-aged politicians who

thought to serve their party by "occasionally publishing a pamphlet, which really produced less effect than chalking the walls"; and he was so struck by the phrase that he told the Commons, in August of the same year, that "the leader of the Government in another House [the Duke of Wellington] was chalking 'No Popery' on the walls." Nearly eight years later Thackeray drew a sketch for *Punch*, showing a butcher instructing his boy—on the ground that "Popes is enemies to butcher's meat on Fridays"—to "take this bit of chalk and chalk up 'No Popery!'" And in another few weeks Leech put into a cartoon the boy who had acted upon that advice. This is a fine pedigree, even for so striking a picture, but it may be doubted whether the child knew its father.

It is, in fact, the fate of some phrases to be revived, just as it is of others to die. At one period there was no Disraelian saying more famous than his allusion to "Popkins's plan," used in the House of Commons on the night the Corn Law Repeal Bill was read a third time, and palpably explained, two years later, in a reference to a tariff scheme of John MacGregor, a Glasgow member. "And is England to be governed by Popkins's plan?" Disraeli indignantly asked; but Popkins and his plan alike are now in the Silences, and are remembered no more. The same is to be said concerning another Disraelian phrase, "Administrative Reform"; and yet it was under this banner that Dickens made a sudden irruption into semi-political life, and even addressed great meetings in Drury Lane Theatre in the summer during which the Crimean War was wearing to a close. But another Disraelian phrase lives in history, and it is one of which its author was so proud that he publicly claimed credit for its invention. "The great leaders of the school of Manchester," he called Cobden and Bright in the spring of 1848; "the members of the Manchester school" he termed them in the autumn; and in the next year, having referred once more to "the Manchester school," he added, "I have a right to use that phrase, for I gave them that name."

Not alone in politics was Disraeli thus felicitous in epithet. "A hansom cab—'tis the gondola of London," he exclaimed in "Lothair"; and, although the idea is said to have been borrowed, the expression is excellent: while the description of the Derby as "the blue ribbon of the Turf," used in the "Life of Lord George Bentinck," has become a part of the language. Lord Goderich as a "transient and embarrassed phantom," during his premiership in succession to Canning, could not be improved; and the "Batavian grace" of the late Mr. George Bentinck, like the description of the once

famous Edward Horsman as "a superior person," delighted the politicians of thirty years ago—though Disraeli had been unconsciously anticipated in this latter phrase by Monckton Milnes (the first Lord Houghton), who wrote to his mother, in 1829, his opinion that "the youngest Gladstone of Liverpool"—our present Premier—was "a very superior person." In some of his phrases Disraeli, it may be claimed, was nearer the actual truth than he may himself have thought at the moment they were uttered. The description of Peel's political life as "one vast appropriation clause" hit not only that statesman's public changes of policy, but a habit of mind which made him in his private letters use phrases like "as Robinson would say," "as the *Morning Post* says," and "to borrow a word from Lord Castlereagh"; while even his fondness for discovering three courses—which many to-day imagine to be the creation of Mr. Gladstone—can be traced back to a source other than himself, but with which he was in communication in the days when Canning and he were in the same Cabinet. Even more subtle was the sneer in "Coningsby" at Peel's presumed desire, when forming his first Administration, to appoint "some moral lords of the bedchamber," for we now know that Sir Robert, when pressing a place at that crisis upon Lord Ashley (afterwards Lord Shaftesbury), observed that, as his object was to win the confidence of the country by his appointments, it was to persons of Ashley's character that he looked.

Disraeli, in short, was a phrase-maker by nature, and his fame in that direction was well deserved. He touched the height in his attacks upon Peel, when personal feeling aided native cleverness to its most epigrammatic expression. His description of Peel as having caught the Whigs bathing and walked away with their clothes—turned against himself twenty years later on the Reform question—was felicitous in a special degree; while his assertion that the statesman's precedents were generally tea-kettle precedents—"he traces the steam-engine always back to the tea-kettle"—though less generally remembered, was a happy illustration of Peel's method, as it might fairly be viewed by a keen opponent. Even thus early, however, there were signs of the over-elaboration which prevented many of the later epigrams from having their due "bite." After, for instance, the Whigs had had their clothes stolen amid the laughter of the House, the orator added: "The right honourable gentleman has left them in the full enjoyment of their liberal position, and he is himself a strict conservative of their garments," with the result of lowering rather than heightening the effect he had created by the simpler and briefer preceding sentence. And the over-elaboration

reached its climax in the attack upon Mr. Gladstone, in 1878, as "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign his opponents, and to glorify himself," for the hit would have been far more keen had the orator stopped at "verbosity." There was a certain sense of strain, in short, in the epigrams of Disraeli's later years. He once told the present Lord Salisbury that his satire "lacked finish"; and, although Lord Salisbury may have felt tempted to return the criticism when called by Disraeli, at a moment they were in the same Cabinet, "a master of gibes, and flouts, and jeers," it was not finish that Disraeli's later phrases wanted, but simplicity. The consequence was that the compliment to our army in Abyssinia—that through their efforts the standard of St. George had been hoisted upon the mountains of Rasselas—evoked a smile rather than enthusiasm; while his speech upon the death of Princess Alice, with its reference to some of her achievements as worthy to be carved on gems, was widely felt to be out of strict tune with the occasion. But to the last there were flashes of the old power of concentrating in a sentence what many clever men would occupy a column in saying. He provoked criticism by describing the earliest news of the Bulgarian atrocities as coffee-house babble; but even journalists proudest of their profession could forgive being told somewhat later that "the government of the world is carried on by sovereigns and statesmen, and not by anonymous paragraph writers, or by the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity." Some of his epigrams have been forgotten; some will pass into history with the political circumstances which gave them birth; but no statesman of the century put so many clever things into such small compass, and Disraeli as a phrase-maker deserves study and remembrance.

ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

FABLES FOR CRITICS.

THE general interest in the stage has recently extended its circle. It has concerned itself not merely with those who act on the stage, and those who write for the stage, but with those who write about the stage. It is, perhaps, a healthy sign of theatrical activity that dramatic criticism and, in consequence, dramatic critics occupy a larger portion of the attention, bulk more largely upon the vision of the public, to whom the one is addressed by the other. Some of our critics, following a custom that has long prevailed in France, have taken to republishing their collected criticisms in volume form. This seems to be a proof that the public takes an increased interest in criticisms ; proofs have not been wanting of late that the public takes an interest in the critics as well. Yet the interest is not, apparently, unaccompanied by a considerable amount of misconception. The world has been told a good deal about the critics, not always very accurately. Mr. George Moore some little time ago devoted himself to a series of articles on dramatic critics, which were not characterised by the realism we usually expect from that student of the human document. He painted pictures of critics occupying a large leisure, chiefly at the tea-tables of popular actresses and the supper tables of popular actors, and accepting with indifference, or rejecting with disdain, the solicitations of obsequious managers.

It is possible that there are dramatic critics who pass their time in that Capuan kind of way ; but at least I can say that I never met any of them, and never heard of them except in the entertaining articles which painted this picture. That is one theory of the life of a dramatic critic. That was the theory which sought to prevail some two years ago. Since then, we have been favoured with another theory, a "Moonlight" theory, a theory which represents a large proportion of the dramatic critics of the day as braves, assassins, blackmailers, and idiots. I can only say of this picture, that while it is less agreeable to me than its predecessor, it is quite as grotesque, quite as unfamiliar. I know nothing whatever of the

scoundrels who herd together to destroy reputations, who plot for or against authors and actors, according to the veer of the financial weathercock, who employ such power as is placed in their hands to defame their personal enemies, and to fill their own pockets at the expense of decency, honour, and common sense. There may be such persons. I have never seen them. I have never heard of them. It has been my pleasure, and it has long been my duty, to pass a great part of my time within the walls of a theatre, to be present at a vast number of first nights. If these unblushing vampires of the press existed, I think I must have met some of them, have, at least, had some of them pointed out to me, have heard some of them, some time, scheming together in their noisy, ostentatious way to stab a victim in the back. I feel, therefore, that I may simply assume that dramatic critics are not, on the one hand, a crew of literary voluptuaries, or, on the other hand, a crew of literary brigands.

But there is a third point of view from which of late it has been the fortune of the dramatic critic to be regarded. A very able critic has lately expressed it as his opinion that the members of his brotherhood, instead of being a mutual admiration society, are far more inclined to be a mutual vituperation society, and to rejoice chiefly in flouts, and gibes, and jeers at each other's expense. I am glad to find that I am able to disagree with that point of view also. I am happy to think that dramatic critics do disagree, and disagree very strongly and decidedly. There would be no use for us at all if we were all of one mind. What use we may have, be it small or large, comes from the very conflict of our opinions, from the very jar of our testimonies. But I do not for one moment believe that those differences of opinion, differences wide as the poles asunder, have the slightest effect upon the personal feelings or the sense of collegueship of those who profess them. A man's opinions are his own; he has a right to them, and if he is called upon to express them, express them he must to the best of his ability with all possible candour. But he ought not to be, and I do not think that he often, if he ever, is, annoyed if he finds that his opinions are not shared by this man and are openly controverted by that man. Controversy is undoubtedly one of the children of criticism, and controversy may often be a useful aid to criticism. But I am sure that difference of opinion, even when pushed into controversy, is entertained with no sub-flavour of bitterness in it. We have heard a good deal about the new criticism and the old criticism. The terms are inconvenient terms and misleading terms. Ever since

criticism began, ever since one cave man argued with another over a third's way of throwing the stone axe or snaring the wild beast, there has been, in some fashion or another, an old criticism and a new criticism. But even if we were to admit that there were two camps, however called, in modern dramatic criticism, the existence of those two camps would not at all imply a hostility, or even the semblance of a hostility, between them. A man is not necessarily endeared to us because he admires this author and actor, or rendered odious because he refuses to admire them. There are many persons who think and say that Ibsen is a tedious old fool, whose society might in other respects be more congenial to an admirer of the Northman than that of one who exalted Ibsen to the apex of the dramatic pyramid. It might, perhaps, be well to avoid the topic of Ibsen with such thinkers ; but we need not feel that admiration of Ibsen is in any sense a test either of a man's intelligence or his good fellowship.

The truth is that English dramatic critics are—and in this they resemble all other English journalists—an honourable, earnest, upright body of men, loyally striving to do their best with the work which has been given into their hands to do, honestly and fearlessly expressing their opinions, and erring—if they err at all—in an exaggeration of what is, after all, the main purpose of criticism, the discovery of merits rather than of defects. They are sometimes over generous ; they are never malicious or venal in any sense of the word ; they are a body of men to whom writers for the stage and actors on the stage owe a great deal, men who work very hard for what they believe to be right, and whose reward, in the main, is their own virtue.

Dramatic critics cannot complain that, at the present moment, they suffer from any lack of advice or advisers. It would seem to be just now the cue for all sorts and conditions of men to exhort dramatic critics, and to preach to them, upon conflicting texts, sermons that lead to conflicting conclusions. It is not very long since Mr. Pinero amazed his world by his eloquent advice to the students of the drama, advice which, if it were accepted in its bald and naked form, might prove misleading, which, if interpreted literally, might very well prove mischievous. "If," said Mr. Pinero, tempering advice with humour, "if a fond mother came to me with her son and asked me to recommend her to an old-established firm of dramatic critics to which to apprentice him, I should respond, 'Madam, the breath of life of any art is drawn in an atmosphere of praise.'" On this amazing theme Mr. Pinero spoke at some little length. Praise was the vital need of the artist. Only those critics were remembered whose criticisms had

been the expression of praise. It was mere journeyman's work to condemn, but the critic rose nearest to the level of the artist who knew how rightly to praise. After a succession of such assurances, Mr. Pinero concluded with a dramatic earnestness by conjuring his hearers to remember that, in a time of struggle and stress for the drama, it was only to be fostered by "praise, praise, praise."

It has been urged that it would not be reasonable to pin Mr. Pinero to the most literal interpretation of a doctrine that has stimulated considerable discussion. But the doctrine, even in a modified and qualified form, is a dangerous doctrine for Mr. Pinero to back with the weight of his name and the strength of his influence. The "atmosphere of praise," for which Mr. Pinero calls, has often been fatal to art. It might be fairly contended that dispraise had done as much for the cause of art as ever praise had done, and this not altogether paradoxically. It is by no means "mere journeyman's work to condemn"; it might with more reason be urged that it is mere journeyman's work to praise, if we think of the loose, ungovernable way in which praise is too often exhibited. It is journeyman's work to dispraise for the sake of dispraising, if you will; but no sincere critic ever does dispraise for such a purpose. He has a natural and an honourable reluctance to dispraise, but it is as much his duty, if he have any regard at all for the gravity of his office and the effect of his words, to condemn where he believes condemnation to be deserved, as to applaud when he can applaud with all his heart and soul.

The advocates of "praise, praise, praise" in criticism have been advised to study some words that appear in the first number of the *Revue de Paris*. The words are written by Émile Faguet, the well-known critic, in his article on another conspicuous critic, Ferdinand Brunetière. Criticism, according to M. Brunetière, as interpreted by M. Faguet, is not necessarily fecund when it praises and sterile when it blames. Brunetière maintains that the main business of criticism is to distinguish between the beauties and the faults of a work of art. These faults are more often than not less obvious than the beauties, and call for a greater effort to discern them. The merits, as a rule, are patent, and have but to be recorded; the public taste generally discovers them at once. The defects, on the other hand, are those weak points that are scarcely noticed in the novelty of the work, but which will make their appearance in time, like wrinkles, and prove its destruction. To criticise defects, therefore, is quite as fertile as to accord praise, and may be even more fertile, especially when it is borne in mind that these defects may be false

beauties capable of deceiving for a time the observation of the public. Brunetière is no unimpeachable authority, but here he teaches a wholesome lesson.

A lesson no less wholesome, but surely much more unnecessary, comes from one who is himself a dramatic critic. Mr. William Archer transmutes Mr. Pinero's exhortation to "praise, praise, praise," into "think, think, think." The counsel is kindly meant ; it is to be hoped that it is superfluous. Indeed, it is reasonable to assume it to be superfluous, for an enterprising interviewer in the pages of a monthly magazine has listened to the confessions of a number of dramatic critics, from which it would appear that "think, think, think," has always been their watchword, and that there was no need for one of their company to advance it as a counsel of perfection. But, as has been said, it is pleasant to think of the counsellor reclining in some green corner of the world "a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng," and refusing to be lured by the "birde upon the spraye" from his meditations upon the latest glory of the London stage.

When Mr. Pinero assured his hearers that only those critics were remembered whose voices were the voices of praise, he was rightly reminded that Lessing was a great German dramatic critic, and that the "*Hamburgische Dramaturgie*" is not all untempered praise : that Hazlitt was a great English dramatic critic, who could and did write often enough with a ferocity unknown to our more amiable manners. There are pages of his criticisms which could scarcely be written, scarcely be printed now. But it would be vain to extend the list, vain to press the argument. The root of the matter, we read, is that the aim of art is beauty, and of criticism to discover beauty, and that the duty of the critic is to praise when he can and to dispraise when he must, according to his heart, his mind, and his knowledge. It is not a very jovial affair at the best ; it would certainly not be bettered by being converted into a mechanism for the promulgation of praise. Excessive and exuberant praise becomes in time as valueless as a smoothworn token or a bankrupt assignat. Its value depends, like the value of precious metal or of precious stones, upon limitations ; it is the more valuable when it is not too lightly gained. Praise is a splendid stimulant, but art, like life, is not to be sustained on stimulants.

It has been truly said that when the dramatist and the critic combine to counsel the dramatic critic, it is scarcely to be expected that the actor should keep out of the business. And the actor has not kept out of the business. Mr. Charles Wyndham has his plan,

too, for the amelioration of criticism. He does not say "Praise, praise, praise," with Mr. Pinero. He does not cry out "Think, think, think," with Mr. Archer. His modest demand is "Unmask, unmask, unmask." He yearns to look upon the countenances of those who criticise him, and for him "the vexed problem of the anonymous in journalism presents no perplexities. As with all other problems that trouble humanity, this problem kindles irresistible arguments on both sides. In the meantime, however, Mr. Wyndham may find a measure of consolation in the fact that a considerable proportion of contemporary criticism is signed. It is true that the signatures are generally initials, which may or may not be cryptic to the general, but which have at least the effect which Mr. Wyndham so ardently desires, of asserting an individual responsibility for the utterances they end." If the dramatic critic, thus lectured, advised and counselled from all sides, does not learn how to mind his own business, it is no fault of the busybodies.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

POETS' PRAISE OF POETS.

IN these "book-making" days, when a chief object of writers seems to be to spare others the trouble of research and the pleasure of exploration, the idea of Mrs. Davenport Adams to collect the utterances of poets concerning one another and concerning their craft must be regarded as happy. The subject is inexhaustible, and Mrs. Adams has suffered from over-pressure of matter. She is, however, to be congratulated upon the production of a volume into which one may dip with the certainty of pleasure and edification. "The Poets' Praise"¹ is the title she has given her volume, the poets embraced reaching from Homer to Mr. Swinburne. The motto from Cowley is happily chosen: "Praise from the men whom all men praise." It is of course with praise alone that our author concerns herself. To do justice to those who so early as the days of Horace were described as the *genus irritabile vatum*, the irritable or sensitive race of bards, poets have been more given to praise than to censure. Pope, perhaps the most irritable of all poets, is an example to the contrary, and has, with an indiscretion and a temper that have dimmed his fame, classed among dunces many of more poetical perception and gifts than himself. Dryden has hit hard, but mostly at men beneath himself, if not beneath his notice, and Byron has slashed out right and left, cleaving and hewing his way through the greatest and most diminutive men of his epoch. Shakespeare, gentle soul as he seems to have been, has not escaped without some abuse or depreciation. It is in praise, as is but natural, that poets have most distinguished each other, and the coronal Mrs. Adams has culled and shaped might be worn by Sabrina herself.

THE WORKS OF THE POETS JUDGED.

IT may be accepted practically as an axiom that poets are the best judges of the work of their fellows. Rightly to appreciate some poetry needs the possession of the poet's sympathies, if not of

¹ Elliot Stock.

his other gifts. Lycidas has been held a poem the full beauty and significance of which a poet only can feel. It is accordingly all but indispensable that where no intolerable jealousy comes in, the most exquisite praise of poets should be derived from their own ranks. Mrs. Adams does not concern herself with poems such as "Lycidas," "Adonais," "Thyrsis," and "In Memoriam," taking them as a whole, and I will follow her example. In the "spacious days" of Elizabeth, the largest interchange of commendatory verses took place. Oblivious of the fact that the names which cling closest to Shakespeare were given by Ben Jonson, the absurd idea has found general currency that Ben was a grudging and jealous rival. It may, on the contrary, be urged that the praise he bestowed was the subtlest and most enduring Shakespeare has received. I have elsewhere referred to the elegy of Sir John Beaumont on his younger brother, Francis Beaumont, who predeceased him, two lines from which are—

Thou should'st have followed me, but death to blame
Miscalculated years and measured age by fame.

Exquisite, are they not? The entire poem, which has escaped Mrs. Adams's attention, though perhaps a little marred by conceits, which were the special taste of the day, and by a too eager search after antithesis, is delightful.

CHAUCER AND HIS ADMIRERS.

AS the earliest of English poets, the morning star of poetry, Chaucer excited, as is but just, special tribute from his immediate successors. The terms in which he is spoken of by John Gower in the "Confessio Amantis," by Hoccleve in his "De Regimine Principum," and by Lydgate in his "Fall of Princes" and his "Praise of the Virgin Mary," are the most rapturous, and denote as much affection for the man as admiration for the poet. All of them speak of Chaucer as their master. As is just in a book intended for general circulation, Mrs. Adams has modified the extracts she supplies. Another and very common reference to Chaucer which Mrs. Adams and my readers may care to see, occurs in Lydgate's "Chronicle of Troy," Bk. 2, Ch. 15. I preserve the original spelling.

And ouermore to tellen of Crysyde,
Stumbleth my pen, for longe or she [*qu. he?*] dyed
My Mayster Chauncer (*sic*) did his diligence
As to descryue the great excellence
Of her beauty ; and that so maysterly

To take on me it were but high folye,
In any wyse to adde more thereto.
For wal I wote anone as I haue do,
That I in sothe no shame deserve maye,
By cause that he in wrytyng was so gaye.

Among those of our early poets who gave the most generous and lavish praise was Drayton; and Daniel Heywood's delightful reference to his associates and intimates in his "Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels" must never be forgotten. Not too happily chosen were always the qualifications Heywood connected with the dramatist, but many of them stick. Spenser was lavish in praise. Shakespeare, as is the subject of frequent remark, mentions but one man of his time, Christopher Marlowe, and then even not by name. Shakespeare and Chaucer are the poets of his own country whose praise Milton sang.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

AMONG the books that received in their own time highest or at any rate most numerous commendations, may be numbered "Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, with other poems, by William Cartwright, late student of Christ Church in Oxford, and Proctor of the University, 1654." Cartwright was a zealous royalist, and loyalty may have done something to stimulate his admirers, more especially as the publication was posthumous. The praises of these poems—excellent, ingenious, incomparable, and so forth—extend over almost a third of the book. This, however, has been twice outdone. "Jonsonus Virbius," on the Memory of Ben Jonson, revised 1638, quarto, consists wholly of poems in honour of Rare Ben Jonson, from men such as Lords Falkland and Buckhurst, Sir John Beaumont the younger, who had something of his father's talent; Waller, Habington, Thomas May, Cleveland, and amongst others by the before-mentioned William Cartwright. In fulsomeness of adulation this was eclipsed by the "Letters and Poems in honour of the incomparable Princess Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, written by several persons of honour and learning. In the Savoy, 1676." This consists of letters and poems in Latin and English, written in adulation of her by various persons, including the members of the Senate of Cambridge University. The adulation was therefore beyond bounds. It is, however, perhaps pardonable in the case of a woman who, having rendered highest services to royalty, suffered ostracism from a court in which her virtue and purity were as much a rebuke as they were a subject of mirth. Among the contributors to this volume were Jasper Mayne, George Etherege, Henry More,

and Thomas Shadwell, all of them writers of verse. As the Duchess herself is responsible for poems some of them showing fancy, the volume clearly comes in as poets' praise of poets.

POETS' PRAISE OF POETRY.

THIS also is included in the scope of Mrs. Adams's volume. Rhapsodies concerning poetry are less common than might have been expected. There is a sort of arrogance in claiming for oneself the title of poet, or the right to speak of oneself as possessing the gift of poetry, from which most of the greater poets have shrunk, though sometimes the lesser have been eager to claim it. Milton, of course, invites "Heavenly Wisdom to govern, as she is wont, his song"; and Shelley carefully speaks of himself as one of the poets who began in

Gladness,

But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

George Wither, however, is the one poet—a minor poet if you choose—who has hymned adequately the praise of poetry, the delight it brings to the writer, and the strength it constitutes to the man. The few lines I am about to transcribe from his "Juvenilia" are familiar enough to those in whose education Leigh Hunt and Lamb have assisted. These, however, are but few. It is these very lines, written in the Marshalsea Prison, that elicited Lamb's remark that "Wither's prison notes are sweeter than those of his uncaged companions." The utterance is dramatic, the rhapsody being supposed to be spoken by a shepherd, himself a poet. It is far too long for me to quote more than the conclusion—

Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy ! thou sweet'st content
That ever Heaven to mortals lent,
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee ;
Though thou be to them a scorn
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee !
Though our wise ones call thee madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy madd'st fits
More than all their greatest wits.
And though some too, seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.

Do not these raptures sound generous ?

THE WARGRAVE THEATRICALS.

CONSPICUOUSLY brilliant among amateur entertainments were the Wargrave theatricals given in the closing years of the last century. In the Berkshire village of Wargrave, Richard, seventh Earl of Barrymore, erected, during the year 1779, a large theatre, with which was connected a refreshment saloon, wherein a lavish hospitality was exercised. The management of this was entrusted to John Edwin the younger, a well-known actor with a still more famous wife, and John Williams, the notorious Anthony Pasquin. Here the earl himself, Captain Wathen, and other "fashionable amateurs," were accustomed to act, and hither flocked from London an eminently aristocratic and a passably disreputable and rowdy public, including H.R.H. George, Prince of Wales, and his favourite associates. Among the actors, by whom the amateurs were assisted, were Mrs. Goodall, John Shepherd Munden, and Charles Incledon. Accounts of the performances at Wargrave have been given by Anthony Pasquin and others. Full particulars have not, however, been supplied until the appearance of Mr. John Robert Robinson's "*The Last Earls of Barrymore, 1769-1824.*"¹ Concerning the sixth and eighth earls there is little to be said. The family honours and dishonours of the Barrymores reach their height in the seventh earl, who cannot, however, claim a monopoly of eccentricity and folly. A view of the theatre, which might easily pass for an important London house, forms a frontispiece to the volume, in which also, among other illustrations, are portraits of the earl as Archer, and Captain Wathen as Aimwell in Farquhar's comedy, "*The Beaux' Stratagem*," as well as a satirical print of Lord Barrymore as the "*Mæcenæ of Scrubs and Scaramouches*" surrounded by "choice spirits" in the shape of actors, prize-fighters, cock-fighters, and the like.

A FRIEND OF THE PRINCE REGENT.

FAMOUS as were, in their day, the entertainments at Wargrave, and animated as is the account of them supplied by Mr. Robinson, I should scarcely have judged them worthy of notice but for the opportunity they afford of contemplating the associates of George, Prince of Wales, "*the first gentleman in Europe.*" The redeeming traits in the seventh Earl of Barrymore consist in his establishment of stage plays at Wargrave and in London, and in his

¹ Sampson Low & Co.

patronage of cricket. For the rest he was wanton, extravagant, vicious, a type of the most debauched product of aristocratic indolence and immunity from restraint. Beginning "life" while still a school-boy (he was born August 14, 1769, and had won a thousand pounds on a race-course in 1785), he contrived, before his death by accident, March 6, 1793, to run through a large fortune, reduce himself and his family to poverty, shock his princely protector, and leave a reputation unequalled in his day for wildness and eccentricity. Common enough were, in those days, the pursuits he followed, cock-fighting, driving, racing, patronising prize-fights and the like ; and he was, perhaps, no more ingrainedly vicious or foolish than those with whom he associated. His memoirs, however, prove him to be a man of degraded morals and execrable tastes. It is difficult to believe that one of his practical jokes was taking the corpse of a man accidentally killed and putting it into a bed in which a man and his wife were sleeping. Practical joking of this kind, though now at an end, was common in this country until near the middle of the present century.

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PENNETHORNE ON PARNASSUS.

BY FRANK BANFIELD.

MUSEBURY, the country house of Mr. Joseph Pennethorne, sleeping partner in the well-known firm of Pennethorne Brothers, was charmingly situated in one of the Home Counties. It was neither a palace nor a suburban villa, but something between the two. It was not ancient nor very modern. In a word, it had been built by an affluent Englishman in the middle of the eighteenth century, on pleasantly⁷parked rising ground. Its lawns, and shrubberies, and trees were not magnificent, but they harmonised with a convenient, spacious, two-storied house. Refinement and comfort, agreeably combined, were of the very atmosphere of the place. Mr. Pennethorne would sometimes talk of the rich as a class apart from himself, and liked⁷to speak of poets who died munching crusts in garrets. He was a poet in his own esteem, however, but his crust was not likely to excite⁷the⁷contemptuous sympathy of Dives.

The one absorbing occupation of Mr. Joseph Pennethorne was the composition of verse. No amiable platitude, no hackneyed aversion of the virtuous, had escaped his iambs and dactyls, his spondees and anapæsts. His gifts for rhythm and rhyme, for measured and melodious expression of noble thought, he held to be of a high order ; but he was compelled to admit, with a certain repining, that they had failed to meet with the success which they deserved. What added to his sense of merit, and afforded him much solace for neglect, was his physical and facial resemblance to Wordsworth, of which no cruelty of the critic, and no indifference of the vulgar, could rob him. It was an enjoyable moment for the cynic, when Mr. Pennethorne, in his drawing-room after dinner, crossing

one leg over the other, took him into confidence and mentioned this likeness to the great Lake luminary. Indeed, he had had one striking and overpowering proof of this practical reincarnation of Wordsworth in his person. One summer, and in the north, he was basking on the turf near the grave of the author of "Peter Bell," when two brakeloads of American tourists rushed into the quiet graveyard, and made furious onslaught on the sepulchral mound, beneath which lay the remains of the poet. Daisies, buttercups, herbage, everything green, together with earth, were transferred as mementoes in such quantities to various and capacious receptacles, that Mr. Pennethorne felt alarm for the safe repose of his departed *alter ego*. So he revealed himself with a view to remonstrance. The desecrators, jubilant a moment before at the notion that of the poet's ashes might have been made "the violet of his native land," fled back terror-stricken, and one lady of the "New Light" suffered an epileptic attack. All this it was amusing to hear from Mr. Pennethorne's lips, and it was also pleasant to listen to him as he descanted on the singular good fortune Lord Tennyson had enjoyed in obtaining so complete recognition from Throne and people. The well-to-do minor poet said no word in dispraise of the late Laureate; but after having been in the society of Mr. Pennethorne for a brief while, you found yourself tacitly assenting to the suggestion that it was that mysterious and ill-defined entity, high luck, which was responsible for Lord Tennyson's fame, and for the very mediocre repute of Mr. Pennethorne.

He is sitting on the evening when this story opens in his working-room on the ground floor of Musebury, diligently plodding through the last author's proofs of his Epic, "The Passing of Ghouldom; or, the On-coming of the Beautiful." It was a labour of anxious love, and he paused often in his work to wonder whether at last he should obtain the plaudits of the many, instead of, as heretofore, the ambiguous and guarded compliments of the gentlemen whom he had clumsily attempted to nobble. The last man of this type he had down at Musebury had recited to him half the "Barrack-room Ballads" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the drawing-room after dinner, and had never so much as quoted a line from Mr. Pennethorne's "Wood Idylls," or even from his "Whisperings of the Moonlight," which he reckoned among his *chefs d'œuvre*. This sort of thing, he hoped, as he glanced upwards out through the open folding windows into the fast deepening shades of an autumnal night, was now, with next week's publication of "The Passing of Ghouldom," to come to an end. At last the ever-recurring joy of his day-dreams should be

practically realised, and Musebury become sacred for the English people, to be thought of henceforth, and for all earthly ever, in association with such shrines of the muses as Dove Cottage, as that world-famed Elizabethan relic at Stratford-on-Avon, as the Cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, as that other at Ayr. He would have his own dwelling, together with Somersby Rectory, or the abode of Farringford, wherein the late Laureate "brewed the ode sublime," preserved to latest posterity as mementoes of what was most precious in the poetic genius of the nineteenth century. "There will be no more quoting Kipling to me then," he murmured to himself, "to me, who am so refined, and Kipling, pshaw! he is not at all refined."

And there was an air of refinement about Joseph Pennethorne. It was dry and antique, that atmosphere of him, suggesting somehow as he did a large-sized male fairy, a dried apple, an autumn leaf, a something crisp, and light, and thin, out of which the juices of life had fled with its coarsenesses. And in and out amid the simplicity of his main purpose trickled a vein of sly worldliness. And now, as he bends once more to his task, there comes the sound of an opening door behind him, and a girl of eighteen enters his room, and moves quickly up to the literary worker. Graceful in figure, a little over middle height, and brown-eyed, is Maggie Pennethorne; a brunette too, with a lurking suspicion of fun about the mouth.

"I am come to say good night, father," said she. "It's no use asking you when you mean going to bed, with those proof-sheets before you. You'll see the sun rise. Don't I just wish I was you? Martha is making some hot strong coffee for you, which I'll bring to you myself in ten minutes. So put down your pen, there's a dear, and talk."

"I'm too full of my work for talking, Maggie."

"And it's going to be a big success, father. I've faith in Gerald."

"You must try and force him out of your thoughts, my dear Maggie. It's nonsense to suppose that with his youth and inexperience he can do anything. As I have told you, his want of refinement, as shown, inadvertently perhaps, in his attitude towards the serious labours of my lifetime in verse, renders him quite unsuitable as a husband for you. I observed his expression carefully some months ago when I asked for his favourite passage in 'Wood Idylls.' I will not try to imitate it, Maggie, for I will not defile my face with a hideous sneer. As the Laureate sings:—

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell."

"Ah, father, dear, all will come right between you and Gerald. You imagine that sneer, darling. Your imagination and sensitiveness are wonderful ; Gerald's so very clever, that he may help more than you think."

"My dear Maggie," broke in Mr. Pennethorne, with some degree of impatience, "what can Gerald Hardy do which I have not attempted in order to conquer the indifference of the purblind multitude to my work? It was ever so. Look at Savage, gasping out his mighty soul with a crust in his mouth. The glorious Milton, too, received a poor £5 for 'Paradise Lost,' and yet his noble name now fills and dominates the imaginations of men. Have I not condescended to all legitimate arts in order to open the eyes of the world? Have I not had critic after critic here to dine with us for years past, with a special and more abundant hospitality just before the publishing of a poem?"

"You have, father, dear, and lent some of them money."

"I don't grudge the outlay, Maggie, although there has not been all the spontaneous enthusiasm in their reviews I could wish. Still, on the whole, they have shown great tact, taste, and discrimination in their criticisms ; and when trained and practised judgment is on one's side, the rest ought to come. And then I have done more than this. For years past all the employés and travellers of Pennethorne Brothers have inquired systematically at book-stalls and at book-sellers for a copy of one or other of my volumes of poems, so as to secure their exposure to the public view."

"And the demand for them has grown, father?"

"And the demand, my child, does not develop as I could wish. With 'Wood Idylls,' as you may remember, I took a very bold step. I induced my publishers to agree to a public announcement, that they and I would unite in handing over all the profits arising out of the sale of the work to the Asylum for Decayed Costermongers. That fact was well advertised in the hope that the philanthropy of the reading public would be roused to action. The idea, I really flatter myself, was ingenious."

"The decayed costermongers, poor old things, ought to be grateful."

"They have not received anything, so far, dear. There has been no profit on 'Wood Idylls.' Still, no doubt, this offer of mine has helped my reputation. When you are a poet, the very mention of the word profit in connection with the sale of your works does good."

"Now I must go and look after your coffee, father ;" and so

saying, Maggie tripped off, to return again with a trimly-uniformed parlourmaid, bearing a tray, with coffee-pot and necessary appendages. After the servant had gone, Maggie loitered a moment :

“You are not nervous, father, dear, sitting up by yourself.”

“Nervous ! no, Maggie. What put such a notion into your head ?”

“I don’t think you are, dear. I believe in a genuine real battle you would be calm and brave, and, unless you were hit, you wouldn’t suffer from shock to the system and fright.”

“My dear Maggie, I am an Englishman. Moreover, my mind has been nurtured on heroic poetry as well as on the more idyllic. I am not easily shaken. But, my dear girl, you must go to bed, and to sleep. You must be tired, or you would never talk in so fanciful a fashion.”

“Then, good night, father ; and success to ‘The Passing of Ghouldom.’” Mr. Pennethorne was left to himself and his proofs. As may have been inferred from the above, he was a widower, with one only child. Of her he thought now, and of her love for Gerald Hardy. Hardy was a young fellow of independent means, who had known Maggie since her childhood. His property, which he had recently inherited, was contiguous to that of Mr. Pennethorne, and he was an unexceptionable *parti* in the eyes of most of their friends. Unhappily, he had come down severely on the author’s poetic toes, and his suit for Maggie’s hand had just been contemptuously rejected. Was there anything to be wondered at in the minor poet’s attitude ? Mr. Pennethorne might be justified in doubting if James Montgomery would have given a daughter in marriage to Thomas Babington Macaulay, or Wordsworth to Shelley, or any average minor poet to Mr. Traill. He had been wounded in a sore place. Well, he would not dwell on the unpleasantness. Let but “The Passing of Ghouldom” carry him to the top of Parnassus, and the wealthy, cultured darlings of society would hurry to do him homage, and before them this Gerald Hardy—merely a fine specimen of the manly country gentleman—would appear to Maggie the clod he was, without taste for the exquisite details of word-arrangement, and incapable of expressing a syllable of ecstasy, even in presence of the most glorious sunset.

The midnight bells have already sounded, and Mr. Pennethorne is just at the end of his task. Leaning back in his chair, he gives himself up to the sense of mingled satisfaction and regret which mark the completion of work that is loved for itself. And then he sees something which causes him to rise hastily in his chair.

Men with masked faces are stealing in through the open folding doors. They rush on him. Mr. Pennethorne makes a stab at his first assailant with a penknife, and, though the blade was a small one, the red blood spurts out. In another moment he is silently seized—the midnight marauders had uttered no sound, and, to silence his loud cries for assistance, they gagged him. Further, the verse-maker was blindfolded, and strapped firmly down in his reading-chair. Their stealthy movements he listened to with indignant attention. Suddenly they scurried out of the room on to the lawn. A moment or two later the sound of distant wheels going away at breakneck-speed was faintly audible. The burglars, or whatever they might be, must have been alarmed at something.

So, happily for Mr. Pennethorne, it turned out. John, the gardener, and Thomas, the groom, came hurrying in from different directions to their master's assistance. In the space of a few seconds he was unbound, the gag was taken out of his mouth, and his eyes were unbandaged. John and Thomas were so excited over the indignity done to their master, that they were ill-judged in the order of the liberation. Mr. Pennethorne, on the other hand, was as calm and cool as a cucumber. He had not over-estimated his nerve when conversing with Maggie. His first thought was not of himself now, but of the proof-sheets of "The Passing of Ghouldom." They were besmeared with blood. Mr. Pennethorne took them up one after another, and observed with satisfaction that his corrections and insertions, his deletes and all the rest of it, were still to be read by the compositors. Meanwhile, John and Thomas plied their master with the remarks that seemed to them appropriate to the occasion.

"Are you hurt, sir?" asked John.

"Shall I go for Doctor Varley, sir?" questioned Thomas.

"Miss Maggie 'll be finely frightened."

"The villains, I wish we could a' got hold of 'em."

"Shall I saddle the grey and drive to the police station?"

"And your nice books all smeared."

"Yes," said Mr. Pennethorne. "I did not yield without a blow in my defence. One of the fellows has been made to bleed for his lawlessness. Thomas, get out the grey, as suggested, and ride for the police. This matter must be investigated on the spot."

The two male servants had not left the room before the female indwellers of Musebury came into the room in all the various stages of terror, except Maggie, who was, her father thought, strangely calm and quiet.

"You're not upset, father?" said she.

"Not at all, my dear. No more than good William of Deloraine would have been after a beeve-harrying in Cumberland. But let me tell you about it." And this he did in his very best manner, and amid the ejaculations of the domestics. When he had finished, he assumed, with an air of quiet dignity, an attitude in which the hero and the poet were finely and artistically blended.

"You might get me a glass of port, my dear," he said, when the chorus of laudation and congratulation had died away.

That time of slumber at Musebury was as bright and busy as the day. The house was ransacked to find if anything had been stolen. This was done in amateurish fashion by the servants, commanded by Mr. Pennethorne, holding a poker as the ensign of his office, while Maggie acted as his aide-de-camp. Then the constables came, and pursued an independent investigation under the awe-struck gaze of the servants and amid a cloud of suggestions from Mr. Pennethorne. Long before the incidents of that stirring night permitted the poet to seek repose, the sweet breath of dawn was on the woods and pastures around Musebury. Before he did actually retire to rest he, when kissing his daughter "good-night," used these remarkable words:—

"I have just been thinking, my dear, that this strange and unpleasant adventure may be, after all, a blessing in disguise."

"The same thought has struck me, father; and it will lead, I trust, to your being reconciled with Gerald."

"I don't see the connection, the sequence of ideas, Maggie, but I must rest now. Good night."

There was some slight anxiety in Maggie Pennethorne's eyes as they watched from her bedroom the constables who hung obstinately about the shrubberies and lawns. But when she lifted the coverlids to get into bed, her mobile lips were curved in a humorous smile, which scarcely left them even after the sweet face was fixed in a profound and healthy sleep.

All the country round Musebury knew of the attack on Mr. Pennethorne by breakfast-time in the morning; and all London and the Home Counties read of it in the evening. Gerald Hardy called at the house, and made polite inquiries after Mr. Pennethorne. After an animated private interview with Maggie, he was shown into the poet's workroom, the scene of the midnight outrage.

This young gentleman, it may here be observed, was a lithe, healthy-complexioned, square-shouldered young Englishman, standing in his stockings some six feet. His bright brown eyes had a humid depth in them; his delicately curved nostrils betrayed a quick

sensitiveness, while the lines of his mouth marked a readiness to respond to the laughter in things. A thick moustache harmonised in colour shading with his trimly-cut brown hair.

Mr. Pennethorne received him with frigid dignity, which, however, improved in temperature, as Gerald's anxiety lest he might have sustained any serious shock from the surprise of last night's attack became manifest. He was able to completely reassure the young man.

"And here," said he, "is 'The Passing of Ghouldom,' at least, the final proof-sheets of it, smeared, as you see, with a robber's—gore." Mr. Pennethorne was all the poet this morning, and thus rejected the word "blood."

"And nothing has been taken?" asked Gerald.

"Not one jot or tittle," replied the poet sententiously.

"And to what do you attribute the attack?"

"The motive may have been robbery, and the thieves may have been scared by the sound of the approach of John and Thomas. But I have another explanation."

"Indeed, and what may that be?" said Gerald.

"It is a fanciful one, perhaps. At least, it may seem so to anyone so very matter-of-fact as yourself," returned Mr. Pennethorne, severely.

"Don't misjudge me, Mr. Pennethorne," said Gerald. "If I don't possess your gifts, I can appreciate them. And your explanation?"

"Well," said the poet, "it is just possible that some passages of 'The Passing of Ghouldom' may have got abroad through the printer's workmen. I am very severe in some passages on strikes and on burglars. It may be revenge, or it may be terrorism of which I was so nearly the victim."

"Would you like to see an interviewer?" asked Gerald.

"From a newspaper? Yes, I certainly should," replied the older man, with a great accession of sprightliness.

"Well, I have taken the liberty of telegraphing to a newspaper friend of mine for one of his staff who does the interviewing. Of course, I mentioned the extraordinary circumstances. I hope I have not offended you by doing as I have done."

"No, certainly not, my dear Hardy. Anything done to help forward the cause of poetry is not severely judged by me."

"I thought I should have absolution," said Gerald, cheerfully. "The interviewer will probably be down soon. Ah! here comes the messenger. It's for me, boy"—this to a perspiring youth. "Yes,

Let me read it. 'Hardy, Chigbury, Watford. Interviewer at Musebury, midday. Paramor.' That's my newspaper friend's name."

"That is excellent," said Mr. Pennethorne, rubbing his hands together in a frisky manner. "But I so much wanted to have taken up my proofs to my publishers myself this morning, and explain how they became so incarnadined. But now the interviewer is coming, and then the constables and detectives—it is rather a predicament for one who concerns himself with the exquisite, the beauties of the sundown, the colour-toning of the clouds, the hues of flower and leaf, and the melody of the delightful little birds, more than with the practical."

"I have thought of all that," said Gerald, quickly; "and you must allow me to take some of the work off your hands. I will carry in the proofs to the publishers, and explain to them their condition. You would wish, I am sure, that the day of publication should be hurried on, so as to make the most of the popular excitement over last night's episode."

"As I said last night to Maggie," said Mr. Pennethorne, "it may be a blessing in disguise."

"Just so. And you may depend upon me to do the best I can. It will be a good idea, I think, in a few days' time to circulate a paragraph saying that, 'There is no truth in the report prevalent in Society circles and in the West-end clubs, that the proof sheets of Mr. Pennethorne's "The Passing of Ghouldom" have been purchased by the proprietors of a well-known wax-work show. We have the best authority for the statement that these highly interesting papers will be preserved as an heir-loom, in the family of the gifted bard.'"

"Excellent!" murmured Mr. Pennethorne, again rubbing his hands friskily. "I see I can rely upon your judgment. I will entrust you with the papers."

Suiting the action to the word, the poet handed the precious proofs, neatly wrapped up, to Hardy, who thereupon wished him "Good-morning," and strode away down the path skirting the lawn. Mr. Pennethorne looked after him, and murmured to himself:—

"Much shrewdness in these practical affairs of life. No refined taste unhappily. Sadly wanting in cultivated appreciation of 'Wood Idylls.' And all this zeal is due to his devotion to Maggie, for whom he is not the husband I could desire. 'Tis pity that it is so, but:—

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

Despite all the efforts of the local police, aided by detectives from Scotland-yard, the Marauders of Musebury, as the midnight intruders came to be called, were not arrested. The affair, however produced a profound sensation. For the proverbial nine days, the inhabitants of no country residence within a twenty-mile radius of London slept with their ordinary sense of security. Mr. Pennethorne's bold suggestion, communicated to Mr. Paramor's interviewer, that the attack on Musebury was due to two of the classes he had branded as "Ghouls," namely strikers and burglars, met with a large measure of public support, and provoked a long correspondence in the papers, over such signatures as "Your constant reader for ten years," "Minstrel," "Indignant Compositor," "One who knows," and "Trade Union Secretary." Besides, there were sermons preached by a popular archdeacon and a well-advertised Nonconformist divine amongst the rest, attributing the outrage to the growing demoralisation of society; and in the tabernacle, at a word of command from the pulpit, the whole congregation rose to their feet as a protest against the prevalence of Ghouldom in high places. As for "The Passing of Ghouldom," it blazed like a star of the first magnitude in the literary firmament. Those were very happy days for Mr. Pennethorne. His long consciousness of his own merit prevented him from suffering ill-regulated ferment. There was no outward sign of the *tête montée* at all, unless the fact that he let his hair grow, and took to black velvet coats, be counted as such. It is true, too, that he would now and then take one or other of his younger literary guests aside, who might be supposed to doubt whether the owner of so conventionally correct a home possessed the genuine poetic fire, and would hint that he had been very lively when a young man, had lived in chambers and stayed out late. And when, after a confidence like this, a smart Shakespearean scholar observed archly:—

"'I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.'"

Mr. Pennethorne quite unabashed, and tapping his new friend on the shoulder, would give a little skip, and smiling a withered smile, quite aptly rejoin—

"'Who—I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.' But then, when he indulged in this Bohemianism of observation, he was careful that Maggie was not within hearing. She was, most probably, at such a moment discussing with Gerald, the practical, the date of

their next approach to Mr. Pennethorne with a view to the removal of the ban upon their life-long alliance.

Like Young's "Night Thoughts" and Montgomery's "Satan," "The Passing of Ghouldom" had its popular vogue. Let it not be supposed, however, that Mr. Pennethorne escaped the Critics, spelt with the big C, of the lashed author. He was roughly handled in more than one periodical, and some bitter persons, after giving the Marauders of Musebury all the credit for the epic's sale, which was enormous, insinuated an opinion that the said Marauders bore points of resemblance to Mrs. Harris and Mr. Wilfred Murray. Most of this abuse Mr. Pennethorne bore with equanimity. He attributed it to the rancour of disappointed artists in verse, to that jealousy which is averred to be more cruel than the grave. "This is the penalty of eminence," he would magnanimously observe to amused or interested guests, as he held up a paper containing a more than usually harsh *critique*. There was no getting inside his self-esteem that way. But the suggestion that the Marauders of Musebury were an invention touched him to the quick. The poet was good; but the manly, hero poet was better.

Therefore Mr. Pennethorne announced to his daughter one morning that he proposed writing to the journal of which Mr. Paramor was the director, inviting a thorough investigation into the circumstances of the midnight raid.

"I don't think I would if I were you, father."

"Why not, child? These virulent suggestions may affect the circulation of the book and its influence for good."

"Father, can you keep a very great secret?"

"What nonsense, Maggie! Do be serious. This is a most important matter. This base attempt to tarnish my laurels must not be ignored."

Maggie rose, put both her hands on her father's shoulders, bent both her laughing eyes on his, and said—

"Have patience, dear. I have something very important to tell you. But you must really promise to keep it a very great secret."

"Well, well," returned Mr. Pennethorne, with some testiness of manner, "if it must be so, it must be so. I promise."

"You remember that you agreed to forgive Gerald his offending you about 'Wood Idylls,' though he didn't mean it, if he managed, as I said he would, you know, to make 'The Passing of Ghouldom' all the rage; and hasn't he succeeded?"

"What do you mean, Maggie? He has been very practical and useful lately, I admit. But it was the Marauders of Musebury who were the means of my recognition, not Hardy."

"Oh, father, would you forgive Gerald if he was one marauder, doing it all for your good, so that the public might recognise you at last?"

"Gerald Hardy a marauder!" said Mr. Pennethorne, and stopped to think. After a pause he spoke again, and Maggie was delighted to note that he was not enraged.

"Ordinary men might be angry," he went on; "but I am not an ordinary man. So you two plotted against me."

"Not against you, dearest father. But we knew how your heart was set on the success of 'The Passing of Ghouldom,' and we determined, for your sake and our own, that at any cost your place on the top of Parnassus should be acknowledged. And it was a glorious advertisement, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was a great advertisement. That's a fine phrase, 'on the top of Parnassus.' Is it your own, Maggie, or borrowed?"

"I borrowed it from Gerald."

"Dear me, from Gerald! He has more of refinement and the poetic temperament than I imagined."

"You will be good to us both, dear?"

"Yes, under all the circumstances I suppose I must. It was very original and rough, and my daughter Maggie in it too. Fie, fie! Quite an Elizabethan touch in it. Ha, ha! Would have delighted my immortal colleague, Will Shakespeare! But the other marauders?"

"Two of Gerald's friends."

"And the blood? Why, I might have killed him."

"Gerald provided everything. He had it in a skin bag, and you spilt it. Gerald has wonderful foresight."

"So it seems. I'll send for him at once. A man with his practical audacity of conception is a godsend to a man of genius. He will always be my ally now. That is all right, Maggie. The merry wedding bells shall ring for you and the man of your choice."

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And so the jolly, merry wedding bells did ring for Gerald and Maggie. When they returned from their honeymoon trip they found Mr. Pennethorne busy with a new epic. The excitement of a first phenomenal success had worn off. He was now moving in a position of "assured eminence," as he put it, among the men of light and leading of the land; for had he not been asked to join the Balloon Society, and had not his name been enrolled among the Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature, where he rejoiced in the companionship of many congenial and similarly gifted minds? To the world, nevertheless, the Marauders of Musebury remained a mystery.

JUPITER AND ITS SYSTEM.

JUPITER has been well termed the "giant planet" of the "Solar System," exceeding as it does both in volume and mass all the other planets put together. Its volume and mass are variously stated in works on astronomy. I find the volume given in different books ranges from 1,200 to 1,387 times the volume of the Earth. This discrepancy probably arises, in some cases at least, from assuming the planet to be a perfect sphere, whereas it is considerably flattened at the north and south poles, much more so than our globe. Recent measures by Mr. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, make the equatorial diameter 89,790 miles, and the polar diameter 84,300 miles. Assuming these dimensions for Jupiter, and those of the Earth, as given by Harkness, namely, 7926·248 miles and 7899·844 miles respectively, I find that—assuming both bodies to be oblate spheroids—the volume of Jupiter's globe is 1,369·4 times the volume of the Earth. According to Harkness the sun's mass is 327,214 times the mass of the Earth, and 1,047·55 times that of Jupiter. Hence it follows that Jupiter's mass is 327,214 divided by 1,047·55, or 312·36 times the mass of the earth. Its density or specific gravity compared with that of the Earth will therefore be 312·36 divided by 1369·4, or 0·228, that of the Earth being 1. Assuming the Earth's density at 5·576, as found by Harkness from a discussion of various measures, the density of Jupiter will be 1·27 (water = 1), or a little less than that of the sun, which is about 1·40.

From the measures given above, the mean diameter of Jupiter is 87,045 miles, or eleven times that of the Earth, and about $\frac{1}{10}$ of the sun's diameter.

Taking the Earth's mean distance from the sun at 92,796,950 miles, as given by Harkness, the mean distance of Jupiter from the sun will be 482,803,970 miles. The eccentricity of its elliptical orbit being 0·04825, its distance from the sun at perihelion is 459,507,760 miles, and at aphelion 506,100,180 miles. Between its greatest and least distances therefore there is a difference of 46,592,420 miles, or about one-half the Earth's mean distance from the sun. The

inclination of Jupiter's orbit to the plane of the ecliptic being only $1^{\circ} 18' 41''$ —or less than that of any of the other large planets with the exception of Uranus—the planet never departs much from the ecliptic, and hence it was called by the ancients the “ecliptic planet.” Its period of revolution round the sun is eleven years 314·8 days. The inclination of its axis of rotation being nearly at right angles to the plane of its orbit, there are practically no seasons in this distant world, and the only variation in the heat and light at any point on its surface would be that due to the comparatively small variation in its distance from the sun referred to above. Its mean distance from the sun being 5·2028 times the Earth's mean distance from the sun, it follows that the heat and light received by Jupiter is twenty-seven times ($5\cdot2$ squared) less than the earth receives. The amount of heat received from the sun by this planet is very small, and were it constituted like the Earth its surface should be perpetually covered by frost and snow. Far from this being the case, the telescope shows its atmosphere to be in a state of constant and wonderful change. These extraordinary changes cannot possibly be due to the solar heat, and they have suggested the idea that the planet may perhaps be in a red-hot state, a miniature sun in fact, glowing with inherent heat. The great brilliancy of its surface, the “albedo,” as it is called, and its small density—less than that of the sun—are facts in favour of this hypothesis. As the attraction of Jupiter's enormous mass would render the materials near its centre of much greater density than those near its surface, the latter must be considerably lighter than water, and may possibly be in the gaseous state.

It has been objected to this hypothesis of inherent heat in Jupiter, that the satellites totally disappear when they pass into the shadow of the planet, and that if they received any light from Jupiter they should remain visible in large telescopes when eclipsed. In reply to this objection it may be urged that the *light* afforded by Jupiter to his satellites may be small, although the *heat* of the planet may be comparatively great. Red-hot iron, although at a very high temperature, does not give much light, and at the great distance the satellites are from the Earth the light they receive from Jupiter might very well be imperceptible even in a large telescope. Possibly the “dark side” of Jupiter may appear to his satellites as our moon does when totally eclipsed, and showing a ruddy light. There are several observations on record which seem to favour the hypothesis that the surface of Jupiter glows with inherent light. The famous observer Cassini once failed to find the shadow of the first satellite when it should have been on the disc. The shadow of the same

satellite was seen grey by Gorton on one occasion. The shadow of the second satellite has been seen very indistinct by Buffham, Birt, and Grover, and it was seen grey by Flammarion and Terby in March 1874. The well-known English astronomer, Captain W. Noble, speaking of the chocolate-colour of the second satellite when in transit in 1892, says: "The only feasible explanation of this appearance which occurred to me was that the portion of the planet's disc from which all sunlight was shut off was in a red-hot or glowing condition." The third satellite has been frequently seen in transit as a black spot, although fully illuminated by sunlight. This may be *partly* due, as has been suggested, to dark spots on the surface of the satellite, but the phenomenon of a black transit cannot be wholly due to this cause, for were the spots on its surface so very dark as this argument would imply, they would diminish the brightness of the satellite when seen on a dark sky. This is apparently not the case, for the third satellite is usually the brightest of all when observed outside the planet's disc.

The four well-known satellites of Jupiter were discovered by Galileo on January 7, 1610, and were some of the first fruits of the invention of the telescope. They are usually known by the numbers I., II., III., IV., counting from the planet. Their distances from the centre of Jupiter are 266,400 miles, 423,800 miles, 676,000 miles, and 1,189,000 miles respectively, and their approximate diameters, 2,400, 2,100, 3,430, and 2,930 miles. Satellite II. is, therefore, about the same size as our moon; III. intermediate in size between Mercury and Mars, and IV. about the size of Mercury. Their periods of revolution round Jupiter range from 1 d. 18 h. 27½ m. to 16 d. 15 h. 32 m. Their density is small, that of I. being only a little greater than that of water; that of II. and III. about 2 (water=1), and that of IV. about 1·47.

A fifth satellite was unexpectedly discovered by Mr. Barnard with the great Lick telescope on the night of September 9, 1892. This is a very faint and difficult object, shining only as a star of the 13th magnitude. Its distance from the centre of Jupiter is about 112,500 miles. It is, therefore, only 67,600 miles from the surface of the planet, round which it revolves in the short period of 11 h. 57 m. 22½ s., with a velocity of about 16½ miles a second. It is too small for direct measurement, but, judging from its faintness, its diameter probably does not exceed 100 miles.

The rapid motion and change of phase of these satellites must form a most interesting spectacle in the sky of Jupiter. The rapidity of their motion is easily explained by the great mass of Jupiter. Were they to move as slowly as our moon does, they would soon fall on

to the body of the planet. All the satellites, with the exception of the outer one, iv., are eclipsed at every revolution. Owing, however, to a remarkable relation which exists between the motions of the three other larger satellites, it follows that they can never be all eclipsed at the same time, so that there will always be more or less moonlight in the Jovian sky. The diameters of the discs of the large satellites, as seen from Jupiter's equator, will be 36, $18\frac{1}{2}$, 18, and $8\frac{1}{2}$ minutes of arc respectively. Satellite i. would therefore show a disc somewhat larger than our moon, and the others smaller. Barnard's satellite would have a disc of about 5 minutes in diameter. The combined light of the satellites, however, as seen from Jupiter, is—owing to their great distance from the sun—considerably less than that we receive from our solitary moon; but Jupiter himself must afford a considerable amount of light to the satellites at night. From satellite i. he appears as a disc of about 19 degrees in diameter; from ii. about 12 degrees; from iii. over 7 degrees, and from satellite iv. over 4 degrees. Jupiter's light on all the satellites, especially on i. and ii., must therefore much exceed that of our full moon. But if the illumination of their nights is good, their daylight is not quite so satisfactory; total eclipses of the sun by Jupiter are of almost daily occurrence; those seen from the first satellite lasting nearly $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours, and from the fourth over $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

From Barnard's satellite I find that Jupiter would show an enormous disc, of which the equatorial diameter would be about 47 degrees, and the polar about 44 degrees. From the proximity of this little satellite to the surface of Jupiter, and the great velocity of its rotation round the planet, we may deduce some curious and interesting facts connected with it. In the first place, as the satellite is comparatively so close to the surface of the giant planet, and revolves round it nearly in the plane of Jupiter's equator, the satellite will not be visible from higher Jovian latitudes than about 65 degrees north and south. Residents in Jupiter nearer to the poles would, therefore, know less about this tiny satellite than even we do, except, perhaps, by the reports of those who had visited lower latitudes. Again, the period of Jupiter's rotation on its axis being 9 h. 55 m. 37 s., and the period of revolution of Barnard's satellite about 12 hours, it follows that five revolutions of the satellite are about equal to six rotations of Jupiter, and the satellite will remain above the horizon of any spot on Jupiter's equator for about 30 hours, and remain below it for 30 hours more. During the time, therefore, that the satellite is visible in the sky of Jupiter, it makes two revolutions round the planet and a portion of a third, and the same while it is

below the horizon. This apparent anomaly is due to the fact that the motion of revolution of the satellite and that of the rotation of Jupiter take place in the same direction, namely from west to east.

Again, the great difference between the size of the giant planet and his tiny acolyte, gives rise to another curious fact. Some idea may be gained of the relative size of the planet and satellite by supposing the satellite to be represented by a grain of shot of one-tenth of an inch in diameter. Jupiter will then be represented by a globe 87 inches, or 7 feet 3 inches in diameter. As the volumes of spheres vary as the cubes of their diameters, the volume of Jupiter will be nearly 680,000,000 times the volume of the little satellite. If the density of the satellite is the same as that of the planet, the masses will of course be in the same ratio. Perhaps, however, this supposition is improbable. Assuming that the satellite has a density equal to twice that of Jupiter, we have Jupiter's mass equal to 340,000,000 times the mass of the satellite. This enormous difference of mass will give rise to a very curious result. The attraction produced by the mass of a sphere will be the same as if the whole mass of the sphere were concentrated at its centre. Now, as gravity varies inversely as the square of the distance, the attraction of a sphere on a body at its surface will vary directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the radius (or distance of the surface from the centre). In the case of Jupiter and his little satellite we have, for bodies on the surface of the satellite, a mass represented by 1 acting at a distance of 50 miles (the radius of the satellite) and a mass represented by 340,000,000 acting at a distance of 112,500 miles (the distance of the satellite from Jupiter's centre). Hence the attractions of Jupiter and the satellite on a body on the surface of the satellite will be represented respectively by $\frac{340,000,000}{112,500^2}$ and $\frac{1}{50^2}$, or by $\frac{1}{37}$ and $\frac{1}{2,500}$, from which it follows that the attraction of Jupiter on a body lying on the surface of the satellite is nearly 70 times greater than that of the satellite itself! The satellite therefore cannot retain by its attraction loose bodies lying on its surface, as these would be drawn away by Jupiter's attraction. In the case of the Earth and moon, I find that the attraction of the moon on bodies on its surface is over 600 times that of the Earth's attraction on the same bodies.

The light afforded by Jupiter to its little satellite must be very considerable. Taking the diameter of Jupiter as seen from the satellite at 45 degrees, the area of its disc would be about 8,000 times the apparent area of our full moon. Of course, the intensity of sunlight on Jupiter is 27 times less than that of sunshine on the moon, but on the other hand Jupiter's "albedo" or light-reflecting power is

very high, probably about four times the moon's albedo. The brightness of Jupiter's surface will therefore be $\frac{4}{27}$ of the brightness of the moon's surface. Hence we have the light afforded by Jupiter to the little satellite equal to $8,000 \times \frac{4}{27}$, or over 1,100 times the light of our full moon. This little satellite is therefore well illuminated at night ; but of course, on a globe which cannot retain movable bodies on its surface by the force of its attraction, life is impossible.

J. E. GORE.

OLD WESTMINSTER.

TO many, Westminster only represents that part of London where the Houses of Parliament and "the" Abbey are situated. In this utilitarian age, when our days are full of business and pleasure, few have time, or even inclination, to reflect on the great historic facts which have made our nation the great power it is. To connect some of these facts with places will, I am convinced, interest many, for the pulse of the present generation still feels the throbs of the great events of our great past, as is proved by the general interest evinced when any historic landmark is swept away by the improvements of *fin-de-siècle* London.

Thy ways, through which my weary steps I guide
 In this Research of old Antiquitie,
 Are so exceeding rich, and long, and wide,
 And sprinkled with such sweet varietie,
 Of all which pleasaunt is to Ear and Eye,
 That I, nigh ravished with rare Thoughts Delight,
 My tedious travaile quite forget therebye.

Spenser's "Faërie Queene."

The difficulty of finding reliable information at an early date is considerable ; even some of the old charters are alleged to be forged. The history of the city of Westminster involves that of the Abbey, from which it took its name, for the Abbey Church of St. Peter was the "minster west of St. Paul's, London." In A.D. 183, Lucius, first Christian king in Britain, built an oratory, dedicated to St. Peter ; this, in 313, under the persecutions of Diocletian and Maximinian, was demolished, and a Pagan temple to Apollo erected in its place. Three hundred years after, this also was destroyed and laid waste, so that the very ground on which it stood was overflowed by the Thames, and overgrown with thorns. Sebert, king of the East Saxons, whose tomb is still shown off the Ambulatory of the Abbey, drained off the water, cleared the foundations, and raised a noble structure dedicated to St. Peter, consecrated, the old monkish legends tell us, by the saint himself. An abbey in the olden days was a building designed for religious ceremonies, and the domestic accommodation of a fraternity, subject to the government of an abbot. An

abbey, like a fortress, was complete within itself, and rich in certain privileges and endowments, a refuge for the weak, an asylum for the unhappy. In the ninth century, the Danes, sailing up the Thames, destroyed the church and convent, but King Edgar rebuilt it, and settled the Benedictine Friars in it. To Edward the Confessor, however, in 1065, St. Peter's Abbey owes much of its prestige. In return for a dispensation allowing him to break a vow of pilgrimage to Rome, the Saxon saintly king endowed the Convent Church, which he also rebuilt, with " $\frac{1}{10}$ of gold, silver, cattle, and all his possessions," to which ample revenues he added great privileges and exemptions, making the monks subject to none but the King. The abbots obtained the privilege of trying causes themselves, exempt from episcopal authority, and, being "mitred" abbots, sat as bishops in Parliament till the Reformation. Henry III. added to the wealth and privileges of this favoured monastery,—he partially rebuilt the church; in 1362 the south-west tower was added by Abbot Littlington, who also built the cloisters and "dead wall" along the Abbey gardens. Henry III. and Edward I. granted the abbot the right of holding a fair in Tothill Fields every May, forbidding during the duration of said fair any other to be held; even shops in the city of London had to be closed. The Mayor and Corporation of London, it is said, paid £6,000 to the Abbey in later days to cancel this clause.¹ Henry VII. added to the Abbey that marvellous *chef-d'œuvre*, the chapel called by his name; by his will he left £5,000 to Abbot Islip to complete it worthily.

In 1539, after an existence of 900 years, Abbot Benson surrendered the Abbey to Henry VIII., who dissolved the foundation, and formed it into a College of secular Canons, under the rule of a Dean. At the dissolution the revenues surrendered amounted, according to Dugdale, to £3,471 *os.* 2¼*d.*; Speed, however, gives the figures at £3,977 *6s.* 4¾*d.* In 1541 Henry VIII. appointed Thomas Thirleby, Dean of the King's Chapel, to be Bishop of Westminster, with a diocese comprising all the county of Middlesex save the parish of Fulham. Abbot Benson was the first dean; eight of the old monks became prebendaries, and four minor canons; the remainder got pensions and were dismissed. The endowment of the new bishopric was £586 *13s.* 4*d.* In 1550 Thirleby had to resign his see, which was re-united to the diocese of London by King Edward VI. Several estates were then given to trustees, to be applied to the repairs of St. Paul's Cathedral, giving rise to the now proverbial expression "robbing Peter to pay Paul." In 1557 the old residence

¹ In 1352, Westminster was one of the ten English towns allowed to hold fairs.

of the abbots, which on the suppression of the bishopric had been granted to Lord Wentworth, was restored to Abbot Feckenham, who exchanged lands at Canonbury for it. It was this abbot who was sent by Queen Mary I. to prepare Lady Jane Grey for her hurried death, and her dying words bore witness to the humanity and kindness she received from him. He sat among the bishops as a "mitred" abbot in the first Parliament of Queen Elizabeth, and was in 1559 committed to the Tower by this Queen, for opposing the Reformation; he died a prisoner, in 1585, at Wisbeach Castle, Cambridgeshire.

In 1559 an Act was passed by Parliament that all religious houses revived or erected by Queen Mary should be vested in the Sovereign, so Westminster Abbey was again surrendered. On May 21, 1586, Queen Elizabeth refounded it by Charter as a Collegiate Church, with the addition of a royal School for forty boys, called King's Scholars, in the twenty-seventh year of her reign. Thus ended all ecclesiastical authority over the City and Liberty of Westminster. From this statute were derived the powers of the Court Leet, or Sheriff's Tourn, which, according to Magna Charta, should be held twice yearly, at Easter and Michaelmas. The Dean and Chapter were the civil as well as the spiritual court; they elected for life a High Steward, who is assisted by an Under Steward (the first High Steward of Westminster was William Sycell, Lord Burghley, Queen Elizabeth's celebrated Minister). The High Steward, or his deputy, presides at the Court Leet; next to these is the High Bailiff, who, nominated by the Dean and confirmed by the High Steward, acted as sheriff, summoned juries, and managed elections for Parliament; he was also Bailiff and Searcher of the Sanctuary. The Dean of Westminster, or the High Steward, also nominated and elected twelve burgesses for a year, and from year to year, during life, not to be removed, save for offence, or misgovernment in their respective twelve wards. The Sanctuary and Abbey were exempt from their jurisdiction. Should the Dean be remiss in choosing burgesses, two justices of Middlesex had the power to elect them.

The powers given to the Court of Burgesses of Westminster by the Act of 27 Elizabeth, under which it was incorporated, became nearly ineffective at the date of the formation of the Vestry of the United Parish of St. Margaret and St. John in 1724.

. that antique pile behold,
Where Royal Heads receive the sacred gold;
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep:
There made like Gods, like mortals there they sleep.—*Waller.*

Venerable for its age, its architecture, and the uses to which it has been appropriated, the Abbey of St. Peter, as it now stands, is the finest building in the Pointed style in England. The west twin towers were built by Sir Christopher Wren, and completed in the reign of George II. Sir Christopher Wren, when he rebuilt St. Paul's Cathedral and repaired the Abbey, always expressed his disbelief in the legends that they had been built on the site of Pagan temples, as in the foundations he could never come across any building solid enough to warrant the hypothesis.

The Dean of Westminster is perpetual Dean of the Order of the Bath, as on the revival of the Order by George I., in 1725, Henry VII.'s Chapel was appointed the place for the Installation of the Knights. On January 29, 1563, the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England were signed in Henry VII.'s Chapel.

Here, where sharp the sea-bird shrills his ditty,
 Flicking flame-wise through the clear live calm,
 Rose triumphal, crowning all a city,
 Roofs exalted once with prayer and psalm,
 Built of holy hands for holy pity,
 Frank and fruitful as a sheltering palm. —*Swinburne.*

In Domesday Book Westminster was designated a village, in the Hundred of Osulestane ; it then comprised only the New Minster and Royal Palace, both situated on Thorney Island. This island, 470 yards long, 370 yards broad, was insulated by a small branch of the Thames, afterwards termed "Long Ditch," which, like all other branches and tributaries of that river flowing through London, has been partially utilised for the main sewer. Roughly speaking, the modern boundaries of Thorney Island are equivalent to Great College Street, across Dean's Yard, and the Sanctuary, through Princes Street, Delahay Street, down Gardener's Lane, across Whitehall into Cannon Row, where the water again flowed into the main stream. In this branch of the Thames, Stanley tells us, the abbots used to take boat for the river, and on the south bank stood the Abbey Mill, whence modern Millbank gains its name. This royal island under our Norman kings had four gateways and two bridges. One, at the east end of Gardener's Lane, was built by Queen Matilda, wife of Henry I. ; the other, at the east end of Great College Street, still, according to local authorities, exists beneath the pavement. Great College Street was called "Dead Wall" in maps of the time of Queen Elizabeth and up to 1752, one side of the street having Abbot Littlington's blank wall dividing it from the Abbey gardens. In Gardener's Lane, in 1677, Wenceslaus Hollar died in great poverty. Between Gar-

dener's Lane and Charles Street temporary premises were erected in 1891 for the Census Office.

From the reign of Edward VI., 1547, Westminster returned two members to Parliament, until the Redistribution of Seats Act of 1885 altered the limits of the old borough, and that portion which is now under the jurisdiction of the United Vestry of St. Margaret and St. John was formed into a Parliamentary borough, to return one member under the name of "Westminster." The importance of the representation of Westminster is best given in the words of Lord Macaulay, describing an election in 1698 :—

It must be remembered that Westminster was then by far the greatest city in the island, except only the remaining City of London, and contained more than three times as large a population as Bristol or Norwich, which come next in size. . . . The citizen of Westminster passed his days in the vicinity of the palace, of the public offices, of the Houses of Parliament, of the courts of law. He was familiar with the faces and voices of ministers, senators, and judges. In anxious times he walked in the great hall to pick up news.

Westminster is a wide term generically used for the City and Liberties of Westminster, extending from Pimlico to Temple Bar, from the Thames to Hyde Park Corner ; but the old city, properly speaking, comprised only Thorney Island and its immediate surroundings, about the limit of the present Parliamentary borough ; in fact, all that portion of London which is under the jurisdiction of the United Vestry of St. Margaret and St. John, not comprising, however, the "hamlet" of Knightsbridge, which strangely comes under this Vestry, being still included in the Parish of St. Margaret.

Westminster was truly the City of Palaces and the City of Slums. The latter characteristic is rapidly and happily disappearing, swept away by the encroachments of the wave of fashion that has set in from the West End of London towards the political centre of Great Britain—as true a definition of modern Westminster as that the City of London represents the business centre of the world.

Let us now approach Westminster by the old royal highway of the Thames. Wordsworth's sonnet on Westminster Bridge, composed in 1803, expresses the feelings which must pass through every thoughtful mind :—

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

The sight of the city of Westminster, in September 1893, caused M. Zola to exclaim :—"Quel admirable décor !"

The vista is superb. On the north bank of the Thames is the magnificent pile of modern Gothic which contains the Houses of Lords and Commons, situated on the site of the old Palace of the gentle Saxon saint, Edward the Confessor, and his turbulent Norman successors ; flanked by the hoary towers of the Abbey of St. Peter ; in the background, to the left, are the quaint towers of St. John's Church, an edifice aptly described by Lord Chesterfield as an "elephant with its feet in the air." On our right hand are the remains of the once royally magnificent palace of our Stuart kings at Whitehall, with the new flats of Whitehall Court towering skyward ; nearer to us, New Scotland Yard and the modern palatial mansion of the Duke of Buccleugh, replacing old Montagu House, grace the new Victoria Embankment.

Before us lie Bridge Street and Great George Street, thoroughfares cut within the last 140 years from the river to St. James's Park, through the dense mass of slums which were the hideous relic of the olden days of the Sanctuary at Westminster, when ill-doers and evil-livers alike claimed the protection of the Church. The name of the "Sanctuary" still lingers around the Hospital, fit modern representative of the old-time Sanctuary, as it was rightly meant to be—a refuge for the poor ailing ones in our midst. Westminster Hospital, the oldest subscription hospital in the metropolis, was originally in James Street, near Petty France, and was built in 1834 on its present site, where formerly stood the old Cruciform Sanctuary Churches. These were built one above the other, the lower forming a double cross ; the upper was for the use of the local inhabitants, the lower for criminals only. King Edward V. was born in 1470 in the Sanctuary of Westminster, his mother having taken refuge there during one of the vicissitudes of the War of the Roses. Cots were added by public subscription in 1887 to Westminster Hospital, in commemoration of Queen Victoria's jubilee. Next to the hospital, on the site of the old Market House, built in 1568, removed in 1805, was the Guildhall or Sessions House, noted as the scene of the celebrated Tichborne trial ; it was partially rebuilt and converted in 1893 into the offices for the Middlesex County Council. On that side

of the building facing the hospital has been re-erected the old gateway, 5 feet 10 inches high, 3 feet wide, of the old Bridewell, erected in 1618 in Tothill Fields, and removed in 1836. Facing the hospital is the beautiful monument erected to the memory of Old Westminster Schoolboys who have fallen in the service of their country in the Russian and Indian Wars of 1854-59; the first name being that of Field Marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief.

Bridge Street passes through what used to be the Woolstaple, a market appointed in 1353 for weighing all the wool which came to London. The Long Staple had a strong round tower and watergate; these were removed in 1741 to make room for the foundations of and approach to the first Westminster Bridge, which was opened on Sunday, November 18, 1750. It cost in erection £390,000, mainly raised by lotteries.¹ Charles Labelye gives a quaint account of the new street to be opened from the new bridge he erected—"To terminate in St. James's Park, at the end of Princes Court, near Storey's Passage."

Out of Bridge Street on the left is the clock tower of the Houses of Parliament, containing "Big Ben," said to be the largest clock in the world. It was erected October 21, 1856. The origin of the older clock tower near Westminster Hall is a strange one: a poor man was fined 13s. 4d., but the Chief Justice, being sorry for him, erased the Court Roll, altering the sum to 6s. 8d. This was found out, and the judge was fined 800 marks, which money was spent in building a tower the hourly striking of whose bell and clock was, the old Chroniclers tell us, to remind every judge of the necessity of strict adherence to the law of the land.

On our right hand we find Cannon Row, formerly called Canon Row, from the lodgings of the Dean and Chapter of St. Stephen's Chapel being there. St. Stephen's Chapel, erected at the south-east angle of Westminster Hall by King Stephen, who dedicated it to the proto-martyr St. Stephen, was rebuilt in 1347 by Edward III., and converted into a Collegiate Church. Disputes arose between the new Chapter and the Abbots of Westminster in 1377-79; appeal was made to Rome; the Papal decision being that St. Stephen's Chapel, like all the surrounding chapels, was subject to the Abbey of St. Peter. The Dean and Chapter refused to admit this decision, and the suit continued till 1394, when a compromise was arrived at by a payment of five marks annually, the Abbot of Westminster reserving the right to instal the Dean. The income of

¹ Scott's picture in the National Gallery shows this Bridge, and the then surroundings, in 1745.

the Chapter of St. Stephen at the time of the Dissolution was £1,085 10s. 5d.



The Witen Gemote, or Council of Wise Men, called the Parliament, sat together till the reign of Edward III., and from 1377 the Commons sat alone in the Chapter House of the Abbey, until Edward VI. gave the Chapel of St. Stephen to the representatives of the Commons of England. On this spot they have since met every session, except when summoned to Oxford by the King's writ, St. Margaret's thus becoming the Parish Church of the House of Commons. In 1800 the House of Commons was enlarged to admit 100 Irish members under the Union. On October 16, 1834, the House of Lords was destroyed by fire, and in 1840 the first stone of the new Houses of Parliament was laid. In 1850 the House of Commons took re-possession of the Hall of St. Stephen, in the crypt of which still exists the beautiful Chapel of St. Stephen.

This Chapel has been exquisitely restored, the ceiling having once been daubed over with whitewash when used as a storage. The windows represent scenes in the life of St. Stephen. The wrought-iron railings are evidently old. The five richly sculptured bosses which intersect the floreated groined roof show scenes in the lives of St. Laurence, St. Katherine, St. John, St. Margaret, and St. Stephen.

A brass tablet in St. Stephen's Hall sets forth :—

The walls of this Hall precisely correspond with the ground plan of St. Stephen's Chapel, founded by King Edward I. and completed by King Edward III., 1292–1364. The Hall was set apart during the reign of King Edward VI., 1547–1553, for the use of the House of Commons, and the last day the House sat within these walls was the 25th of September, 1834. On 16th October, 1834, the Royal Palace of Westminster, of which St. Stephen's Chapel formed a part, was destroyed by fire, the Great Hall and Crypt with the adjacent Cloisters being alone preserved.

Another tablet close by tells that :—

The four marks  placed on the floor of the Hall on a line with this tablet show the position of the Speaker's Chair, and the four marks  that of the Table of the House of Commons.

Cannon Row was also called Channel Row, from the Thames flowing through the Long Ditch already mentioned.

A little farther down Bridge Street, on the right, is Parliament Street, the new thoroughfare from Charing Cross through Whitehall, which has replaced the narrow route through dingy King Street, which was once the Sovereign's only approach to the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey. Down this handsome modern street swept in 188

the Jubilee Procession of Queen Victoria. Gone is the Holbein Gateway which once divided King Street from Whitehall ; gone is the old house in King Street where on January 16, 1599, Spenser, so Ben Jonson stated, "died for lack of bread"; gone are the most densely populated rookeries, relics of, to use Dean Stanley's expressive phrase, "unhappy privileges," which once nestled close to our finest public buildings, and teemed with the lowest and criminal types of humanity; gone are most of the miserable surroundings of one of the architectural gems of England, and now the Abbey of St. Peter stands out as it did in the days of its saintly builder, no longer surrounded by the green fields and cultivated gardens and vineyards of the Benedictine monastery as then, but with a fine open space encircled with handsome buildings on all sides but the north, where a few tumble-down, shabby-looking houses are still a standing disgrace to our municipal authorities, and mar one of the finest sites in Europe.

On the south side of the Abbey we find traces of the old monastery, converted into the dwelling-houses of the Dean and Chapter and the Collegiate School of St. Peter. The Cloisters are most beautiful ; the stone tracery of the windows is exquisite, while the deep green of the grass in the quadrangles shows up the fine old surroundings. The Abbey gardens, abutting on Dead Wall [now Great College Street], evidently the old convent grounds, are now reduced in size by the recent building in them of two new prebendal residences. At the west end of the Abbey we note the low roof of the Jerusalem Chamber, immortalised by Shakespeare :

King Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

Warwick. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble Lord.

King Henry. Laud be to God ! even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years
I should not die but in Jerusalem ;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land :-
But bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

Henry IV., while performing his devotions at the shrine of Edward the Confessor, Fabyan tells us in his "Chronicles," "became so syke while he was makynge his prayers to take there his leve, and so to spede hym upon his journaye, that such as were aboute hym feryed that he wolde have dyed right there ; whereupon they, for his comfort, bear hym into the Abbottes place and lodged hym in a chamber, and there, upon a paylet, layde hym before the fyre."

The Jerusalem Chamber, 38 feet long, 19 feet wide, has a coved ceiling. Brayley describes the chimney-piece to be of cedar-painted

oak of the time of James I., with the arms of Dr. John Williams in the centre, those of the See of Lincoln on the dexter, the College of Westminster on the sinister side. The meetings of the Chapter have long been held in this apartment. Here, on July 1, 1643, met the Westminster Assembly of Divines and composed the Shorter Catechism, which was approved by the Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland in 1648. Here, in 1881, did our modern theologians prepare the revised version of the New Testament. Close by the Jerusalem Chamber is the Deanery, fit residence for the successors of the old Abbots of Westminster.

To describe the Abbey of Westminster is not my present purpose : what could be said which has not already been said by the able pen of Dean Stanley? Brayley states that in 1823 on the north side of the Abbey only four damaged statues remained, those "of James I., Henry III., Edward the Confessor, and Abbot Islip." Now each niche is filled with perfectly restored statues, while the glorious North or Solomon's Porch, with its celebrated rose window, is free from scaffolding, exposed to our admiring gaze for the first time in the memory of three generations.

During the Middle Ages, until 1839, the display of "Ye Ragged Regiment," or, as some old histories call it, "Ye Play of ye Dead Volkes," attracted many morbidly disposed persons to Westminster Abbey ; but the display having in later days been considered inappropriate to the place, the exhibition was for many years stopped to the general public, and it ceased to be classed among the "sights of London" from 1839 until 1893.

Pepys boasted that he had "kissed a queen for 2*d*." when he touched the wretched mummy of what was once Queen Katherine the Fair, wife of the hero of Agincourt, and mother of the saintly Henry VI., which was in his day shown to the curious in such horrors. The Dean of Westminster in 1774 ordered the mummy to be buried, but the same disgusting traffic went on till 1793, when Hutton reprobated it in his "Tour through the Sights of London"; and the attention of the then Dean of Westminster being again called to the exhibition, he ordered the remains to be entombed.

Is it for similar boasts among the sightseers of our days that the oldest exhibition of waxworks extant has been reopened? To the historical student and the antiquary the sight of these representations of our departed monarchs and their nobles may be of use ; their trained minds could take in the various minutiae of the figures, their dresses and ornaments, to some practical end, to develop some theory, or dissipate some doubt ; but to show these relics to a non-

discriminating public is surely unworthy of the learning and good taste of the Dean and Chapter of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster. I cannot gather to what purpose the money paid for the tickets of admission is devoted, but surely if money is so urgently required for the ancient Abbey, the public would be willing to contribute what is necessary in a way more worthy of the object than this revival of an exhibition on the lines of Madame Tussaud's. In order to judge for myself whether the exhibition had an impressive or educational effect on the ordinary sightseers, I twice joined a group who were buying tickets for the "extra" sight. The first band of sightseers listened patiently to the correct (as far as it went) description of the exhibition from the accompanying verger. A non-comprehensive silence prevailed, and one individual evidently was spokeswoman to the feelings of many when, on leaving the chapel, she exclaimed, "Not much to see for 3*d.* extra!" The second company of sightseers to which I attached myself went through the exhibition hurriedly and silently, until the verger pointed out the figure of Lord Nelson (the only non-genuine one in the room), when a working-man remarked, "That cove was at the Naval Exhibition, but he didn't look so *dirty* there!"

Let us glance at the place in which the wax effigies, which became the due of the Abbey after the funerals had taken place therein, are shown in their original glass cases. It is the Chantry above the Chapel of St. Erasmus, and access thereto is gained by a steep dark stair. The chapel, built by Abbot Islip, is frequently called by the name of the builder, who in 1532 was interred therein. He was represented in his shroud, but, Brayley states, the table which formed the canopy of the tomb now only remains. Built at the same period as the contiguous Henry VII. Chapel, the same idiosyncrasy is observable. Henry VII. built his chapel for his tomb, and had his badge, the Tudor rose, displayed in stone on every available spot; so Abbot Islip, determining on the smaller chapel as his burial-place, introduced into the ornamental carving of it his rebus. In eight of the divisions of the groining are quatrefoils within circles, each containing the name of Islip; in eight others the arms of Islip—erm., a fess between three weasels passant, gules. The sixteen outer divisions contain the Abbot's rebus—an eye with a slip of a tree grasped by a hand.

At the funerals of great personages, the old chronicles tell us, "his lively effigy," dressed to imitate life, was carried in a chariot before the corpse to the grave, then there set up under a "hearse" or a temporary monument in the church; such effigies were often

left in a glass case standing over the vault where the interment had taken place. Some statues were of wood with heads of plaster, but the more modern ones were of wax. In the olden days laudatory poems or epitaphs were affixed with pins or wax to these "hearses," and were even thrown into graves, on the coffins, in a similar manner to our modern custom of flowers at a burial. When Skelton, poet-laureate to Henry VIII., "took" sanctuary at Westminster to escape the displeasure of the then all-powerful Cardinal Wolsey, it is said that he subsisted on what he earned by writing epitaphs for use at funerals in the Abbey. Ben Jonson's well-known epitaph to the Countess of Pembroke—

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, &c. —

was evidently thus attached to her "hearse."

In Sandford's "Genealogical History," folio 1677, is given, as extant, a bill of one "Henry Norris, Joyner to the noble Prince Henry, deceased," in which a charge is made of

ix*ll.* for making bodye of a figure for the representation of his highnes, with severall joynts, both in the armes, legges, and bodie, to be moved to sundrie actions, first for carriage in the chariot, and then for standinge, and for settinge up ye same in the Abbey.

These effigies were generally attired in the richest dresses possessed by the defunct person, often so directed to be used by will. The most ancient of the figures are the best preserved, it is said, on account of the more recent ones having been used roughly, owing to the richness and splendour of their clothes. In the exhibition of to-day in Westminster Abbey the *débris* are hidden away in closed presses, and only the perfectly preserved effigies are exhibited. The wax figures of Charles II., William III., Mary II., and Anne, carried at their funerals, are the only monuments left of these Stuart kings, their names being merely carved on a small stone over their respective vaults, no permanent tomb replacing the waxen effigies in their glass cases which once stood over the spot.

The wax effigy of Queen Elizabeth, who died at Richmond Palace on March 24, 1602, in the forty-fourth year of her reign and the seventieth year of her age, now exhibited, was made in 1760, Brayley states, but her dress is supposed to be one of the 3,000 dresses which reposed in her wardrobe at the time of her death. The feet of this figure are remarkable for their tiny size. Houssaie, in his "Mémoires Historiques," gravely records that the Royal Coquette

when over sixty years of age, in the midst of a diplomatic discussion with the French envoy Harlai, displayed her ankle for his admiration. The Ambassador, dropping on one knee, saluted the limb, saying, with a sigh, "Ah, Madame, if the King my master had but been in my place!" Next in chronological order comes the effigy of Charles II., who died at Whitehall Palace on February 6, 1685, in the thirty-seventh year of his reign and the fifty-fourth year of his age. The figure is supposed to be of the exact height and physique of the Merrie Monarch, and certainly justifies the opinion of his contemporaries regarding his ugliness. The extremely handsome dress, worn by him at the installation of the Knights of the Garter at Windsor, was stolen January 27, 1700, from his effigy, which was afterwards arrayed in a dark velvet court costume. The point lace ruffles are of the finest quality, and it is asserted that £200 has been offered to, and refused by, the Chapter for the lace on this dress and on that of Mary II. In one glass case are the effigies of Queen Mary II., who died of smallpox at Kensington Palace, December 28, 1693, and of King William III., who died at the same place on March 8, 1702, in the fourteenth year of his reign, and the fifty-second year of his age, from the effects of a fall in the park of Hampton Court Palace, caused by a pony stumbling in a mole's hole in the ground. Hence the old Jacobite toast, "A health to the little gentleman in brown," seems to savour of rejoicing at the death of the "Prince of Orange." The effigy of Queen Mary II. shows her as a tall, handsome woman, elegantly dressed, with exquisitely fine point lace on the bodice of her dress. Contemporaries record the small stature of her husband; his effigy, although heightened by being placed on a stool, still is diminutive. On a table between the figures is placed the crown and regal accessories. The effigy of Queen Anne, who died a widow and childless (her husband, many of her infants, and her son the Duke of Gloucester, being buried before her in Westminster Abbey), on August 1, 1714, at Kensington Palace, in the thirteenth year of her reign and the fiftieth of her age, is royally robed and crowned; she holds a sceptre and orb in her hands, which are exquisitely modelled; "they were considered the most perfect in Europe, in regard to delicacy and form."

"La Belle Stuart," widow of Charles Stuart, last Duke of Richmond and Lennox of that name, one of the beauties of the Court of Charles II., was immortalised by the royal medallist, Philip Rotier, who took the model of her perfect figure for Britannia on the copper coinage. She, desiring even to look well among the dead, thus expressed her wishes in her last will: "That her effigies, as well done in wax as

could be, and dressed in the robes and coronet worn at the coronation of Queen Anne, should be placed in a case with clear crown glass before it, and should be set up in Westminster Abbey." Her parrot, which had lived with her forty years, died three days after her, and was stuffed and put into the same glass case. Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, was the daughter of Walter Stuart, M.D., a well-known Cavalier, third son of the first Baron of Blantyre. Having no issue, she left the estate of Lethington, near Haddington, to her cousin Alexander, fifth Baron Blantyre, and it is called "Lennox-love to Blantyre" to this day.

Catherine, the illegitimate daughter of James II. and Catherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, was born in 1681. In 1699 she was divorced by the House of Peers from her first husband, the Earl of Anglesea, and married John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave and Duke of Buckingham, the first love of her half-sister, Queen Anne ; she, when Princess Anne, wrote letters to the then handsome Earl of Mulgrave, who had attracted her attention by his amorous verses. Tradition says this love idyll was broken by Sarah Churchill [afterwards Duchess of Marlborough] stealing these letters and placing them in the hands of Charles II., who sent the Adonis of his court at once on a mission to Tangiers in a leaky ship, and whenever the King's health was proposed Lord Mulgrave used to remark, "Let us wait till we get out of his rotten ship !" During his absence, King Charles II. married his niece to Prince George of Denmark. The Duchess of Buckingham's effigy is dressed in the robes she wore at the coronation of George II. That of her elder son, the Marquis of Normanby, who died in 1714, at the age of seven years, is in the same case. The boy's dress is simply that of a man in miniature, showing the custom of that period. Close by, in another glass case, is the recumbent figure of her second son and heir, Edmund, Duke of Buckingham, at whose death the title became extinct. He died at Rome, October 3, 1735, at the early age of nineteen years, and had, January 31, 1736, a magnificent funeral in Westminster Abbey. The effigy of Pitt, Earl of Chatham, is shown, clothed, it is said, in the robes he wore while making the famous speech in the House of Lords when overtaken by death. The wax effigy of Lord Nelson is attired in a naval uniform he had worn during life. But the effigy is not the one carried at his funeral at St. Paul's Cathedral ; *that* was exhibited at the Cathedral, and drew such crowds that the older exhibition at the Abbey suffered pecuniarily ; so a rival effigy was started in order to draw back the public to the original show ! The armour of General Monk stands in one corner of the Chantry, showing him to have been a short stout

man ; the helmet is missing : up to 1839 it was used as a begging-box by the Abbey guides.

On the north side of the Abbey, nestling as it were within its shade, is the Church of St. Margaret, the Parish Church of the House of Commons, the mother church of some of the oldest parishes in London—those of the “*Citie and Libertie of Westminster.*” On October 12, 1387, a high court of honour on questions of heraldry was held in this church. On September 25, 1654, the “*Solemn League and Covenant*” was taken within its walls by the Houses of Lords and Commons, and the Westminster Assembly of Divines. In 1670 a sundial was erected in the churchyard ; in 1691 the authorities forbade the use of the church roof as a drying-ground to the dwellers in St. Margaret’s Lane ; and in 1776 the use of the churchyard for beating carpets was prohibited. In 1748 the Vestry loyally ordered the chimes to be set to the tune of “*God save the King.*” In 1644 brasses off the tombs were sold for the relief of the poor, and in 1795 bread and meat were sold to the poor at half-price, the loss being charged to the rates. In 1714 the churchyard was let for the erection of scaffolding in connection with the coronation of King George I., and in 1821 £453 was paid for the use of the churchyard for the coronation of King George IV.

The churchyard, now converted into a green lawn, shows up with effect the grand old buildings, while beneath our feet there calmly sleep many whose stormy lives mark epochs in the history of our land, many whose names are immortalised by song, many who have done, as England still expects her sons to do, their duty to their native country by sea and land, and in the Debating Chamber of her Senate. In the prettily arranged gardens adjoining St. Margaret’s Churchyard, in front of the entrance to the House of Commons, are statues of great political leaders, erected close to the arena where their laurels were gained. Peel, Canning, Palmerston, Derby, Beaconsfield—all are there, friends and foes.

Westminster contains the Palaces of our Kings and the Palace of our Constitution ; it also possesses the Palace of our Laws. Before us is the old Hall of William Rufus. The simple solidity of these ancient Norman arches shows up well amid the surrounding ancient and modern Gothic architecture. We feel thankful that the rash deed of the dynamitards did not wreck for posterity the Hall within whose walls English History has been enacted. Within this magnificent building our Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns held their Coronation, Christmas, and other feasts. Here Henry III. feasted his nobility in right royal fashion, 30,000 dishes appearing, it is said, at one of

this king's banquets. Here he gave offence to his lieges by placing the Pope's legate at the head of the table, sitting himself at his right hand, while the Archbishop of Canterbury was seated at his left hand.

Before Edward I. was proclaimed king therein he had the Hall whitewashed—perhaps a necessary sanitary measure in the days of old ! Here Edward III. was knighted by Henry, Earl of Lancaster ; here he feasted the captive King John of France. In 1657 Cromwell was inaugurated within this Hall as Lord Protector of the Realm, and in 1660 Charles II. was proclaimed king within the building, while on the south gable were set the heads of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw. Cromwell's head remained on view over twenty years. The magic pen of Sir Walter Scott brings vividly before us, in "Redgauntlet," the appearance of this Hall and its occupants at the coronation feast of George III. ; whether the gauntlet of Dymocke the King's Champion was then really lifted or not is a matter for historians to decide. All great State Trials have been held here.

On the second flight of steps in the Hall, engraved on brass, we find :

This tablet marks the spot where Charles Stuart, King of England, stood before the Court which sat pursuant to the ordinance for erecting a High Court of Justice for his trial, which was read the first, second, and third time, and passed by Parliament on 4th January, 1648-9. The Court met on Saturday the 20th, Monday the 22nd, Tuesday the 23rd, and on Saturday the 27th January, 1648-9, when the sentence of death was passed on the King.

Hard by another tablet sets forth—

The trial of the King was by order of the Court held where the Courts of King's Bench and Chancery sat in Westminster Hall ; this tablet marks the position of the Bar that separated these Courts from the length of the Hall.

Westminster Hall is the largest room in Europe unsupported by pillars ; it is 270 feet long, 74 feet broad. Richard II. repaired it in 1397, and rebuilt the roof, which is made of chestnut intermingled with oak. The Courts of Justice were held here until their removal to the Law Courts in the Strand ; there they still remain, within the city and *liberties* of Westminster.

Dirty Lane used to be the euphonious name of the approach to this magnificent Hall. This and Lindsay Lane were removed over a century ago, Old Palace Yard and Abingdon Street being partially built on this site, to be in turn removed, perhaps, whenever our national Valhalla requires more space than the adjacent Abbey and Cloisters can afford. This appears imminent, for the Royal Commission of 1891 were unanimous on the necessity of an addition to the Abbey, though divided in opinion as to the site of the proposed Monumental Chapel. Mr. Yates Thompson has, however, in February of this year 1894,

offered the First Commissioner of Works £38,000 towards the erection of this suitable adjunct to the Abbey, provided it be erected in the place of the present old houses, which form a constant source of danger owing to their liability to fire. The Government therefore propose to place this generous proposal before Parliament at an early opportunity.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1799 tells us that on May 7 "Mr. John Churchill, brother to the Satirist, died at his house in Abingdon Street." At No. 24 died, aged seventy-seven, in 1834, Thomas Telford, the civil engineer who constructed the Bridgewater and Caledonian Canals, the Menai Straits Suspension Bridge, and the St. Katherine Docks. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Behind No. 7 Old Palace Yard is the Jewel Tower, one of the oldest fragments left of the old Benedictine Monastery of St. Peter. This curious and ancient building, situated on the verge of the Abbey gardens, is now used as a museum by the Standards Department of the Board of Trade. In Old Palace Yard we see the fine statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, recalling the enthusiasm of our ancestors in the days of the Crusades. Here, on October 29, 1618, was beheaded the brave Sir Walter Raleigh, who, tradition tells us, introduced the habit of smoking into Europe. Here, a century later, on February 14, 1765, was pilloried John Williams for publishing No. 45 of the *North Briton*, by John Wilkes, who yet, on June 26, 1758, had been elected a member of the local Vestry. The Stocks and Whipping Post remained here till 1765. An historic meeting of the inhabitants of Westminster was held here on November 26, 1795, at which speeches were made by Sheridan and Fox. "Heaven" Tavern, a resort of Pepys, is supposed to have been about this spot.

Standing at the corner of Bridge Street and Parliament Street we see Great George Street, forming a direct line into St. James's Park. A handsome granite drinking-fountain stands at the south-east corner of the street, erected, the tablets tell us—

As a memorial of those Members of Parliament who with Mr. Wilberforce advocated the Abolition of the British Slave Trade, achieved in 1807; and of those Members of Parliament who with Mr. T. Fowell Buxton advocated the Emancipation of Slaves throughout the British Dominion, achieved in 1834. It was designed and built by Chas. Buxton, M.P., in 1863, the year of the final extinction of the Slave Trade, and of the abolition of Slavery by the United States.

The houses in Great George Street are now mostly used as offices, but some historic interest is attached to this prosaic business street, through the celebrities who once dwelt therein. In 1881 Lord Chancellor Hatherley died at his residence in this street. In 1806

Lord Chancellor Thurlow died at No. 13. In 1824 Lord Byron lay in state for two days at No. 25, which was then inhabited by Sir E. Knatchbull, and is now tenanted by the Institute of Civil Engineers. At No. 24 dwelt Sir Matthew Wood, M.P., the devoted friend of Queen Caroline of Brunswick, who here took refuge, it is said, when refused admission to the Abbey to participate in the coronation of her husband, King George IV.; this house is also noteworthy as the original dwelling-place of the Reform Club. The mansion at the corner of Delahay Street was the residence of Lady Augusta Murray, Duchess of Sussex. No. 37 was occupied by the French Embassy till their removal to Albert Gate.

St. James's Park is here entered by Storey's Gate, a name which recalls the Restoration days, when the Merrie Monarch held high revels at Whitehall, and petted his feathered favourites in Bocage or Birdcage Walk, where they were kept under the care of his old body-servant, Edward Storey. Storey lived, tradition asserts, in the low red-tiled gabled building, pulled down about fifteen years ago, at the Park Gate. This house, known as "Storey's Coffee Tavern," figures in 1733 in the strangely mysterious case of William Barnard and the second Duke of Marlborough. Near Storey's Gate, until it was pulled down in 1893, was the old mansion which was once occupied by the Lord Chancellor of James II., Judge Jefferies of hanging fame. He had the right given him of access into the Royal Park by means of steps which still exist. The old hall of the house, rendered so infamous by the terrible orgies of which it was the scene, was in 1769 converted into a chapel. All traces of this have now disappeared, and the name alone of Chapel Place, Delahay Street, is the only relic left. On the other side of Storey's Gate exist still houses which are about to be demolished, famous also in their day from the celebrities who dwelt in them. In one the gifted Sheridan family resided, and Margaret, Countess of Blessington, held her *salon*; in another, in 1788, John Wilkes lived, and identified himself in many ways with parish affairs. From Storey's Gate, turning down narrow Princes Street, once famous for an ancient conduit, with a black marble image of St. Peter, of which all trace has vanished, we come to the Stationery Office, built in 1854 by Government, on the site of the old Westminster Mews, where the state carriages of Royalty, as well as that of the Speaker, used to be kept. Where the Aquarium now stands used to be called "Broken Cross," and there, at the end of the eighteenth century, were situated the most ancient houses in Westminster. Close at hand, however, remains a relic of the "unhappy privileges" of Westminster Sanctuary days, in the narrow

Lewisham Street, formerly called Dartmouth Row. Thus under the shadow of the Abbey, within hearing almost of our Houses of Legislature, exists a stigma to our nineteenth-century civilisation, a spot "where peace and rest can never dwell."

Where the Westminster Palace Hotel now stands, built about the spot in the old Almonry where Caxton's first printing press was erected, nigh to the entrance of Tothill Street, stood one of the old gateways into the monastery, which, Dean Stanley tells us, "after the changes of the Reformation," was converted into the Gatehouse Prison. It was partially demolished in 1776, through Dr. Johnson stating that it was "a disgrace to the present magnificence of the capital, and a continual nuisance to the neighbours and passengers." Many remarkable political offenders were here imprisoned; among them we note in 1618 that Sir Walter Raleigh spent the night before his execution in Old Palace Yard in this building, and here his farewell interview with his wife took place, after which he inscribed in a blank page of his Bible the pathetic lines—

Ev'n such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust,
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

In 1648, Colonel Richard Lovelace, the devoted adherent of Charles I., was imprisoned for political offences, and during his incarceration here composed the oft-quoted lines—

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such liberty.

Tothill Street, where Edmund Burke once lived, recalls the ancient Tothill Fields described as Bulinga Fen in King Edgar's Charter, A.D. 985, and in Domesday Book as "*le champs*." The Manor of Tothill was granted in 1256 by Henry III. to his Chancellor Maunsel. St. Edward's Fair was removed here from St. Margaret's Churchyard. Under the Norman and Plantagenet kings all jousts were here held, and owing to the vicinity to the Courts of Justice all wagers of battle and appeals by combat were here decided. Under the Tudor

and Stuart sovereigns, on this dismal spot pest-houses were erected, and plague-pits dug to cope with that dire scourge of the Middle Ages, the "plague." In 1642 Five Houses, or "Seven Chimneys," as they were called, were erected as pest-houses by order of the Vestry of St. Margaret's. In 1651, 4,000 Scots Highlanders, with their wives and children, were encamped on Tothill Fields; 1,200 were buried on the spot. Up to 1754, we gather from parish records, Tothill Fields were partly ploughed. Here Bridewell was erected in 1618, "a place for the correction of such idle and loose Livers as are taken up within this Liberty of Westminster." On the stone over the gate was this inscription: "Here is several sorts of work for the poor of this parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, as also correction, according to law, for such as will beg and live idly in this City of Westminster, *anno* 1655." This stone is now built into the new building belonging to the Middlesex County Council by the old portal of the Bridewell described above.¹ A new prison was in 1830 built on the site of the old Bridewell, to contain 800 prisoners; but it was pulled down, and Howick Place is now built over the locality. In 1664 the local Vestry gave £88 towards building a Workhouse. The Workhouse of St. Margaret's Parish was situated in Dean Street, which is now included in Great Smith Street; it stood behind where the houses at the south-east end of Victoria Street are now erected.

The sad memories which lingered so long about Tothill Fields have all vanished. Tothill Fields are now overspread with modern flats, huge piles of buildings, teeming with the busy life of fashionable London; while the vast Army and Navy Stores cover the very spot to which, in days of yore, the Fairs of Tothill Fields attracted our ancestors. On land which once belonged to the Abbey of Westminster, in pre-Reformation days, is now built the Palace of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and there Cardinal Manning died in 1892. Close by stood till 1893 the house Pepys lived in.

Victoria Street, which was made by the Westminster Imperial Commission in 1845, and opened in 1857, is a good specimen of Victorian architecture; the road is 80 feet wide, and passes through Tothill Fields. Midway down the street is Christ Church, formerly called Broadway or New Chapel, with what remains of its once extensive churchyard. Here in 1680 was interred Colonel Blood, of whom Lord Rochester wrote—

Blood that bears treason in his face,
Villain complete in parson's gown,
How much is he at court in grace,
For stealing Ormond and the Crown!

At the north side of this churchyard is Caxton Street, with the

handsome modern Town Hall of the city of Westminster, erected on the old site of Vandon's Almshouses in Palmer's Village. Victoria Street crosses the sites of the old Almonry, Orchard Street (where the monks of old cultivated their fruit trees), Duck Lane, Old Pye Street, to Strutton Ground (so named from Stourton House, the town mansion of the Lord Dacre of the South, who was a most munificent benefactor to the charities of the district), across Artillery Row, where the Men of Westminster used to shoot at "ye butts," through Palmer's Village, on to Pimlico and Victoria Station. Within the memory of many yet living Pimlico was reclaimed marshy ground and swamp, where the wild-ducks and birds held sway. The great contractor Cubitt changed all this, and South Belgravia and Pimlico now contribute their tens of thousands of inhabitants to the census roll of London. The Marquis of Westminster, who in 1859 gave the site for Victoria Station, wished the name to be "Großvenor" Station; Cubitt desired it to be called "Pimlico" Station; but the obvious difficulties of both names were pointed out, and Mr. William Wilson, the civil engineer, who designed the station, suggested as a happy solution of the dilemma the present name "Victoria," to which all interested readily agreed.

In a court called Black Horse Yard, in the Broadway, Timbs tells us, lodged Dick Turpin and his celebrated Black Bess. In York Street, formerly "Petty France," the site of Milton's "pretty garden house" is probably where now tower Queen Anne's Mansions. Hard by was the Queen Square Chapel, dedicated to St. Peter, intended for the special use of the Judges at Westminster Hall, and frequented by the Royal Household. The altar-piece, of black oak, taken from a ship of the Spanish Armada, was totally destroyed by fire in 1840, and the chapel was so injured that it was never repaired. Queen Square is now termed Queen Anne's Gate, and is remarkable for the statue of that Queen, robed and royally crowned, placed against one of the houses; the hands are exquisitely modelled. In connection with this locality, a short note from Wriothsley's Chronicle is of interest. Queen Mary I. bravely remained in Whitehall Palace, and watched from the Holbein Gateway the rebels attacking her palace in 1554, the insurrection being caused by the unpopularity of her proposed marriage with King Philip of Spain—so the old writer tells us: "Wyatt with his rebells came to the park pale by St. James' about 2 of the clocke in the afternoone, and Knevett, one of his capteynes, with his rebells, went by Towtehill, through Westminster, and shott at the Court gates."

By the parish records we glean that in 1598 £8 was paid for a plan of the sewerage of Westminster. In 1579 and in 1790 shocks

of earthquake were felt in this city. In 1818 St. Margaret's Church was first lighted by gas, and the streets of Westminster were also thus illuminated in 1829, at a cost of £3 3s. per lamp, and 15s. per 1,000 cubic feet, by the Chartered Gas Company of London, who started their works in Great Peter Street—a locality renowned, even in 1792, for bear-baiting. On Sunday, July 10, 1849, the congregations of St. Margaret's and St. John's Churches were so overpowered by the noxious vapours which were then allowed by the Gas Company to escape unchecked, to the discomfort of the neighbourhood, that a scientific investigation was insisted on, and great improvements were effected.

In 1859 the Queen's Westminster Volunteer Corps was formed, with headquarters just out of Victoria Street, on what used to be Tothill Fields. These Volunteers may be considered as the successors of the 14,000 trained bands of London and Westminster who in 1651 "drew out into Tuttle Fields," and also of those Volunteers of St. Margaret and St. John who in 1798 rallied to the defence of their country, and whose banners so justly ornament their old Parish Church of St. Margaret. On October 19, 1803, these Volunteers of olden days paraded to attend Divine service in Westminster Hall on the General Fast Day. On July 6, 1893, their modern prototypes paraded to guard the Palace of their Sovereign, situated in this old City, during the marriage festivities of her grandson, the Duke of York.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, it is stated that every fourth house in Westminster was an alehouse. Some curious old signs are to be remarked—the "Mitre and Dove," the "Salutation," the "Old Rose" (the Tudor badge), the "White Hart" (the badge of Richard II.), the "Brown Bear" (emblem of the king-maker Warwick), and many others equally quaint strike the eye while rambling through the older streets of this ancient city.

Father Thames has always been, it appears, a troublesome neighbour to the inhabitants of Westminster. Stow tells us: "1236, in the great Palace of Westminster, men did row with wherries, in the midst of the Hall," and the same authority mentions that in 1242, "in the great Hall at Westminster, men took their horses because the water ran over all." On September 30, 1555, we learn that King Street and Westminster Hall were inundated. In 1663 Pepys informs us in his Diary that Whitehall Palace was "drowned by a high tide." In 1736 houses were again inundated. The *Gentleman's Magazine* tells us that on February 2, 1791, "there was the highest flood tide on the river Thames that has ever been remembered. Above Westminster Bridge it overflowed the banks of the river on both sides, particularly at Millbank. . . . In Palace Yard it was near two

feet deep ; it also ran into Westminster Hall so as to prevent people passing for two hours. Boats came through the passage of Old Palace Yard from the Thames, and rowed up to Westminster Hall Gate." In 1814 mention is made of another high tide ; and at intervals since, the city of Westminster has suffered from the overflow of the river ; till the Thames Flood Prevention Act, and the building of the Embankment, proved that modern skill was equal to coping even with Father Thames.

In 1673 Millbank Water Company had granted to it a patent by Charles II. to supply the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, with water ; in 1726 they sold their rights for £400 to the Chelsea Water Company, founded in 1722. This company then drew their supply from the ponds in St. James's and Hyde Parks. The Conduit Memorial is at the north-east end of the Serpentine. In 1733 we read in Parish Records, that whole streets were left for weeks without water, owing to the neglect of the Water Company. In 1842, the Company began to draw their water supply from other sources, and no complaints can now be made of the quality of their water as compared by analysis with that of other London Companies.

In A.D. 785, the boundaries of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, were mentioned, Walcott tells us, in a charter of King Offa, and described therein : "*Torneia in loco terribili, quod dicitur æt Westmunster.*" Many changes have taken place since then. After the Reformation the liberties of Westminster were first cut off from the mother parish ; then, in 1724, the smaller portion remaining, comprising only the city of Westminster, was divided between St. Margaret's and St. John's, the latter church being built in 1711. Many subdivisions of the ecclesiastical parishes have become necessary since that time, but such modern changes do not come within the scope of this paper.

Said Sir Roger de Coverley : "A most heart-rending sight at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will much mend the prospect." The second built of Queen Anne's fifty churches was that of St. John, Westminster, in 1711. It was dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, as it was erected near to where stood the ancient chapel dedicated to that saint, mentioned 1377-94 in the dispute between the Abbot of Westminster and the Dean and Chapter of St. Stephen's Chapel. A portion of the present House of Lords is in the new parish of St. John. The church was designed by Thomas Archer. Many writers on Westminster have ascribed it to Vanbrugh, but the question is conclusively settled by the Vestry Clerk to the United Parish of St. Margaret and St. John, in his interesting Record of the Parish of St. John, published in 1892 by the Vestry, wherein he states that "Vanbrugh, acting commissioner in

conjunction with several of the bishops, *signed* some of the warrants for the builders' payments, on the architect's certificates. While it was incompatible in one of the commissioners to act also as architect, it was most natural that the master mind should be reproduced by the pupil." The church was consecrated June 20, 1728. It was unfortunately burnt down September 26, 1742, but in 1744 £4,000 for needful repairs was voted by Parliament, and the church was rebuilt. The Parish of St. John, being thus of comparatively recent date, does not possess the antiquarian and historic interest of the sister parish, yet it has much to attract the thoughtful. The streets on the south side of the Abbey of St. Peter are of a quaint old country-town type, without the noisy bustle of the ordinary London streets; the small blind square in which the church is situated has a strange old-world character, but the space surrounding the church is too small to show to advantage so large a building; it seems like a Gulliver among the Lilliputs.

If St. Margaret's Parish can boast of her connection with the poets of England,¹ is not St. John's immortalised by the prose of Disraeli and Dickens? Are not the parishioners of St. John's satirized by the caustic pen of Charles Churchill (who, born in Vine Street, 1731, was lecturer or curate of St. John's from 1758 to 1764, in succession to his father)?

Much did I wish, e'en while I kept those sheep,
Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep,
Ordain'd, alas ! to keep through need, not choice,
Those sheep which never heard their shepherd's voice ;²
Which did not know, yet would not learn their way ;
Which stray'd themselves, yet grieved that I should stray ;
Those sheep which my good father (on his bier
Let filial duty drop the pious tear)
Kept well, yet starved himself ; e'en at that time,
Whilst I was pure and innocent of rhyme ;
Whilst, sacred dulness ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew :
Much did I wish, though little could I hope,
A friend in him who was the friend of Pope.

Cowper described Churchill, his old schoolfellow, as "spendthrift alike of money and of wit."

Under the Church of St. John exist huge vaults intended to contain 2,500 bodies, but the owners of the adjacent property prevented their use for this purpose, and for many years the Parish Records show that they became a perfect white elephant to the authorities.

¹ See "The Parish Church of the House of Commons," *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1893.

² The Rector of St. John's was then non-resident.

In 1731 they were let for storage of coal to one of the churchwardens ; in 1734 they became "a receptacle for vagrants and beggars" ; then a man was allowed to occupy them with his family, rent free, on condition that he swept the pavement round the church. In 1736 the vaults were let to a carpenter for £12 per annum ; in 1743 a neighbouring brewer paid £15 for them for storage ; the rent was raised, till in 1822 £50 per annum was paid, but after 1832 they were never re-let.

In 1731 the burial-ground for St. John's Parish was consecrated ; it is situated off Horseferry Road. The mortality of the parish was so under-estimated that it speedily became overcrowded, and in 1757 £125 had to be expended to raise the ground three feet. In 1758 earth had again to be spread over the surface. In 1803 to 1823 the state of matters was such that "five or six coffins were placed in graves eight feet deep, and many of the bodies are within two feet of the surface." A plot of additional ground was then added, but in 1853 this burial-ground had become, according to Lord Palmerston, "a great public nuisance," although there had been another "raising of the ground" at a cost of £264, with £24 for beer for men employed. For twenty-five years Dickens's graphic description of a burial-ground in "Bleak House" might stand for a description of this awful spot, but in 1878 the Open Spaces Act enabled the authorities to turn it into a public garden.

The Charities of Westminster are of ancient origin. Among the lost ones are the almshouses founded by Henry VII. in the Almonry, those erected by Henry VIII. in the Woolstaple, and in Lady Alley, King Street, besides many others from private sources which cannot now be traced. Queen Elizabeth incorporated Emmanuel Hospital in 1601 ; Charles I., St. Margaret's Hospital for "Greene Coate Boyes" in 1633 ; and Queen Anne, the Grey Coat Hospital for Girls in 1706. The charities now consist of almshouses, pensions, schools (those for boys being known as "United Westminster Schools"), apprenticeships, assistance in business by means of loans to deserving tradesmen at a low percentage, bread, coals, and doles in money. A portion of the Vandon Charity, left by "Cornelius Vandon, Yeoman of the Guard, and Usher to their Majesties King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Marie, and Queen Elizabeth," was lost, but the remainder is now given, according to the original intention of the donor, for aid to the poor in sickness by a yearly donation to the Westminster Nursing Association for Nursing the Sick Poor in their own Homes. The able administration of the Westminster Charities is shown by the income of £20,200 in 1890, against the income of £11,728 in 1871.

The Westminster Almshouses are now, strangely, built in Lambeth, except a few which were erected in Rochester Row, close to another noteworthy Westminster Charity of more modern date, the Western Dispensary, which has, since 1789, supplied a pressing need among the sick poor of Westminster.

A curious statute of William and Mary may here be noted, as it describes charitable and sanitary work in those days in this locality. It empowers the parish officers of the cities of London and Westminster and the borough of Southwark to take away "The Hogs of such as presume to keep them within their respective parishes and immediately sell them for the use of the poor of the parish where they are found."

No description of Old Westminster could be complete without mention of the majestic pile of Wolsey's house, coveted and taken by the Tudor despot, Henry VIII., of much-married fame.

You must no more call it York Place, that's past ;
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall.

Henry VIII., Act 4., Scene i.

In 1536 all houses were cleared away between Charing Cross and the Sanctuary, the Thames and the Park, when Whitehall became a royal residence, and united to the old Palace of Westminster. This palace of our Saxon and Norman sovereigns had been long in decay. In 1512 it was so injured by fire that little remained save the Painted Chamber, once the bedchamber of King Edward the Confessor, afterwards the state chamber of his niece, Matilda of Scotland, wife of Henry I. This apartment was afterwards used by the House of Peers as a Committee or Conference Room with Members of the House of Commons. It was hung with tapestry descriptive of the overthrow of the Spanish Armada at the time it was destroyed by the great fire of 1834.

Whitehall probably owed its name to the *white* stone used in building it, at a time when brick and timber structures only were general. Timbs relates that on January 25, 1533, in a garret of this palace, Henry VIII. married the fair Anne Boleyn. Henry VIII. erected a sumptuous gallery overlooking the Tilt Yard, the Cockpit, and a Gate House, from designs by Holbein. On May Day, 1540, a magnificent tournament was held in the Tilt Yard. The same spot was noticeable also under Queen Mary I. She appeared in this gallery overlooking the Tilt Yard in 1554, to pardon "all persons taken in arms in Wyatt's insurrection, brought before her with ropes round their necks"—an act of mercy which surely should be put to the credit of this much-abused Queen. In the days of Queen Elizabeth

feats of arms were here performed in honour of her beauty, notably the gorgeous tournament held on New Year's Day 1582, on the occasion of the proposal of marriage she received from Henry Duke of Anjou, when she had arrived at the mature age of forty-nine, the Duke of Anjou being twenty-five years of age. He tilted himself before the Queen on this occasion, having chosen for his device : "Serviet æternum, quem dulcis torquet Eliza." Sir Henry Lee, who carried the Queen's favour on this occasion, and who died at the age of eighty, had the fact engraved on his tombstone :

In courtly jousts his Sovereign's Knight he was,
Six princes did he serve.

The old Tilt Yard of our Tudor sovereigns is now called the Horse Guard Parade. Here, yearly, on the Queen's birthday, takes place the "Trooping of the Colours," by the Household Brigade of Guards. In 1893 there were assembled to witness this sight, no band of foreign knights anxious to fight for "fame and some fair ladye," but a squadron of troops from all quarters of the globe ; Canada, India, Australia sent contingents to bear witness in Old Westminster that the Queen of England was Sovereign also of many distant dependencies. On this appropriate spot, where deeds of valour trained our forefathers to maintain the supremacy of Britain in many a field of battle, a trophy of comparatively modern date is placed ; the inscription speaks for itself :

To commemorate the raising of the Siege of Cadiz, in consequence of the glorious victory gained by the Duke of Wellington over the French near Salamanca of the xxii. July, MDCCCXII. This mortar, cast for the destruction of that great Fort, with powers surpassing all other, and abandoned by the besiegers on their retreat, was presented as a token of respect and gratitude by the Spanish Nation to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent. 1814.

Queen Elizabeth built the Banqueting Hall, which was destroyed by fire, and replaced by the present building, erected by King James I. from the designs of Inigo Jones. The original drawings of Whitehall, as it was designed by Inigo Jones, are preserved at Worcester College, Oxford. James I. little thought he was rearing a pile from which his son was to mount to a scaffold ! It was on the roof of the adjacent Wallingford House (replaced under George II. by the Admiralty Offices) that Archbishop Usher fainted when he saw his royal master in the hands of the executioner. In the Palace of Whitehall Queen Anne of Denmark appeared in many of Ben Jonson's beautiful masques. (In 1637 this poet died in a house adjoining St. Margaret's Church.) Through the galleries of this magnificent palace once echoed the beautiful

voice of the fair and unfortunate Henrietta Maria, in the heyday of her early married prosperity. In this palace, surrounded by the howling mob, in 1641, Charles I. signed Strafford's death-warrant. Here occurred that historic death scene of his profligate son, Charles II. Through the then gorgeously furnished rooms roamed Queen Mary II., as soon as she landed, seeing for herself that her unfortunate father had removed none of the silver plenishings she coveted, as well as his Crown. To quote the words of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, "Queen Mary wanted bowels ; of this she gave unquestionable proof the first day she came to Whitehall. She ran about looking into every closet, turning up the quilts of the beds just as people do at an inn, with no sort of concern in her appearance."

Of the magnificent pile of buildings Whitehall became under our Stuart monarchs, little is left save the Cockpit, and that masterpiece of Inigo Jones's, the old Banqueting Hall, which marks the place where Charles I. passed on to the scaffold. This building was used for some years as a Chapel Royal ; the Queen's Maundy Alms were there distributed ; in it were preserved the eagles and standards taken from the French during the Peninsular Wars, and at Waterloo, until their removal to the Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks. Since 1892, the Royal United Service Institution has been allowed the use of the building. The painted ceiling is by Peter Paul Rubens, who received £3,000 for it. The subject is the entrance, inauguration, and coronation of King James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, represented by means of Pagan emblems in a most picturesque manner. This ceiling was afterwards retouched by Cipriani. In 1650 Cromwell obtained the command of St. James's Park, and the use of lodgings in the Cockpit. He died at Whitehall Palace, September 3, 1658, during a terrific storm, which injured many of the old trees in the park. Queen Anne, when Princess, occupied apartments in the Cockpit. From these, on November 25, 1688, she made her midnight flight into St. James's Park, and escaped to Nottingham, where her old tutor, the Bishop of London, raised a standard in the name of the Laws and Liberties of England, inviting the people to rally round the Protestant Heiress to the Throne. The Cockpit is now used as offices by the Treasury.

Hard by is the *cul-de-sac* known as Downing Street, called, Timbs asserts, after "Sir George Downing, a political sider with all times and changes." In 1735 George I. gave a house in this street to Sir Robert Walpole, who only accepted it for his office as First Lord of the Treasury, to which post he got it permanently annexed.

St. James's Park, prior to its enclosure by Henry VIII., was a desolate marsh, a leper-house standing where St. James's Palace was afterwards erected. In 1655 an order was made in Council prohibiting the burning of bricks in St. James's Field. James I. and his family took special delight in the trees they had planted in this park ; many will call to mind the pathetic remark of Charles I. when for the last time he walked across the park from St. James's Palace to the steps in the Tilt Yard, which then conducted over the Holbein Gateway into the Banqueting Hall, passing by the trees planted in his youth, he remarked to Bishop Juxon, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry." These trees probably were near where now the cows are kept, still it is said, by permission granted by Charles II. Charles I. made a bowling-green in the Park. Charles II. planted therein trees, under the able direction of Le Notre, gardener to Louis XIV. of France, who had designed the celebrated gardens at Versailles. He also planted the Mall, so called from the game then in vogue, and contracted the water into a canal, as is shown in maps of the period. A decoy for water-fowl was made, and Duck Island, whither the birds retreated, he made into a "Government," and appointed as "Governor" his *protégé*, the French wit, St. Evremonde. The bust of this well-known member of the Court of the Restoration is to be seen in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, where he was buried in 1703. Planting, enclosing, and formation of walks continued during the reigns of the Georges, and the improvements of still more recent days have all combined to convert the once desolate marsh into a lovely scene. Here in 1855 the Queen presented medals to the heroes of the Crimea.

Standing on the iron suspension bridge which spans the ornamental water that has now replaced the stagnant depths of "Rosamond's Pool," no one can fail to be moved by the exceeding loveliness of the scene. On one hand the grand old towers of the Abbey, with those of the Houses of Parliament rising in the background, and the massive pile of Government Offices in the foreground ; on the other side, the fine façade of Buckingham Palace, the beautiful trees and flowers, the water-fowl from distant lands at our feet—all combine to form a glorious picture, and we realise that Modern Westminster deserves also to be known as the City of Palaces.

MARY L. SINCLAIR.

BROTHERLY BANKING.

“THE original object of co-operation was to establish self-supporting communities, distinguished by common labour, common property, common means of intelligence and recreation. They were to be examples of industrialism freed from competition. In the communal life, an ethical character was to be formed in the young, and impressed upon adults, and all assured education, leisure, and ultimate competence as results of their industry.”¹ So speaks a recognised teacher, at the invitation of a learned editor, in one of a series of works upon the social topics “at present foremost in the public mind.” Even in this passage, where the early dawn of the co-operative movement is under consideration, stress is laid on the *educational effect* of the system. Owen, a pioneer in the movement, declared that his paramount object was “the formation of character.” In England, distributive co-operation has flourished so greatly that the ordinary public has come to believe the whole meaning of the Movement may be summed up in the word “Stores.” But those who started the idea had, at least, half their mind on *co-operative industry*, and “a community.” Co-operation aims not alone at making superior grocers, but superior men. Mr. Holyoake says: “The store is a great device: the co-operative workshop is a greater. Until labour is endowed with the right of profit, in some equitable form, the war of Industry against Capital will never cease.”

The strangest thing, to the ordinary mind, is that, in the English fight between Labour and Wealth, the simple expedient of turning the workers into capitalists has scarcely been entertained at all. Now, a philosophic thinker who had a large hand in a successful co-operative experiment (the “large hand” is, here, purely metaphorical, for that particular physical “hand” is rather small, and rarely shapely !) wrote, some years ago, that there is no getting rid of the capitalist. He can be *minimized*. That is all. And, for this smaller mercy, the workers must be truly thankful. “Practically, in every industry, large or small, the payment of wages has to be advanced out of capital

¹ “Social Questions of To-day. The Co-operative Movement To-day.” G. J. Holyoake.

for just as long as it takes for the first returns to come in. . . . A working shirt-maker is paid on Saturday for the work done that week. . . . From the Socialist's point of view, it may be argued that the real value of the advance is exhausted with the first sales. The profits earned by the joint efforts of capital and labour do not 'belong' to the capitalist before they have been earned, and it is a question to be reasoned, or wrestled, out between masters and men, what share each shall take and transform into their own property for private consumption or saving. No economic law would be outraged, and capital would still seek to occupy itself productively, even though wages came to swallow up so large a share of the gross profits that the capitalist did not, as at present, receive interest in perpetuity on the amount of the temporary advance made to his first set of labourers."¹

Well, so far, we have been guided by English practice and opinion. At this point, continental co-operators begin to "make the running." The leading co-operators in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and France say, that as credit is at the very root of industry, Banking should, above all things, be carried on on co-operative principles. And they practise what they preach.

Signor Luzzatti, President of the Union of Italian Popular Banks, wrote to the promoters of the first French Congress held to consider the position of the "Mutual Credit Movement":—"We have now seven hundred 'People's Banks,' and half a million of clients. Our capital is a hundred milliard of francs. Deposits in various shapes amount to half a million of francs. After barely twenty years of propagandism, with the exception of Germany, we Italians are first in the field." So much for Brotherly Banking in Italy!

Brotherly Banking, it will at once be seen, is the very thing to complete the co-operative cycle. It *was* a "cycle" that the English founders of co-operation dreamt of,—Bellers, with his College of Industry; Robert Owen, with his "Communism of the voluntary reasoning, pacific kind." It has been remarked as *very odd* that "store co-operation, which was destined to carry forward the idea of the Co-operative City, was lightly thought of by Owen and his disciples." "Shop co-operation naturally seemed a small thing in the eyes of community-makers," who looked to the great capitalists to take up their scheme and launch it; while they hoped the State would then promptly adopt it, and find that, as had been the case at Owen's, New Lanark, so would it be throughout the

¹ "Co-operative Shirt-making." Edith Simcox.

realm—men whose self-interest was made to coincide with their good behaviour would need no police, no gaols, no law-courts ; and an enormous saving in State expenditure would thus be effected !¹

¹ Pullmanopolis is an American realization of the English pioneer co-operators' ideal of organised social intervention, under the management of men who may be variously described—according to the point from which they are regarded—as beneficent tyrants, paternal governors, or Tory Democrats. Even Ferdinand Lassalle (the “Alvan” of George Meredith's *Tragic Comedians*) is so described by present-day leaders in the movement. For the Social Philosopher of a hundred years ago self-help and self-government had as little as possible to do with co-operation. In like manner, Pullman of the celebrated “cars” is said to manage his Industrial City for the benefit of the whole community. The workmen don't steer for themselves their ship of a “State within a State.” But Pullmanopolis is a fine thing in its way ! Discovering that his work-people were ill, and drank, and were, for both these causes, often incapacitated for business, Pullman inquired into the housing of the poor in large cities, and found that the miserable dwellings were largely responsible for the ill-health and intemperance. He therefore bought a large tract of land, deep in the country, and transported thousands of his “hands” there. For each religious body represented among his employés, he built a church. There were public libraries for all ; and most excellent schools of several sorts. Of course, he established co-operative stores, too, for his people. As a contractor, he enjoyed exceptional advantages, and could build a good “model dwelling” for about £200. With each house he let a piece of garden-ground. When the tenant had paid about the *original* cost of the house in rent, the house became his own property (but he was restrained from selling it except to his employer—who engaged to give him £200 for it, at any time, if in fair condition—or to a fellow-workman ; and he had no right to sub-let). Pullman has decided that interest on capital, beyond a certain amount, is usury. (It is thought that he draws the line, here, too much in favour of capital—for the percentage, as fixed by him, is very high.) All profits are shared among the “hands,” in ratio of the wages earned, when once this interest is deducted, thus making the welfare of the factory the direct concern of the men. The paternal element in the government comes in, in the absolute prohibition of the sale of intoxicants ; and also in compulsory saving ; but wages are only “docked” in a trifling fourpence a week, or so, for the Old Age Pension Fund and the Sick Fund. Pullman reads the law of Employers' Liability with the greatest liberality, and does much good through the hospital he has set up in his town ; but perhaps nothing is finer about it all than the way he scorns the title of *philanthropist*. There is but one thing that is certain to anger him ; and that is, to treat his industrial experiment as the outcome of a benevolent nature ! He insists that it is pure “business,” and only a very little more far-seeing than the commercial methods of his brother manufacturers. In proof of his plans “answering,” he points to the fact that, in the high-tide of strikes, his House was almost alone in *not suffering*. He can show, too, what a huge money gain that immunity from strikes meant to him. There is a Spanish proverb of which the application at Pullmanopolis is very limited : “*Mas sabe el necio en su casa que el sabio en la agena* ;” but, surely, Autonomy lies at the core of the co-operative system, and “the fool” does know more “in his own house than the wise man does in his neighbour's !”

But these "great capitalists" were chickens counted before they were hatched. Better—a thousand times better—a Brotherly Bank at hand than ten millionaires afar off—millionaires, too, that not even Robert Owen could "enthuse."

Banking must be a good business. Banker, nowadays, is almost synonymous with a highly prosperous man. Why not keep the profits among the customers of the bank? *That* is what is done by People's Banks in the most advanced nations on the Continent. The gain to the community is manifold. For, let us say, the banker (old style) spends hugely in smoke, tarlatan, and diamonds; while toilers would spend what their popular bank enabled them to save mainly in better food, lodging, clothing, *and training*; and all this would go to help them to increased production. Now, the community is permanently richer for having more blankets. (Let blankets conveniently stand for useful commodities in general.) But is the community even temporarily richer for having more smoke? "And the poor tobacconist," the kind-hearted urge, "must he not live?" "*Monsieur, je n'en vois pas la nécessité*, of going on living, *as a tobacconist*," is a fair use of the old rejoinder.

A banker, certainly, may spend his colossal fortune on the building and endowment of, say, an Asylum for Insane Dogs; or, if you like it better, the purchase and good-keeping of a People's Park; or he may bless his own and coming generations by collecting great pictures for the delight of many beholders. But experts in the ways of bankers declare that turtle; out-of-season edibles; Mrs. Banker's diamonds (locked up, and then practically "fallen dead and dim," as Carlyle used to say, for three hundred and fifty days in the year); the aforesaid smoke and tarlatan (by which is meant multitudinous perishabilities) are more to the taste of the "High Finance."

In any case, "the fool" might know better than to let funds needlessly overflow from his poor house into that of his neighbour, who shows a proud "head on the Rialto."

Then comes the question of how to begin co-operative banking; and one may answer: "Much as a co-operative store is begun." Both banks and stores have been set up hundreds of times; but, in England, only the stores are, as yet, fully known. The banks still have to be acclimatised. In the case of stores, it has often happened that two or three people in a place have learnt elsewhere the advantage of buying at wholesale prices, and distributing the goods among a knot of friends without the intervention of retail dealers. They talk the system over first amongst themselves, then with neighbours.

They next call a small meeting to discuss the possibility of forming a co-operative society of their own. They write to the secretary of the central co-operative board, and a parcel of pamphlets is sent down to further enlighten the would-be co-operators. Some one with experience can be easily found to address a meeting (because stores are "going concerns" all over the country); and, best boon of all, model rules can be obtained. It is a thousand times better to start with rules that have stood the strain of actual use, than to hatch out, slowly and painfully, an original brood of regulations, the brain-eggs of an inexperienced committee. In the case of banks, the model laws or statutes must be looked for abroad; but very soon there will be translations of one or two French People's Banks Charters accessible to the British public. Meantime, anyone with a knowledge of two things—the co-operative system, and ordinary banking—will be able fairly well to sketch out a Charter.

In store-founding, it has been proved that fifty one-pound shareholders supply enough capital with which to start a village store. And in France, for a town of 11,000 inhabitants and for the surrounding rural district, a most successful bank was started with a capital of £800, while Raiffeisen started his grand Loan Bank with a borrowed £300. Whether for the store or the bank, there must be a limit to the shareholding capacity of each member, else the venture might cease to be a co-operative undertaking by being bought up by a *clique* who would "run" it on competitive principles—principles the very reverse of "brotherly." Another guarantee against such a catastrophe is in the careful selection of members. Every co-operator ought to be properly imbued with the spirit of the system. It has been found necessary to weed out undesirable members from a co-operative banking undertaking, which had, in the first instance, offered its shares in the open market. As the names of intending shareholders come before the board of directors, when once a corporation of this kind is formed, a discretionary power can be exercised. But perhaps the greatest safeguard against the danger indicated is to be found in a course that has been largely approved; namely, the limitation by statute of the dividend to five per cent. Selfish speculators would hardly covet an investment bearing such modest interest.

At the preliminary meeting, if things go well, the shares will all be subscribed for. The chairman of the board will be chosen from among the best liked, and most trust-compelling, men in the place. The board will be elected; and it will have as little as may be of a

party character. Then, later, this board will elect the managing-director. He is the keystone of the banking arch ; and success largely depends on a right choice here. It is no light task to sow coin-of-the-realm in such fashion that it shall yield due harvest ; no child's-play so to place money that it shall benefit alike lender and borrower. But the managing-director must know how to do all this, and much more. He must be all things to all men, and yet successfully cold-shoulder doubtful customers ; and over and above all this, he must be the eye, the ear, the animating spirit of the bank's whole work. There will be plenty to do for the quarterly or biennial general meetings, and for the weekly conferences of the board ; but it will be the managing-director who will cut out the work for all these bodies. He will propose operations in all departments of business : loans, bill-discounting, investments for spare capital, &c. ; but the board must ratify his decisions before they can take effect. There will probably be a Watch Committee to oversee all the bank's operations. In France and Italy, the liability of shareholders is strictly limited to the amount of their shares. The German *Volksbanken* are wedded to "unlimited liability," and their advocates say that it is to "unlimited liability" they owe the happy fact of no Volk's Bank ever having broken ! Most People's Banks balance their accounts every day ; and all comers may know how the business is going, if they care to inquire. On one point all these banks unite—the eschewing of all speculative investments. The young corporation, if wise, will make its headquarters in modest premises ; and its small staff will be profit-sharers in the undertaking.

In France, Brotherly Banking has had the honour of bringing home to the popular mind the utility of the Current Account. Jacques Bonhomme has long been famed for a sort of wasteful thrift. He *buried* his money : it lay idle for years ! He now, quite cheerfully, empties his stockingful of coin into the coffers of the bank over which he has partial control. He might well rejoice to think that thus his *sous* were being "turned over" by an industrious brother ; and he certainly realises that "money makes money" (for himself) in this way. The earthquake of 1887 created a kind of chronic panic—a crazy nervousness—which lasted for months ; which, indeed, has not wholly died out, even yet, in the Riviera. Naturally, the hoards from the chimneys were objects of prime solicitude with persons who had been "quaked," and remained scared. At Mentone, one old dame, whose savings were large, carried her

wealth about in a basket on her arm ! For months, night or day, she had never parted from her precious basket, until in the parish church, in the summer following that calamitous February, an organ-pedal unexpectedly broke the silence with a strange, deep, rumbling sound, suggestive of nothing but earthquake to the old Mentonnaise, who, for the first time, dropped her money-basket as she fled the church. Other people were within the building, and the same fear seized them also. They all ran for their lives, and no one had presence of mind enough to steal the basket lying abandoned on the floor. The owner, when it was quite clear that the building was not about to fall in, and that the ground outside was solid and quiet, missing her burden, went back and found it where she had dropped it. That only happened six years ago ; yet it could hardly occur again to-day, however badly shaken the town might be ; for there is a flourishing People's Bank, which has taught the whole population that the best and safest place for money, even in times of seismic disturbance, is *not* upon the person of its owner. Parenthetically, it may be said that the *mental* attitude of a person *who lives to guard his hoard*—the miserly preoccupation, the unworthy suspicion engendered by the circumstances—is alone a thing that is well worth getting rid of.

In praising Brotherly Banking, it is necessary to say that its benefits are limited. This is something of a truism with regard to all useful schemes. But people are strangely apt to forget that things which are finite may still be admirable ; and, conversely, schemes that are proved *limited* are unjustly despised. Another socio-political enterprise furnishes an illustration. The Prisoners' Aid Society, dear to the hearts of Liberals in the Reichstag, had a collecting-box under the care of a good clergyman. A carpenter came to him in great distress. He wailed : " My wife is dead. I am a ruined man ! You know, Herr Pfarrer, the houseful of children she has left me. But that is not the worst, for I *could* supply her place. Now, alas, my cow, too, is dead, and *that* is a loss which is irreparable ! Give me some money, for Heaven's sake, out of your great alms-box ! " The parson said : " When were you last in prison ? " " Prison ? I ? I never was in prison ! " answered the man, in virtuous indignation. " Then," returned his shepherd, " I regret that I am unable to help you from that fund. " Wonderful to relate, this true story was flung at the Liberals by their political foes, as an argument against their pet society !

" It is all very well what you say," said an industrious *bourgeoise*

to a recent convert to Brotherly Banking, "but our Banque Populaire gives us nothing for nothing. If we have no money there it will put none in our pockets !" and she sadly shook her comely head, feeling very melancholy, though argumentatively victorious. (Her bank is one where membership means holding a £4 share.)

Some one else once objected that the bank would not lend on insufficient security, any more than the old banks would do. This reproach was made in Mentone, where the normal rate of interest charged by the banks on loans was 12 per cent. ten years ago, and where an eight-year-old People's Bank has brought down the bank-rate everywhere in the town to 6 per cent. *That*, surely, was worth doing ! And so very much *more* than that has been done besides !

But is it any wonder that extravagant expectations should have grown up about Brotherly Banking, when it inspires such mutual admiration in its followers that you may hear the head of a French People's Bank talk with fervent reverence of Schultze-Delitsch, the German leader in co-operative finance, though every German outside "the movement" be anathema to him ? while Schultze-Delitsch is an "inspired philanthropist," and a man of "apostolic zeal" (in teaching how *Mammon may elevate* : this is not a joke, but sober earnest ! For the best of co-operative credit is, that it makes *men* of the "brothers" bound together by their bank). Assuredly, Brotherly Banking is no child's-play ; but neither is it all "Dismal Science." It is far more the affair of practical people than of learned dryasdusts. It must not, however, be taken up in a sentimental spirit ; but "sound commercial principles" are compatible with genuine beneficence ; indeed, they are often an excellent means thereto !

In an old number of *Chambers's Journal* occurs this common-sense passage :—"There is a great blank or want of intermediate banks between the large Joint Stock Banks and the Savings Banks. We have no banks to correspond with the People's Banks of Germany, or the moderate-sized National Banks of the United States. There is a large, industrious, and respectable class of small farmers, tradesmen, shopkeepers, and others who are left out in the cold. There should be popular banks and banking facilities provided for the class of small customers who require a bank to deposit their savings in, and at the same time to turn their little money to the best account ; also, on the other hand, to accommodate those who may want to borrow small sums occasionally for stocking their farms or their shops."

In the January number of the *National Review* Mr. Mackay shows of what excellent service to the farmers, in the direction above

indicated, has the "cash credit" system been in Scotland for half a century past.

Swiss and Belgian People's Banks exactly meet the necessities of such cases as are indicated by the writer in *Chambers'* ; but Raiffeisen and Wallemborg, in rural Germany and rural Italy respectively, bring help, with their *Volksbanken* and *Casse rurali*, to much more needy clients.

Mr. H. W. Wolff, in his interesting "People's Banks," published by Messrs. Longmans in 1892, says that a good beginning in co-operative credit has already been made in England by the "Middlesex Self-Help Societies." The Vicar of Ealing started these societies in four parishes. He began by asking some of the people "what they wanted with money." An articulate "coster" promptly replied, the "way to a little stroke of business." He might see how a pound would double itself in a few days ; but the usurer would take nearly all the profits, supposing he was willing to make the advance. If, on the other hand, he went begging the loan, he must pocket his coster pride, and, possibly, lose so much time that the chance might be over and gone before he had the twenty shillings in his hand.

"These societies," says Mr. Wolff, "are genuine working-men's self-help societies, with limited liability, based upon shares which may be paid up by instalments, at the rate of sixpence a week. The societies are entirely self-governing, and their experience has already brought out with some distinctness the inborn capacity for self-government peculiar to Britons, and its sister-virtue, a lively sense of responsibility. . . . They elect new members. They appoint a committee, officers, &c., but keep the ultimate control in their own hands." The largest of these societies (I abridge the account in "People's Banks"), in 1891, numbered 265 members. Within five years it had taken almost £2,000 in subscriptions ; at New Year of 1892 it held over eighteen hundred pounds of deposits ; in its five years of existence it had lent just upon £4,000, and had been paid back all but about £500. There is no figure to stand for bad debts in this statement. The poor people make a point of repaying their loans, so soon as they are "constituted trustees of their own interests." "One man, who sent in his instalments with most praiseworthy regularity, had previously borrowed £2 from the Vicar. 'How is it you pay the society and never offer to pay me?' 'Ah ! you're the Vicar. You don't want it,' was the reply. That puts the case of self-help against patronage in a nutshell." A man wished to

start as a greengrocer, Mr. Wolff says, but lacked capital. His brother members felt sure he was to be trusted, and his "society" voted him £30. He opened shop, and bought a pony, which he christened "Self-Help." He has already a thriving business; keeps two horses; lays by money; and has long paid back the £30. Mr. Wolff calls these societies "an incipient *Banca Populare*." He goes on: "After watching how perseveringly the need of small men has sought for itself a remedy in combination, it would be futile to pretend there is no call for relief-banking in this country, or that co-operation is not marked out, here as elsewhere, by human instinct, as the aptest instrument. Our tentative methods are still rude, and yield but inadequate results. They do not altogether miss their point, but they fail to reach it home, because, like the chemist Gall, more than thirty years ago, they still look entirely for help to the use of mere co-operative cash, failing to discern that cash, to be made fully productive, must be expanded into credit. But if our poor people instinctively select such methods as those described, it cannot be argued *à priori* that the more perfect methods which long practice has created abroad must necessarily be unsuited to our case. *Quod ubique, quod inter omnes*. . . . With so elastic an instrument to work upon, it would be scarcely creditable to English ingenuity if (we) should fail to hammer out a (banking) implement to serve our turn."

The other day, the *Daily Chronicle* pointed out the reasons why the industry of the printer is migrating from England to Germany. One main reason is that *Volksbanken* have devised a "lien upon labour," found in practice to be as effectual as a mortgage, or a bill of sale. "Publisher gives printer," wrote the *Chronicle's* Commissioner, "an order involving £10,000, and the printer goes to his German banker with this order, and the assurance that the assurer is a sound man. The banker proceeds to supply the printer with the necessary funds to carry out his order, for otherwise it would not be possible." In England it is "not possible," for co-operative credit is not in use. Parenthetically, it may be observed that the printer's case is just what a People's Bank looks upon as ideal business—money going out (1) for a short time, and (2) to be applied to a paying industrial undertaking. So soon as co-operative credit is acclimatised, one of the chief reasons why England cannot keep all her printing at home will be abolished.

Mr. Wolff is hopeful about Co-operative Banking in England, thinking that, when once it shall come to be understood, justice will

be done to it, and the need of it fully acknowledged. "Probably we should begin," he says, "upon the lines of limited liability. There would be no harm in this. The more we proceed upon independent lines, the more are we likely, in the end, to hit upon something fully suiting the case. A guarantee fund subscribed by some wealthy people, and opening to the new Self-Help Society a drawing account at the local bank, seems, on the whole, to answer the requirements of the case perfectly well. The fund would be withdrawn as the reserve" (profits on transactions go to build up the reserve; and the "reserve is the backbone of co-operative finance!") "became sufficient. The difficulty is, without unlimited liability, to bring home their responsibility to members, with sufficient constraining and restraining force." (In German co-operative finance, liability is unlimited; that is to say, the corporation of each bank has *the power to do what it likes with its own*. This is utterly different to, say, the case of the Glasgow Bank, where unlimited liability gave to directors the power to play ducks-and-drakes with a capital which included all the worldly goods of a host of wretched shareholders, who knew no more than Adam knew what was being done at *their* bank! The cardinal rules of People's Banks are, according to the late Sir Robert Morier, a cordial advocate of them: "The maximum of publicity, the maximum of responsibility, and the minimum of risk.")

Without the fullest sense of responsibility on the part of Brotherly Bankers, Mr. Wolff maintains, no good can be done. How to obtain this sense of responsibility must be a matter of experiment. But it is a game well worth the candle. "If Germany can," he says, "by the help of her People's Banks, raise annually somewhere about £150,000,000, to circulate in commerce—of which not a shilling remains idle; of which every penny stimulates trade; develops agriculture; or feeds home-industries;—if Austria can raise £25,000,000, or more, and even 'Darkest Russia' about £2,000,000, what could not we accomplish with our proportionately larger population, our ample wealth, our more abundant facilities? And to what an extent should we benefit by it!"

It is highly significant that, in the newest, and highly successful, experiment in co-operation, "Co-operative Dairying" in Ireland the want of Brotherly Banking had begun to make itself felt even two years ago.¹ The Dairies are excellent examples of co-operative industry. They have developed with great rapidity, notwithstanding what Sir C. Gavan Duffy calls "the intense individualism of the Celt," and what others describe as a certain suspiciousness, the legacy

¹ See "Co-operation in Ireland," *Lyceum* for March, 1892.

of "a great and varied" injustice in the past government of the country. But the development would be accelerated almost indefinitely if every man were his own banker, or rather, if in every community there were a body co-operating for banking purposes.

The history of revived dairying may be worth a few minutes' consideration.

In 1881, the Irish butter trade had almost died out, though not many years earlier butter had been one of the staple industries of the country. An effort was made in the eighties to teach improved methods of dairying—made chiefly by the energetic philanthropy of Canon Bagot—with a view to enabling Irish butter-producers to compete with those of Denmark, who had secured the custom that Ireland had lost. How could the Irish hand-churn hold its own against the factory creameries of the North, where steam-power and the best new inventions for butter-making were in use? Danish cases were also far before the firkins favoured by the rules of the Cork Butter Market; and Danish packing was tidier.

Canon Bagot's ambulant dairies soon produced a change. The people saw excellent appliances, heard a lecture over the new churn, sampled the product, and put the lessons learnt in practice. Factory creameries were started on a joint-stock basis. Unfortunately, the farmers, having lost all direct interest in the quality of the milk, allowed it to deteriorate; and the butter became poor, in spite of the improved dairying. Then, as the *Speaker* pointed out two years ago, the co-operative movement came to set everything right. A change in the constitution of the creameries was effected. Instead of capitalist ventures, they were turned into co-operative concerns, just like the Danish butter factories with which they were competing.

The Hon. Horace Plunkett and a few other ardent advocates of co-operation, went about the South-West of Ireland in 1890 preaching co-operative principles. At the Glasgow Co-operative Congress, in that year, it was formally reported that half-a-dozen dairies had been set going. A year later nearly twenty creameries were at work, buying the milk of 15,000 cows belonging to about 1,000 members. A thousand peasants had laid down, each, on an average, his £12; and the £12,000 were laid out in the necessary machinery, buildings, &c. The milk from each member's cows is tested on arrival at the dairy, and its price is determined by its quality. The whole supply is mixed after testing; the butter is made in the most approved fashion, and shipped at once to England, where, at first, the Co-operative Wholesale Society bought it all. From beginning to end the business is managed by each creamery's salaried officers, who work under the

Committee of Co-operators, elected by the whole body of members of each dairy corporation. The milk is paid for on receipt. The surplus profits on the sales are divided according to the number of cows owned by each member. Thus, the co-operators have the entire proceeds of the milk, and the advantages of butter-making on the most modern and improved plans. They remain independent, as they could not do were these farmers the mere feeders of a capitalist churn. The whole business belongs to them, and, as a body, they control it. In co-operative trading the terrible middleman is entirely cut out, and abolished. Each member is fully alive to the importance of keeping his milk up to the highest quality, and of seeing that the other members do likewise; therefore, while the co-operative creameries thrive from the outset, the private factories that started just before them lost ground. In commenting on the early history of this Irish industrial movement, the *Speaker* wrote:—

“This interesting experiment in the democratic organisation of butter-making is, it may be suggested, of more than industrial interest. It is, indeed, no small accomplishment to increase the yield of butter by an average of 20 per cent., to diminish the cost of production by nearly as much, and to return the skim-milk sweet instead of half sour. Still more important is the effect of an artificially-heated butter factory in making winter dairying economically possible, and in thus promising a great development of industry. But more interesting even than the immediate economic result is the bearing of the experiment on the Land Question. The industrial individualism of the peasant proprietor—and especially of the Irish cottier—is one potent cause of his financial difficulties. If he is to compete with American bonanza farms, and English scientific agriculture, he must pass from the hand to the machine industry. This, with his small holding, by his individual efforts he cannot. Merge his small holding he will not. But in the Co-operative Creamery even the one-cow man enjoys all the advantages of production on a large scale, without any sacrifice of his agrarian independence. Already the creamery committees have begun to extend their functions. One has bought good seed potatoes for all its members. Another is considering the best calf food. It is possible that the Irish co-operators may prove to have shown the way to a new growth of Irish communal organisation, which will not stop at butter-making, but go far to solve the industrial difficulties of the *petite culture* to which the nation clings.

Writing of the Co-operative Creameries in June 1892 Mr. Plunkett said:—“At the present moment, twenty-eight such societies are actually at work, and are with surprising rapidity increasing their

business, and overcoming the difficulties of their new enterprise. Though I have seen it stated to the contrary, not one of these co-operative societies which have been registered have failed, or shows any signs of failure. The quality of the butter turned out is on an average excellent, and only awaits the next step in our organisation to be placed upon the market under much more favourable conditions. Meanwhile not only are the difficulties and disadvantages incidental to the infancy of these societies being overcome, not only are these committees of farmers learning to select proper managers and an efficient creamery staff, while greater confidence is finding among those interested the necessary capital, but the advantages of ownership and control by the farmers are becoming daily more evident. The feeling that all the profit to be derived from the milk, after a fair deduction for interest on capital and a bonus to the workers in the factory, will be returned to the farmer who supplies the milk, is bringing about a determination to breed and feed cows so as to supply quality as well as quantity of milk."

Writing to all the members of his creameries, Mr. Plunkett said, a few weeks ago : "The scheme is the farmer's, and under his own control. . . . We induced you to associate yourselves together in co-operative dairy societies (now numbering over thirty), and have seen to our great satisfaction that you were capable of not only working together, but of producing the best possible results as proved by your success in the recent dairy competition in London. We further induced your societies to combine together for the purpose of marketing their product through their own agency, instead of entrusting it to middlemen, whose interests were not identical with yours."

He goes on : "What you must understand before you can take your full part in the future development of your organisation is, that the concern which you are criticising belongs to yourselves, and it is not making any profit out of you, but that after all necessary expenses are paid it returns the entire profit on the sale of your produce to yourselves. It is an attempt to enable you to do your own business, at first as well as, and later on a great deal better than, it can be done by middlemen. It acts absolutely and entirely in your own and in nobody else's interest, and cannot have any possible inducement to act any other way. It is quite true that when you embark on a new enterprise of this kind you must submit to the same difficulties and the same risk of loss as you would incur by embarking upon any other enterprise. You must not hamper by impatience, or expect that it will do as well at the outset as it will when you have profited by experience. I am glad to say that most of the societies have looked

upon the matter in a broad and generous spirit. In my own experience in industrial organisation I have never met with so much encouragement as I did when you decided not to give up your venture after its first difficulties, but to loyally support your committee in their work of re-organisation. I believe you will be rewarded for your confidence in each other. The new society is well officered. Its premises both in Limerick and Manchester are exactly what it requires, and I trust that little time will be lost in perfecting the arrangement for the sale of your butter, in developing a fresh milk, cream, and possibly cream-cheese trade ; in handling eggs, poultry, and eventually all farm produce for the members of the dairy societies ; in the purchase direct from the manufacturer of farm implements, seeds, manures, feeding stuffs, and anything else the farmer requires in his business ; in making better arrangements with carrying companies, and in rendering all those services to the farming interests which farmers' societies in other countries have succeeded in rendering."

And, here, Mr. Plunkett touches on banks, as well as railways ; for "the purchase direct from the manufacturer of farm implements, seeds, feeding stuffs," &c., is one of the principal things for which Agricultural Syndicates exist ; and Agricultural Syndicates are but offshoots of People's Banks.

It needs but the most rudimentary gift of perspicacity to see that Co-operative Credit is the one thing needful to make the creameries spread like wildfire in every dairying county in Ireland.

Mr. Plunkett has much to do, as Chairman of the Irish Branch of the Co-operative Union of Great Britain ; as Parliamentary representative of the Liberal Unionists of South Dublin ; and as head and front of this admirable new agricultural movement ; so it is not surprising that he should ponder Co-operative Credit for a long time before adding it to his already very full programme. But he began to consider the subject two years ago ; he lately told an Interviewer (*The Cable*, January 20, 1894) that he had it in contemplation to add People's Banks to the work of his Creameries Agency ; and in his "Ireland of To-day and To-morrow," in the number of the *Fortnightly Review* which appeared as this article was passing through the press, he gives in his fullest adhesion to the principle of People's Banks. In so doing, he but adds one more philanthropic name to a long and honoured (foreign) list of Economists and Humanitarians who join in the praises of Brotherly Banking.

A GREEK FEAST.

POLITICS and religion are two mighty forces that sway humanity with a dominant power, beneath which it either ascends or descends the scale of progress ; and in Greece the former finds itself located on such a congenial soil that it becomes not merely a powerful influence over the life of the people, but *of* that life, the life.

Therefore the writer of this description of a Greek Paneguris feels called upon at the outset to give an explanation, however brief, of the hereafter apparent anomaly of the presence of very self-evident party politics at a *fête*, ostensibly organised under the sanction of the Church, to do honour to the patron saint of the village in which it was held, and for the purpose of the promotion of social enjoyment. The pleasure-loving Southern nature has, in its Grecian development as elsewhere, taken every advantage of the numerous saints' days that occur throughout the year to make them the occasion for gatherings at which the dance, the song, and the emptying of the wine cup form an agreeable sequel to the preliminary religious rite at the *ekklesia*, or church, and it must be a very small and very insignificant village that is not under the protection of some special saint, to whom at least one day of merry-making and rejoicing is dedicated annually. So much importance is attached to these *fêtes* that it will only be a very stringent reason indeed that will prevent a peasant from repairing to the *rendez-vous* clothed in his smartest garments, and *armed at all points* for the functions that take the precedence of work, or even military service, as was clearly demonstrated at the time of the revolution against the Turks, when it was no uncommon or unheard of thing for large bodies of Greeks to leave their besieged entrenchments on the eve of an *eorte* (holiday), and to repair to their villages, there to dance from early morn to dewy eve, and on into the night, with a careless disregard as to how events "at the front" were proceeding during their temporary absence. It is almost superfluous to add that this characteristic Greek trait did not pass unheeded by their Turkish foes, and that blood and an evacuated position were the very common price that were paid for the holiday.

The season of the year which is most especially noteworthy for

the number and importance of these festivities is, as might be expected from its religious prominence, Eastertide, and great is the exactitude with which the modern Greek *chorikos* (peasant) denies himself all superfluous indulgence in the dainties of the table during the sixty days' fast that slowly wear away before the longed-for Easter rejoicings are entered upon, when the toothsome sucking pig will rotate on the rough spit at "browning" distance from the wood fire.

It was at this season that we received an invitation to be present at the Paneguris of Strofilia, a small Eubœan village, distant some three hours' drive from the hospitable roof that was at that time sheltering us; and on the appointed day behold us driving comfortably along a road whose meanderings over hill and dale constantly displayed fresh scenes of romantic beauty that mutely vied with each other to the sight in a gorgeous competition of colour effect. Now we drove through the musical depths of the old pine forests, inhaling with deep inspirations their glutinous air, heavily laden with the fragrance of many flowering shrubs; anon we would find ourselves sweeping through long avenues of magnificent plane trees, that bordered a stream in which the reflections of their leaves made faces at their brethren in the air above them; or, crying halt at the summit of some rocky hill, the colouring of which recalled to mind a Salvator Rosa, and almost led one to look for the peering brigand of his pictures, listened to herd bells, whose combined tinkles came to the ear with the softened murmur of a distant pebble-bedded brook. Amidst such scenes did the hours of transit speedily fall behind, and conduct us to Strofilia, a village whose quaintly constructed habitations seemed to jostle one another in their endeavour to gain foothold on the uneven ground, that with its arid tints offered a strong contrast to their multicoloured walls.

With an energetic cracking of the whip and an accelerated pace we entered the village in Eubœan style, and presently arrived at the porch of the village inn, or khan, which was specially devoted to the entertainment of the political party of whom our host was the leader, the other and only remaining inn of the village performing the like offices for the 'opposition.'

Our descent from the carriage was the signal for several groups of peasants to come forward and tender us their hands, at the same time bidding us welcome, and expressing their regret at the absence of our host, whose genial presence they grievously missed. The *gaucherie* that is so often to be noticed amongst the honest *Hodges* that till the earth of England is entirely absent from the manners of these primi-

tive Southerners, who have many of them never seen railway trains, or any such signs of the times. But though their knowledge of science and art may be defective, yet Nature seems to have imparted to them in place thereof something of her own unstudied grace and independence, and at her open-air school they are constant attendants, whilst discharging their duties pertaining to the vineyard or the maize field, or rambling alone with the goatherds along the mountain sides, till the day ended, and darkness having drawn away the last remains of the flaming sunset, they lie, stretched out on the ground—covered with their rough *capota*—to sleep under all the silence and purity of the Grecian night.

Escorted by a party of these “nature’s gentlemen,” clad in their picturesque national dress, we paid several visits to some of the surrounding cottages, whose hospitable inmates brought out their stores of mastica, raki, &c., for the entertainment of their unexpected visitors. Here is the mental photograph of one such home, with its clean whitewashed walls, long-barrelled guns standing in the corner, and little wooden balcony overlooking the street, which was to be gained by descending an external flight of steps that ended hard by the door which gave admission to the lower story, where lodged the family mule and his fluttering, uneasy companions the cocks and hens. The furniture of its dwelling-room was of the plainest description—a heap of blankets, a rug-covered box, and a low stool or two—and pretty as were the coloured portraits of saints with which its walls were dotted, and golden as the maize shocks looked, hanging from the beams overhead, they were objects that only diverted the eye for a moment, and did not enter into serious rivalry with the fascinating little landscape that was enframed within the limits of the square window, devoid of glass, that served for the purposes of light and ventilation. Through this aperture were to be seen, dwarfed to their correct proportions, fields of tender-tinted wheat, skirting like a sea the dark outlines of the wood that, covering the crests of one series of hills, permitted still higher green-mantled ranges to be seen behind them, and so on in successive undulations, till the wooded heights reached the bases of the distant purple mountains, whose snowy summits soared high into the bright blue sky above them.

It was a peaceful scene, the chaste quietude of which was abruptly riven by a running fusillade of rifle shots, whose reports, becoming more *crescendo* in proportion as the party firing were stationed closer to us, at length as suddenly ceased, and the roll of drums, accompanied by the shrill notes of the clarionet, completed the notice of the

approach of an effendi (O kurios T.), who was paying his first visit to Strofilia after an absence abroad.

On our sallying forth into the crowd of villagers, who were so numerous as to render movement a difficult matter, our ears were again saluted with a fusillade, this time of the most tempestuous description. Guns, revolvers, pistols vied with one another in a noisy welcome which flashed out here, there, and everywhere, that crashed and roared above the hoarse shouts of the crowd, who were rapidly becoming seized with that intoxication of excitement so peculiarly pleasing to the Southern nature.

It was amidst a seething turmoil of this description that we caught sight of our friend advancing at full gallop on a fine black mare up the ascent that led to the confines of the village; and a very brave appearance he and his gaily-dressed train of attendants made, as dashing along they punctuated their course with the answering revolver or flint-lock pistol, whose puff of blue spirally ascending smoke seemed loth to dissolve into the transparent atmosphere that readily lent itself to the aggrandisement of every detail of the glittering troop, instinct with life and motion. With a sudden "pull-up," that almost threw the horses on their haunches, the cavalcade came to a halt at a few yards from us, and a foreigner unaware of the friendly relations that existed between the central figures in sober English garb and the wildly gesticulating crowd around them might have been doubtful as to how to read the scene, if his knowledge of the language had not extended to the correct comprehension of the sonorous "Zeto!"¹ (the Greek hurrah) that every mouth rolled out with a vivacity of expression that betokened a hearty welcome to ton Kurion T.

The enthusiasm of the peasants showed no signs of abatement, as the now combined groups, led by the feverishly playing band, directed their steps up the main road of the village to the khan, from the balcony of which a heavy volley was fired on our arrival, to round off, so to say, the hitherto desultory firing and introduce into the day's pleasure-making an ever fresh, ever delightful element—a political chit-chat. With the last echoes of the volley crashing away to a faint rumble in the distant hills a pause in the proceedings ensued, during which tables and chairs for the "nobility" were arranged in the roadway outside the inn, and raki, mastica, and wine found their way down throats hoarse with shouting, that yet had a great deal of work to do in the fierce political discussion subsequently entered upon. But it

¹ "Zeto!" really corresponds more to the Italian "Viva!" and might be literally translated as "Let him live," or "A long life to him."

was only a pause; very soon the oratorical talents of the Greeks shone forth with an accompaniment of incisive gestures, of flashing eyes, of sonorous periods, that made it a matter for wonder that these modern Demosthenes should be but uneducated peasants, who had never heard of the *closure* or of "catching the Speaker's eye," and who appeared to think that the most perfect "style" in oratory consisted in speaking all together and listening—occasionally.

The political fermentation which had now set in, and which under the influence of the warm weather and raki was bubbling and fuming, was still further aided in its development by a fresh volley-firing from another portion of the village, in honour of the approach of the "opposition" leaders, about to inaugurate a similar party gathering at the rival khan at the other end of the street.

And so the day wore on apace, till the fascination of hot debate lost its potency for the time being, and a general move was made to the *alonia*, or threshing-floor, there to pay homage to Terpsichore on the level ground that surrounded the great barn devoted to the storage of the grain crops. At harvest time these aloniai are the scene of great activity, and the primitive mode of threshing in vogue on such occasions, and which we understand still lingers in certain portions of Wales and rustic England, is sufficiently interesting to merit a brief description from its intrinsic flavour of old-world times and common use in the Greece of to-day.

A rough post is driven into the ground, and the loose sheaves of wheat are strewn around it to the distance of some yards; three or four horses, as the occasion may require, are then coupled together side by side, and connected with the central post by means of a cord whose utmost length does not permit them to trot beyond the edge of the strewn-out corn; each time the horses trot briskly round the circle the cord is contracted by one turn round the post, and these revolutions are continued until the shortness of the rope prevents the horses from completing any more circuits. When the rope has thus reached its extreme limit, the animals are turned about, and, trotting the reverse way, continue their gyrations until the outer edge of the corn is again reached. So this gradual winding and unwinding of the rope proceeds till the wheat is separated from its blades by the reiterated trampling of their hoofs, and there remains, to see it ready for the mill, but the final process of tossing it up and down into the air on a windy day, to rid it of its husks and other impurities.

But to hark back from this agricultural digression, and progress with the Paneguris, let us rejoin the crowd at the alonia, whither it has wended its way to engage—young and old, stout and thin—in

the dignified and simple measures of the *choros*, or dance. Now in describing this dance (no easy matter, as we never *could* learn the "steps") let us for the time being prevaricate, and proceed to limn in the general features of its audience, grouped in a huge and regular circle round the open space of the alonia. The composition of this circle, physically speaking, was homogeneous—the same type of handsome faces and figures, set off and embellished by the same costumes—but mentally, or rather politically, most decidedly not homogeneous, for the two parties carefully restricted themselves in the earlier stages of the dance to their respective semicircles, and following the example of their leaders, held no communication with the other side, except on the common ground of the circling dance, where Tricoupists and Delyannists were footing it right merrily. The dignified gravity of this "I don't know you" did not, however, prevent either wing from taking a covert but none the less real inspection of the "get-up" of the other; and, as *Franks* dressed in our unromantic English attire, we honestly declare our opinion that the only dingy spot that appeared on the scene was our tailor-made garments, that looked more than usually tame and prosaic by the side of the bright-coloured coats, gay sashes, and snowy foustanelles that seemed to glow like a bright flower-bed beneath the radiance of the broad stream of sunshine that poured down from the blue vault above.

"Thelete na chorepsete, Kurie!" ("Will you be pleased to dance, sir?")

"Charistoumai, Kurie." ("No, thank you, sir"), with the accompanying toss of the head, and drawing down of the corners of the mouth, that not only expresses the "No" but throws a world of meaning into it.)

We preferred on the present occasion to watch the ever-varying length of the coils of the dance that has been handed down from Homeric times—to see it grow, by virtue of fresh incomers, from a revolving ring of men, women, and children linked hand in hand to a figure like a spiral watch-spring, which, led by some gay *pallikarion* (young gallant), marked its progress by his steps, that now carried him onward, now twirled him under the handkerchief that formed the link which joined him to the circle. Ever moving, ever changing, with, however, but little variety in the steps, it would have been difficult to imagine a greater contrast to our somewhat undignified (and, from the peasants' point of view, positively improper) *valse à trois temps*, or rushing gallop. From the old man balancing in uncertain equilibrium on his scarlet-tasselled *tzarouchia* (native shoes) to the toddling child at the inner extremity of the spiral all seemed wrapped

up—absorbed—in the solemnity of the performance, or in the anxiety pertaining to the future leadership of the *choros*, when their time should come and they should feel sufficiently worthy to receive the handkerchief.

The musicians too. Ye gods ! how they played ; how they followed, or rather stepped backward before the leading *paidhi* (young fellow) ; how they hurled their notes at him, as with head in the air and hips that swayed his foustanella (white petticoat) to the horizontal he sank with a crash on one knee, to rise to a *pirouette* that would have done credit to a ballet in the time of Taglioni. It was a pleasant, cheerful scene, and the eye was hardly yet wearied of its monotony when suddenly, with the rapidity with which tragedy usually overtakes its victims, the music ceased, and the flash of the thirsty knife hovered above the breast of the dance-leader. Another moment and we expected to see the red blood come gushing forth, to drop in great splashes on the white foustanella and stain it with a crimson dye like to that of its wearer's fez. But no, for once an exception to the unhappily frequent rule. Quick as the knife was, yet quicker was the woman who seized the hand that grasped it, and clung there with an impeding weight, that gave time to the crowd to surge in and part the combatants, who, with swollen veins, flashing eyes, and all the Satanic majesty of passion a-hungred for life, had to postpone their difference as to who or who should not lead the dance to a more retired situation.

However, where there is no novelty in an incident, there is very often a lack of interest or remembrance of the event after it has passed ; so in the course of a moment or two the dancers, who had scattered like a flight of scared birds, were all in their places again, and "business was proceeding as usual."

No pause, no cessation ; when one drummer's arm grew limp with exhaustion, another with ready-slung drum took up the punctuation of the throbbing air, that in its circle of restricted notes seemed ever to be approaching some climax of choreographic intensity, that yet on the eve of realisation receded with a tantalising deftness, almost maddening in its unsatisfying musical suggestiveness—a composition of the "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" order, that would haunt one in the silent watches of the night, when beyond the purple hills, whose growing indistinctness of outline foretold the slow approach of "venerable, venerable night."

A suggestion to repair to one of the cottages for a little *yevma*, or dinner, met with our cordial approval, and having paid every attention to the roast sucking pig that played so conspicuous a part

in the *menu*, our nervous system felt sufficiently fortified to bear with equanimity the resounding shocks that a certain Albanian—Vasili by name—was inflicting on the unsympathising rigidity of the floor in his extraordinary “knee dancing,” which evoked a unanimously favourable criticism to the effect that his knee-caps were of *sidheros* (iron) and worthy of commemoration in some such *tragoudhi*, or peasant song, as was now sung with all the fire that honest grape-juice could impart.

A phrase from one of these songs, that “the sun had long since gone to dinner,” reminded us that it was full time that we should be saying “Adio” to Strofilia, and translating this thought into action, it was not long before we, under the spur of a farewell salvo and *zeto*, were rushing homeward through the shadows of the night, and Strofilia was to us but a memory, and a glare in the midst of the murky darkness, out of which the evening breeze wafted us the faint reverberations of the distant drum.

NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

THE HISTORY OF THE POST OFFICE.

EVERYBODY knows that the existing system of uniform penny postage is due to the ingenuity and energy of Sir Rowland Hill. As January 10 comes round, the almanac does not fail to tell us that another anniversary of the introduction of the system has arrived. The statue of the founder looks down upon the pavement behind the Royal Exchange; his tomb is shown in Westminster Abbey; and the story of his life and work has been duly recorded in two goodly volumes, as well as in numerous articles in magazines, reviews, and encyclopædias. But of the early history of the Post Office, and of earlier Post-office reformers, little has been told. Macaulay devoted a few paragraphs of his description of the state of England in 1685 to the Post Office, and briefly related how William Dockwra, the Post-office reformer of the seventeenth century, established a penny post in London. Dockwra is well entitled to a place in the roll of our benefactors; yet he is not the only predecessor of Rowland Hill who deserves to be remembered. Thomas Witherings, Ralph Allen, and John Palmer—not to mention other names—are also entitled to our gratitude. Hitherto, like the brave men who lived before Agamemnon,

omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.¹

It has been reserved for Mr. Herbert Joyce, one of the secretaries of the Post Office, to rescue these men from oblivion and to bring their work to the light of day. Mr. Joyce has performed his task thoroughly. A satisfactory history of the Post Office could hardly have been written without reference to the departmental records, and we do not suppose a stranger to the Office would be allowed to examine them. A man unacquainted with the actual working of the Post Office could not have made such good use of minutes and letter-

¹ In endless night they slept unwept, unknown,
No bard had they to make all time their own,

books as Mr. Joyce has done. He would have been overwhelmed by the mass of documents. Certainly the results of his labours would not have been so satisfactory or so interesting as the present volume. He might have even produced a bigger book, but nearly five hundred closely-printed octavo pages are quite enough even for the student. Many readers will, we fear, lack the necessary patience to go carefully through Mr. Joyce's book. We propose, therefore, in the present article, to give an account of some of his investigations.

Letters were, of course, written long before regular posts were established in England, in the reign of Henry VIII. ; but at that time the posts were almost exclusively for the use of the King and his Court. In earlier times the King's letters were forwarded by special messengers, and private persons must have entrusted their correspondence to the carriers. Possibly the carriers, whose not over refined conversation is recorded in the first part of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." (act iii. sc. 1), were conveying letters to London as well as the gammon of bacon and the ginger to be delivered at Charing Cross. Later in the fifteenth century there are some indications in the Paston Letters that correspondence was entrusted to the ordinary carriers, and even after some of the posts had been set up, the carriers continued to convey letters. Milton, in his verses on the death of Old Hobson, the University carrier, says : "His letters are delivered all and gone" ; and the poet, in his undergraduate days at Cambridge, had no doubt sent his correspondence by Hobson, probably because there was no regular post to Cambridge, except when the Court happened to be at Newmarket ; for it seems to have been the practice in those days to set up a post from London to any place at which the King was staying, and to withdraw it as soon as he left. In 1572 Thomas Randolph, Master of the Posts to Queen Elizabeth, rendered a detailed account of his expenses for the preceding five years, and every item relates to posts for the Sovereign herself, or for members of her council. As late as 1621 there were only four regular posts—viz., to Berwick, to Beaumaris, to Dover, and to Plymouth, and all these started from the Court.

In 1635, Thomas Witherings, who three years before had obtained an assignment of the King's patent of the postmastership for foreign parts, was commissioned by Charles I. to reform the inland posts, which had been so much neglected as to be almost useless. The mails were conveyed by foot messengers who rarely travelled more than eighteen miles a day, so that it took nearly two months to get an answer from Scotland or Ireland to a letter despatched from London. Witherings established a Post Office in the city of London, probably

in Bishopsgate-street, for the receipt and despatch of letters, and arranged trunk lines of posts to the chief towns of the kingdom, with branch posts to less important places. The posts were to travel day and night, so as to cover 120 miles every twenty-four hours, and were despatched from London at least once a week. Witherings desired to make the Post Office, which had hitherto been maintained at a large cost to the Crown, self-supporting, and to this end introduced a regular tariff for the conveyance of letters. A single letter, *i.e.*, a letter consisting of but one sheet of paper, was carried 80 miles for 2*d.*, 140 miles for 4*d.*, to Scotland for 8*d.*, and to Ireland for 9*d.* Two hundred years later the charges were much heavier: a single letter to Windsor cost 6*d.*, to Birmingham 9*d.*, and to Liverpool 11*d.*

The Post Office was now open to everybody, and, as a consequence of the establishment of better facilities, had the sole right to carry and deliver letters except those sent by a friend, by a private messenger, or, in some cases, by a common carrier. The duty of a postmaster was not confined to the conveyance and delivery of letters. He was to keep in his stable one or two horses for the use of travellers, and to receive 2½*d.* a mile for one, and 5*d.* a mile for two horses; but on the days the post was due the horses could not be hired. Macaulay's assertion that part of the revenue of the Post Office was derived from letting horses seems inaccurate. The right of letting horses to travellers was restricted, by proclamation in 1603, to postmasters, and the monopoly existed until 1780; but the profits went into the pockets of the postmasters and did not belong to the Crown. It is worth noticing that the plan of carrying the mails on horseback, as established by Witherings, was continued until 1784, though coaches for passengers had been on the roads for many years. The postboy was a familiar figure in the country for a century and a half. Just when his abolition was imminent, at least on the main roads, Cowper published in "The Task" the spirited lines:—

Hark ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright.
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings; his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.

Witherings' rule at the Post Office was brief. In 1640 he was

removed on a charge of abuses and misdemeanour. Of his guilt no evidence is now forthcoming, but it is certain that his plans were well projected, and in some respects his system is maintained even at the present day. He surrendered his patent to Lord Warwick ; but the Post Office had already been sequestered into the hands of one Burlamachi, a London merchant, who had lent Charles I. £52,000 on the security of the sugar duties. A quarrel between the rival Postmasters ensued, and Warwick took measures to assert his right. Two of his men seized the Chester mail at Barnet, and were themselves arrested at Highgate by five horse troopers acting in the name of the House of Commons, which supported his opponent. Two other of Warwick's men stopped the Plymouth mail near the Royal Exchange, but the letters were recovered by a larger force acting in the interests of Burlamachi. Finally, the matter was settled by the House of Commons in Burlamachi's favour, but he did not long continue in office ; and in 1644 Edmund Prideaux, afterwards Attorney-General under the Commonwealth, obtained control of the Post Office.

In 1649 the Common Council of the City of London set up a post of their own between London and Edinburgh, and were preparing posts on other roads when Parliament put a stop to the innovation. As yet there had been no legislation for the Post Office, which was regulated by orders in Council and Proclamations and managed by a Postmaster appointed by patent. In 1657 an Act was passed for settling the postage in England, Scotland, and Ireland, one reason for this measure being "the discovering and preventing many dangerous and wicked designs, the intelligence whereof cannot well be communicated but by letter of escript." After the Restoration the proceedings of Parliament during the Commonwealth were treated as null and void ; and another Act of Parliament, almost identical with that of 1657, was passed in 1660 for regulating the management of the Post Office. Nothing was said in 1660 about the discovery and prevention of dangerous and wicked designs, but it is well known that letters passing through the post were frequently opened by direction of the Government. The rate of postage fixed by the Act of 1660 did not differ greatly from the rates established by Witherings : single letters were carried a little cheaper ; on the other hand, heavy letters cost rather more. In connection with these rates of postage it is, however, to be borne in mind that cross-posts—that is, posts between towns on different roads from London—did not exist. A letter from Bristol to Exeter was sent through London, and, though those cities are less than eighty miles from one another, a letter between them cost not 2*d.* but 6*d.* The Post Office at the Restora-

tion was farmed at £21,500 a year by Henry Bishopp, a Sussex man. This was more than double the amount paid in 1653 by Captain Manley and by his successor, Thurloe, who farmed the Post Office during the latter years of the Commonwealth. The practice of farming the postal revenue generally was discontinued in the reign of Queen Anne ; but in 1720 the cross- and bye-posts were leased to Ralph Allen at £6,000 a year, and the rent was gradually raised until 1755, when it amounted to £18,500 a year.

As late as the year 1680 there were no posts in London itself. Letters from London to Kent and the Downs were despatched daily, to other parts of England and to Scotland every other day, and to Wales and Ireland twice weekly ; but if it was desired to send a letter from the City to Westminster or Islington, it had to be conveyed by a messenger. The want of efficient means of communication between different parts of London had long been felt, and in 1680 William Dockwra, a merchant, who at one time had held an appointment in the Custom House, found means to apply a remedy. His plan was excellent. He divided London, for postal purposes, into seven districts, each with its own sorting office, and he opened between four or five hundred offices in different places between Hackney and Lambeth in the north and south, and Blackwall and Westminster in the east and west. Letters and parcels not exceeding one pound in weight were collected hourly, and were delivered in the busiest parts of town ten or twelve times, and in other places from four to eight times, daily. The charge for each letter or parcel was one penny, except to Hackney, Islington, Lambeth, and Newington, where another penny was charged on delivery. This arrangement was begun on April 1, 1680, when London, to use Mr. Joyce's words, "suddenly found itself in possession of a post in comparison with which even the post of our own time is cast into the shade." Dockwra met with the usual fate of reformers. Some persons, apparently at the suggestion of Titus Oates, denounced the new post as a Popish contrivance, the porters complained of the interference with their vested rights, and, worst of all, as soon as the plan succeeded and had become remunerative, the Duke of York, upon whom the revenue of the Post Office had been settled in 1663, began proceedings in the Law Courts for an infringement of his monopoly, and obtained judgment and damages against Dockwra in the King's Bench. The penny post was absorbed into the General Post Office, but letters were conveyed at the penny rate within London until 1801, when the charge was raised to twopence. Dockwra was, of course, ruined, but in 1690 the House of Commons addressed the Crown in

his favour. William and Mary granted him a pension of £500 a year for seven years, and the term of the pension was afterwards extended for three years more. He was also appointed Comptroller of the Penny Post at an annual salary of £200. In 1700 he lost both pension and appointment, in consequence of charges brought against him by his own subordinates. Of the truth of these charges we have no evidence. The officials of the Post Office may have resented his interference, and regarded him as an intruding busybody. At all events, he was dismissed. Two years later he appealed to Queen Anne to compensate him for his losses, alleging as a reason that of his seven children, six were young and unprovided for. His petition was not successful, and he is believed to have died in the course of the same year.

We must pass very briefly over the chapters Mr. Joyce has devoted to the story of the Post Office until 1720. The General Post Office was removed to Lombard Street about the year 1680, and remained in the same spot for 150 years. The Postmasters-General—there were now two holders of the office—and most of the clerks, resided on the premises. The sum of £60 a year was allowed to the servants of the department as drink and feast money, but as they numbered in 1690 between seventy and eighty the allowance did not go very far. There were, however, in addition, two feasts, one at Midsummer and the other at Christmas, provided at the expense of the Crown, when, we may hope, for the sake of all concerned, there was no lack of good cheer. At the present day the officers of the Post Office are in the habit of dining together whenever they can find a reasonable excuse, but the bounty of the Crown has long ago ceased to flow in this direction, and now every man has to pay his own score.

We have seen that in the earlier years of the seventeenth century there were four "roads" from London. Before the century expired two other roads were added, viz., to Bristol and to Yarmouth. Each of these roads was presided over by a clerk at Lombard Street, whose duty it was to sort and tax the letters for the towns on his own road, and these six officers were then sufficient for work which now employs 2,800 persons nightly at St. Martin's-le-Grand. The six Clerks of the Roads received salaries varying between £50 and £100, but were allowed, in addition, the privilege of franking newspapers. This, in the course of time, became a valuable perquisite, and in 1764 was calculated to be worth £8,000 a year. An Act of that year enabled Members of Parliament to frank newspapers, and they availed themselves of the privilege to such an extent, that the

emoluments of the Post Office clerks were seriously diminished. It was by no means necessary that the franking of newspapers should be the personal act of a member ; his name, written by another person, was sufficient for the purpose, and the name was often used without the member's authority. Franks on letters, however, were carefully examined at the Post Office, and the practice of franking by Members of Parliament was not abolished until 1840.

In 1709 another attempt was made to infringe the monopoly of the Post Office in London. Charles Povey undertook to collect and deliver letters, in the busiest parts of London, at a charge of a half-penny for each letter. He not only opened offices for the receipt of letters, but sent men with hand-bells into the streets to collect them. The Postmaster-General warned him to desist, but he refused to comply, and the question was carried into the Law Courts, with the result that Povey was fined £100 and his halfpenny post was stopped. To prevent similar attempts at interference with the monopoly of the Post Office, an Act was passed in the year 1711, by which the law was made more stringent, and opportunity was taken to increase the rate of postage on country letters in order to obtain a larger revenue. No single letter was henceforth to be carried for less than threepence, and other charges were proportionately raised. The result seems to have justified the anticipations of the authorities ; the gross revenue of the Post Office in 1710 was £111,000, in 1721 it was £168,000, and the net revenue for the two years was £66,000 and £99,000 respectively.

Although these results were apparently satisfactory, there was good reason to believe that many postmasters in the country appropriated a considerable amount of money which ought to have been brought to account. This was especially the case with cross-post and bye-post letters¹, which, of course, did not pass through the London office. The Postmasters-General were convinced they were being defrauded by their deputies in the country, yet were quite unable to devise a remedy. In 1719 Ralph Allen, then Postmaster of Bath, came to their help. As a mere boy he had assisted his grandmother, who kept the Post Office at St. Columb, in Cornwall, and had worked so neatly that the district surveyor obtained an appointment for him in the Bath office. Allen thoroughly understood the cross-posts, and in 1719 offered to farm them, paying, by way

¹ A "bye-post" letter was a letter circulating between two places on the same road without passing through London. The term "cross-post letter" has been already explained. Both classes are now technically known as cross-post letters.

of rent, half as much again as they had ever produced. After several interviews with the Postmasters-General, an agreement was entered into, and at Midsummer, 1720, Allen began his work. At first everything went well, but the postmasters soon resumed their old practices, for which the smallness of their regular salaries perhaps gave them some excuse, and Allen began to fear he had made a bad bargain. He was not, however, easily defeated, and he now devised a system of check which compelled postmasters to be more accurate in their accounts, though it was not entirely successful. Mr. Joyce has taken considerable trouble to explain Allen's arrangements, but we cannot enter into the details. It is sufficient to state that by perseverance and good temper he ultimately overcame all the difficulties which at first beset him, and that he vastly improved the cross-post system by establishing new-posts, and by expediting and increasing in number those already in existence. The terms of his contract were revised every seven years, and at each revision his payments were increased, yet he was liberal in his dealings with his subordinates, and is said to have made £500,000 out of the Post Office between 1720 and his death in 1764. This amount is probably an exaggeration, and is not given on Mr. Joyce's authority; but if it is anything like an approximation to the truth, Ralph Allen's is certainly a unique case. No other person has ever succeeded in obtaining such a liberal reward for his services to a department which, whatever its faults, is not chargeable with overpaying its servants. Allen made a noble use of his money, and is even now gratefully remembered at Bath; but probably his chief title to fame lies in his friendship with, and benefactions to, three eminent literary men—Pope, Fielding, and Warburton. The poet sang his praises in the oft quoted couplet:

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame;

and left by his will half his library and "one hundred and fifty pounds, being, to the best of my calculation, the account of what I have received of him, partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses." The calculation seems, however, to have been somewhat inaccurate, for, on hearing of the legacy, Allen merely remarked that a cypher had been omitted. Fielding drew the character of Allworthy from Allen; and if Gibbon's prophecy that Tom Jones "will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria" be true, Allen will attain an immortality as enduring as that of the heroes of the Trojan war. Bishop Warburton married Allen's favourite niece, and received from her uncle so many and such liberal gifts as to have provoked a good deal of unfriendly criticism. On

one occasion, when Warburton and Quin were dining at Allen's table, Warburton, who usually treated the actor very rudely, expressed his regret that he had never seen him on the stage, and asked him to give a specimen of his great powers. Quin replied he could not remember any plays, but would recite a short passage from "Venice Preserved," and declaimed :—

"Honest men
Are the soft, easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten."

Everyone present, except Allen, saw the appropriateness of the allusion, and Warburton is said to have treated Quin with more respect ever afterwards.

At Allen's death, in 1764, the cross-posts were as efficient as they could have been with the very inadequate means at his disposal. With the mails from London to the country he had little or nothing to do. Letters were still carried on horseback, and the postboys were an endless source of trouble. Some of them conveyed letters on their own account ; some were so ill-paid that they were driven to rob the post-bags ; others loitered, and all journeyed very slowly. The mails did not, as a rule, travel more than five miles an hour. The wretched state of the roads is, no doubt, a partial explanation of this rate of progress. Even in the middle of the eighteenth century many of them were in no better state than they had been a hundred years earlier, when on the most frequented lines of communication the ruts were deep, the hills precipitous, and the way scarcely distinguishable in the dark from the unenclosed fields on either side. About the year 1725 a partial improvement was effected, but many years elapsed before the improvement became general. The badness of the roads was not, however, the only difficulty the postboys had to encounter. They were often attacked by highwaymen, who made off with the letter-bags, and occasionally wounded, or even killed, the postboys.

To these evils the authorities of the Post Office had long been indifferent, and, as in the case of the reform of the cross-posts, the remedy came from a citizen of Bath. In the year 1780 the coaches between London and Bath made the journey in a day ; but the mail, leaving London on Monday night, did not reach Bath until Wednesday afternoon. John Palmer, at that time proprietor of the Bath theatre, suggested that the mails should in future be sent by coaches travelling not less than eight miles an hour, and protected by guards armed with blunderbusses. He succeeded in bringing his plan to the notice of William Pitt, at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer, in Lord Shelburne's short-lived administration. Pitt approved of

the plan, and referred it to the Postmasters-General, but before they sent in their report to the Treasury, the Coalition Ministry of North and Fox had come in. Upon the dismissal of that ministry by the King, Pitt became Prime Minister, and again took up Palmer's plan. The Postmasters-General had refrained from expressing an opinion of their own on the subject, and had contented themselves with forwarding communications received from their subordinates, who, with one consent, opposed Palmer's proposal. One of these worthy officials said there was really no need for hurrying the posts, another that to employ firearms to protect the mails would induce retaliation and add murder to highway robbery, and a third declared that the existing system was sufficient, and that human ingenuity could not devise a better. The arguments failed, however, to convince Pitt, who summoned the Postmasters-General and their obstructive subordinates to meet Palmer at the Treasury. The conference took place on June 21, 1784, and, after hearing all that was to be said on both sides, the Prime Minister promptly decided on giving the plan a trial, and the first English mail-coach left Bristol for London on August 2, 1784. The experiment was successful, and in the following year mail-coaches were placed upon the chief roads, except the North Road, from London, where they were not introduced until the summer of 1786.

Almost simultaneously with the introduction of coaches the rates charged upon letters were considerably raised. Since 1765 single letters had been carried one post-stage for a penny. This charge was doubled, and other rates were proportionately increased. Further restrictions were also placed on franking, but Members of Parliament contrived to evade them, and the Post-office authorities, after an unsuccessful effort to carry out the law, were directed by Pitt to give up the attempt. In spite of the increased rates the revenue of the Post Office improved after the introduction of Palmer's reforms. Hitherto, persons desirous of having their letters conveyed as quickly as possible had, to the loss of the revenue, made them up into parcels and sent them by coach. As soon as letters travelled as quickly as the coaches, there was no object in evading the law in this manner, and the Post Office reaped the benefit. Palmer was appointed Comptroller-General at the Post Office, and devoted himself to improving the efficiency of the department, but he seems to have been an arbitrary gentleman, and often came into collision with the Postmasters-General, whom he treated with scant respect. They indeed, referred to him in private conversation as their master, and sometimes as their tyrant; but as he was generally supported by Pitt

they had no alternative except submission. At last their patience was utterly exhausted, and in 1792, with considerable difficulty, they induced the Prime Minister to consent to his dismissal. Pitt, however, conferred upon him a pension of £3,000 a year, and he subsequently received a Parliamentary grant of £50,000.

When Palmer left the Post Office, sixteen coaches started from Lombard Street daily and as many arrived, and there were fifteen cross-country coaches, one of which, running between Bristol and Oxford, was worked by a Mr. Pickwick. This gentleman afterwards extended his operations, and owned the coach in which his better-known namesake travelled from the White Horse Cellar to Bath on a famous occasion, when the name of Moses Pickwick on the coach-door panel and way-bill excited the hardly-appeased indignation of Sam Weller. Mr. Joyce has omitted to remind his readers of the circumstance, which is, perhaps, beneath the notice of a grave historian. In 1811 there were as many as 211 mail coaches on the roads of Great Britain. In 1797 the rates of postage had been increased; in 1801 they were again raised, and, as we have already seen, the London penny post was abolished, and the minimum charge was fixed at twopence. A further increase in the charge for country letters was made in 1805, and another in 1812. In that year a single letter was carried only fifteen miles for 4*d.*; a letter to Windsor cost 6*d.*, to Birmingham 9*d.*, and to York 1*s.* 1*d.* These rates were the highest ever attained in this country, and were imposed in consequence of the heavy charges arising out of the long war.

Want of space compels us to leave unnoticed many other interesting parts of Mr. Joyce's book. His account of the packet service is well worth perusal, though we grieve to learn how much smuggling was carried on in vessels employed in the service of the Post Office. The Postmasters-General in 1744 seem to have connived at the practice, for when proceedings were taken against two captains of Falmouth boats, who were in possession of contraband goods, Lord Lovell and Sir John Eyles wrote from the Post Office to the Commissioners of Customs that it was vain to try to prevent "these little clandestine importations and exportations," and that if violent measures were resorted to "no captain of real worth and character," and "no fit and able seaman," would serve on board the packets. At Harwich the captains of the packets at one time entered into an alliance with the officers of Customs to cheat the revenue. Contraband goods were frequently imported, and part were seized by the Custom-house officers, who were duly rewarded for their vigilance; but most of the goods were allowed to pass unchallenged, and the

captains and crews reaped the benefit. This collusive arrangement was discovered in 1774, and the offenders were duly punished ; but their successors, undeterred by their example, appear to have indulged in similar practices.

Mr. Joyce has not brought his "History of the Post Office" down to a later date than the year 1836, when the old system of high rates of postage was near its end. We may hope that some day he will find time to complete his work by bringing it down to the present time. He refers his readers to Sir Rowland Hill's autobiography for an account of the introduction of penny postage, but Sir R. Hill left the Post Office in 1864. At that time the department did not require more accommodation than was contained in Sir R. Smirke's striking, but now mutilated, building in St. Martin's-le-Grand, which was finished in 1829. We regret that Mr. Joyce did not find room for some reference to the site occupied by the Post Office, full as it is of interesting as well as of questionable associations. Since 1864 a second Post Office has been built, and now a third is nearly ready for occupation. . Meanwhile, the business of the department has grown by leaps and bounds, and includes the Post Office Savings Banks—which were only in their infancy thirty years ago—Telegraphs, and the Parcels Post. Here is surely material enough for another volume.

J. A. J. HOUSDEN.

THE SIEGE OF METZ.

THERE can be little doubt that the French patriots of Metz do right in ascribing the loss of their city to General Bazaine. If the one hundred and fifty thousand mouths of the army had not required rations during those cruel months of September and October 1870, the city would have held out until March or April of 1871. There was no weakness of spirit among the citizens. From the Mayor downwards, with but few exceptions, all were resolved to keep the Prussians at bay to the utmost. Though the city was of course under martial law, the Town Council did not feel themselves restrained from protesting repeatedly against what they soon grew to regard as the treacherous inactivity of the army camped at Ban St. Martin on the western side of the Moselle.

From the first warning of danger, the citizens seem to have shown more wisdom than the military commanders. Bazaine arrived at Metz on the 18th July. On the 21st, the civic Chamber of Commerce urged strenuously that the railway, already appropriated by the army, might be used for victualling the city in certain particulars. Their request was not attended to. Two days later the city was informed that the military authorities wished them to take under their exclusive care the charge of the sick and wounded of the campaign that was impending in their neighbourhood. This the Town Council refused to do ; but at the same time practical aid of the most extensive and earnest kind was immediately promised. They preferred to promise little and do much rather than accept an unlimited responsibility which might, and certainly would, have been too great for them to bear. It was the same during the various stages of the siege. The soldiers were giving their horses wheat, while the citizens were killing theirs because they had little or no provender of any kind, and because the bread ration was not enough to satisfy their hunger. At the end of August the army was about to seize the twelve or thirteen hundred milking cows of the city for its own use. Here, again, the Mayor and Council had to defend the interests of the people. What, they asked, would become of the women and children to whom milk was an essential, if the army made beef of the cows? That question was

answered sadly enough in the following weeks by the great infant mortality. But meanwhile it behoved the Council to do what they could for the people. Again the city won its cause.

But neither the press, nor the broad murmurs of the people in the public squares, nor the Mayor himself, as head of a formal deputation, could persuade Bazaine that he was not doing the best possible for France and Metz and the army by submitting to be penned up as he was from about the 21st of August.

The irritation against him waxed with the waning of the year. It was hardly possible even for Frenchmen to keep up their spirits during the wet and cold days of that fatal October. They had within them the growing conviction that the general-in-chief knew a thing or two of which they knew nothing, that he was in short trimming between the Imperial cause and the Prussian interests. With both these, naturally, after September 2nd, Metz had small sympathy. The people had torn the Imperial eagle from its perch upon the façade of their Town Hall. And nearly every citizen had in his house a wounded soldier who owed his wound to a Prussian, and whom he and his wife and daughters were tending with a devotion the soldiers themselves were the first to acknowledge and the last to forget. By a military edict the sum of two francs daily was allotted in compensation for the care of the wounded in private houses. Yet, though there was often semi-starvation among the tenants of the house, for the sick man there were pathetic little luxuries: nor did more than one citizen in eight or ten make any demand for the two francs daily. What was thus done was done for France, not for lucre, still less from any feeling of intimidation.

With the beginning of October, the cry of impatience among the citizens had reached a pitch that would have justified a reckless general in strong measures against them. The Mayor was urged to depose Bazaine, and give the command to someone else. Fancy it! The chief magistrate of a city of 50,000 inhabitants invited to arrest the Commander-in-Chief of an army of 150,000! Nor was this all. The national guard, enrolled early in the siege, were for taking the initiative against the general. They wished to be led against the enemy. If Bazaine would not do it, was there not some other general with pluck and patriotism enough for the task? Changarnier was interviewed on the subject, but he rejected the proposal with a smile of irony. Nor had they more success in other quarters. And so they returned chafing to the deadly monotony of a state of siege, and their diet of unbaked bad bread as adhesive as putty, and the spare ribs of a horse that had dropped dead of starvation the other day.

In default of an explicit confession from Bazaine himself, it is impossible to say when the idea of capitulation occurred to him as a solution of the difficulty in which he had involved Metz and his army. Perhaps it was when the supply of table dainties began to fall off seriously. More probably it was upon the return of one or other of his emissaries with the intelligence that the Imperial cause was as dead as Julius Cæsar. To be sure, on October 15th, he denied publicly that he had intrigued for the restoration of the Bonaparte family. On the same day, too, in the presence of the leaders of the national guard, he made a feint of being willing to give up the command if it was required of him. But he was a subtle-minded man ; and we know now that sincerity was not his strong point. Also, on the 15th of October, he declared that the question of surrender had not yet been mooted in the army. Nevertheless, ten days later it was as good as settled ; and ten days before he had said this he had sent to one of the city libraries for the volume of Thiers' history, in which the capitulation of Baylen and the defence and surrender of Genoa and Dantzic are discussed.

So little confidence did the Marshal inspire that it was on the day after this formal justification of his inaction that the national guard invited Changarnier to take him at his word and supersede him. But Changarnier was too strict a disciplinarian to make so bold.

And all this time the Metzgers had ever before their eyes the statue of that other General of France, which still (honour to Germany that it is so) adorns the square by the cathedral. On the pedestal are inscribed these words :

"If in order to prevent from falling into the enemy's power a place that the king has entrusted to me, it behoved me to stop the breach with my own person, with my family, and all I possess, I would not hesitate a moment in doing it."

The contrast between the Marshal Fabert on his pedestal and the Marshal Bazaine at Ban St. Martin was bound to impress the citizens. The statue was crowned one day, as if to hint sadly that, under such a commander, Metz might have hoped much, even though there were two hundred thousand Prussians at the base of the hill forts round the city. On the day of the surrender they covered Fabert's face with a veil.

It was in vain for the citizens to writhe as they did when later in October the news passed from mouth to mouth that the army which ought to have fought (and died if needful) for them as a precious part of France, was making an arrangement with the Prussians. The phrase "steps are being taken to ameliorate the condition of affairs"

was a vile euphemism for "infamy." So the citizens thought and said. One newspaper, the *Indépendant*, dared, in spite of the censor, to publish the military law which condemns to degradation and death the commander of a fortified place, "which capitulates without having compelled the enemy to approach by the ordinary, gradual, and successive stages of a siege, and before having repulsed at least one general assault." It was from these pink and yellow and green sheets, which constitute the siege periodical literature, that the most vigorous protests against any weakness continued to issue up to the very last. Witness this, of October 17 : "Let us die rather than capitulate ! Yes, let Metz be buried under the ruins of her bulwarks, let our forts be destroyed by ourselves rather than they should pass into the hands of our enemies, with the key of France, as a mighty weapon against our country !"

Some may see in this sort of thing merely the conceited rant of the lettered Frenchman, ever given to inflated periods and bombast. Yet it does not seem that it was so. The Metzgers are not an excitable race like the people of Provence. In temperament they are German more than French.

Bearing this in mind, one can appreciate the laceration of heart which must have preceded the following morsel of prose from the same newspaper : it appeared on October 28th, under the heading of "Metz in Mourning," and was framed in a black border.

"History will one day say, Metz was a town protected by forts that bristled with guns, peopled by a brave and strong race ; its ramparts were unbroken ; it bore no trace of hostile projectiles, no bombardment, no assault, no covered trenches, no parallels, not the shadow of a siege. And this city allowed the foe to enter its walls victorious."

But the patriotic leader-writer ought to have mentioned the fact that the provisions would have lasted but a day or two longer. That surely was an extenuating circumstance at least as forcible as a bombardment.

At the outset the citizens did not take the siege very seriously. They could not believe that France was likely to prove so weak that their proud strong city should really be endangered. Even after the battles of Rezonville and Gravelotte, which filled the streets with processions of ambulance cars, they were far from dispirited. Bazaine still had 150,000 fighting men. There seemed no doubt that he could cut his way through the girdle of Prussians just whenever he set himself heart and soul to the task.

In the meantime the place was busy with philanthropic labours. Though the Mayor had refused to be saddled with the entire respon-

sibility for the wounded, he stimulated the city to act as if he had accepted the task. There was then no half-heartedness in the matter. So early as July 27th, the great hospital of the Polygone was begun on the island called Chambière, to the north of the city, between the Moselle and a loop of the river. It was proposed to erect fifty sheds of wood and brick, each 52 mètres by 7. The whole were to be arranged in the form of a triangle, the middle space of which was further devoted to medical offices, kitchens, rooms for consultations, amputations, &c.

Of these fifty sheds, thirty were completed and occupied by September 1st. The failure of the timber supply explained the deficiency. Even as it was, however, good accommodation had thus in little more than a calendar month been provided for fifteen hundred wounded, at fifty for each shed. Yet it was by no means enough. The days between August the 14th and 19th were a terrible test of the new hospital, the number of arrivals being respectively 424, 314, 290, 512, and 1,001. On the 19th the Polygone attained its densest population. There were then 2,270 invalids in its sheds, where space was designed for but 1,500. The twenty doctors, with their ten assistants, had their hands full for the ensuing days. And many a poor fellow was carried from his bed into the dead-house, apart from the main block of buildings, and thence to the cemetery at the extreme northern point of the island.

The Prussians and French lay in these beds side by side, and were treated alike. Many of them also lay eventually in the cemetery in as neighbourly a manner. For subsequent identification in case of need, the Prussian dead were buried with labels round their necks. But after the surrender there was no rush of disinterments. One may read nearly as many Teuton names on the simple iron crosses in the cemetery as French names. August and September, 1870, were greedy months in this suburb of Metz. German officers, who died in the city during the siege, were buried, by order, with the same military honours as French officers.

The sheds of the Polygone were, of course, specially designed to keep aloof typhus and the other scourges incident to the crowding together of a number of wounded. They answered their purpose admirably. Elsewhere in the city fevers added greatly to the mortality; but there was no epidemic here. The ventilation at the roof-line and the passage of air beneath the flooring and the soil did their work well. Confessedly, when the weather grew cold, the sheds were but sorry places of refuge. Still, the Charybdis of death from undue exposure was preferable to the Scylla of death from fever.

A small army of attendants was necessary to look after these two thousand wounded. Of volunteers there was no lack. They were not all of the right kind. Some of them made the most of their opportunities by picking the pockets of their charges. But this abuse was soon detected, and latterly the Polygone was remarkable for nothing so much as the conspicuous self-sacrifice of the nurses and others employed in it. The most unpleasant duties were performed with cheerfulness and alacrity. One old man, for example, took upon himself the collection of the soiled and blood-stained linen which was daily thrown from the various barracks. Another, bent and decrepit, who also worked for love, not pay, shed tears when, after the capitulation, he saw so many of his patients sent off to Germany as prisoners of war. During one of the wet days the kitchen was flooded, but rather than that the invalids should be disappointed of their dinner, the sister of mercy in charge stayed knee-deep in the water for a long time, thus contracting a cold which killed her a few days afterwards.

The sick men were not altogether unprovided with agreeable distractions. The omnibus service from Metz brought them plenty of visitors, including ladies who had saved trifling delicacies of a sort to tempt the capricious and weak appetites of the Polygone. Concerts were got up in the town, and collections made, to buy tobacco for the wounded. After their somewhat meagre meal of horseflesh broth, enriched with a very little lard, the more capable of the men could smoke their pipes in the open, and enjoy the fair society that was offered them. They were not French if this did not suffice, at least for the moment, to make them forget the dolorous calamity with which they were threatened. But even more to their taste than feminine conversation, was the spectacle of that interchange of courtesies between the forts and the besiegers, which continued more or less earnestly until the capitulation. From their island they looked towards the wooded heights of St. Julien upon the one hand, and Plappeville upon the other. Hence the big guns broke forth with a resounding roar now and again. The Prussians themselves were hid from view: but the men watched for the answering puff and echo which should declare their neighbourhood.

The Polygone was the largest hospital of Metz during the siege. It was also the best from a sanitary point of view.

Among other makeshifts to meet the requirements of the time, that of the Place Royale deserves to be mentioned. Here, where nowadays the German garrison march to and fro to the stirring tunes of their beloved national anthems, three hundred cars of the

Eastern Railway Company were amassed, and fitted-up for the wounded. They, too, were soon occupied to their utmost limit. It was a somewhat confined site, and no doubt a danger to the civilians of Metz. But there was no help for it. With twenty-two thousand sick and wounded among a population of seventy thousand (including the twenty thousand country people from the neighbourhood), it was not a time to be over-scrupulous.

The public library of the city was always a welcome resource for many of the wounded in a state of convalescence. In times of peace, if I may judge from my experience the other day, its literature is not in much request. The building itself is a ponderous and rather gloomy one, in the Bibliotek Strasse. Nowadays it includes a small museum of antiquities, and certain other public institutions. But in the library proper I found only a single reader, a German, who sat with his hands buried in his hair, and a look of stubborn melancholy upon his face. The custodian was a Frenchman, and met his requests for information with a testiness that seemed strange in a man of his nationality. With me, however, the man was civil enough. I can scarcely doubt there was racial sympathy and antipathy at the root of the matter. I asked him to show me a volume of the siege newspapers of 1870; and, without a murmur, he brought me volume after volume, and opened them at a convenient angle.

Hither, then, the wounded came in crowds, so that additional tables had to be set up for them. Nor did these suffice. They sat on the floors and the stairs outside, wherever they could find room. To give keener zest to their pleasure, lectures were instituted. Thus, while the boom of the big guns of Fort St. Quentin or Belle Croix might be heard outside, within, these soldiers of France were entertained with such subjects as the following: "Military Life in Metz;" "The Blockade of Metz in 1792 and 1814;" "Metz saved by Harelle the Hatter in 1473;" "The Thirty Years' War in Lorraine," &c. &c. One can imagine they did not listen altogether in silence. It must have been rather a strong sensation to realise, as they did, that they, too, were at the moment in the heart of events which would become historical to their sons and grandchildren.

The newspaper press diverted the townsfolk much in the same way. The *Indépendant*, perhaps the most patriotic sheet in the city, and, for its audacity, an undoubted annoyance to Bazaine, gave as *feuilletons*: "The Siege of Metz by Charles V.," and "The Campaign of Villars against Marlborough." The *Courrier de la*

Moselle, on the other hand, presented its readers with Huber's "Battle of Ants." This was a rare stroke of Gallic humour. It was on a par with the jests of the wounded, as they stood with broken arms and broken heads, outside the medical quarters in a long *queue*, waiting their turn. They said it was like the exterior of the theatres in Paris during the half-hour preceding the play.

Of authentic national news there was, of course, a distinct dearth when the Prussians had encircled the city. The tale of Sedan's downfall arrived late in Metz. It was preceded and followed by rumours of different kinds, which all tended to disquiet rather than satisfy the public. The Metzers believed Bazaine had private sources of information about political affairs. They waited on him in deputations to beg him to share his knowledge with them. The uncertainty and doubt worried them like an accomplished disaster. But Bazaine was not to be badgered or persuaded into complaisance. He declared he knew nothing that they did not know. On the 11th October, he assured the Metzers that since the beginning of the blockade he had not received the slightest communication from the governing powers of France, in spite of all his endeavours. He ends this particular announcement with a patriotic flash that ought to have won favour for him, at least for the moment: "Whatever may happen, one thought alone ought in this emergency to occupy all minds, and that is, the national defence; one cry alone ought to issue from every heart, '*Vive la France!*'"

Thus, half starved, like the people themselves, the journals diminished gradually in size, and changed their complexions. Now and again a fervent duel of correspondence took place between an excited citizen, who wished at all cost that efforts should be made to break the line of investment, and an officer of Ban St. Martin, who made Bazaine's cause his own. But, though the writing was eloquent enough, it must have struck the public that both combatants were fighting in the dark.

Much more in keeping with the state of mind of the average citizen were the columns of mournful soliloquy, which now took the place of leaders and telegraphic news. "What a week we are enduring! Everything sheds tears: eyes, hearts, and the housetops. . . France has misused her gifts. She has glorified herself to excess, and erred in believing that it was enough for her to be beautiful, lavish, and joyous, and that she could conquer the world with her songs. . . . But why prolong this harrowing review of our sorrows. Let us bow our foreheads. Hope has left my heart—the pen falls from my hands."

Distracted as they were towards the end of October by conflicting emotions and anxieties unattended by hopes, they found such sentiments entirely congenial. Some of the matter is the strangest possible blend of French wit and Old Testament wailing. Throughout all this grief, however, there can still be found the energy to rebuke certain fair ladies who have been trying their blandishments upon the artillerymen in active discharge of their duties. The gunners were content to trace a line round their guns, beyond which their visitors were not to step. And, thus standing, the ladies were present at explosions of the most deafening kind. They put their fingers to their ears, to be sure ; but it was to display their shapely little hands rather than to solace their nerves. At least so the bilious pressman straightway surmises.

No one, except perhaps a hero, could be uniformly lighthearted on a diet of horseflesh. I myself have never tasted the meat ; but I have eaten whale, which is said to resemble the toughest kind of it ; and even a little of this hard sinewy stuff made me somewhat lachrymose. Besides, the horses of Metz were in even a worse way than their owners. The stock of fodder was soon consumed. By some maladministration we find certain cavalry officers feeding their horses on wheat (five litres of it daily) in October ; but these were most fortunate quadrupeds. The bulk of their brethren lived in so sorry a fashion that it was a mere farce to divide their poor carcasses into the three categories of first quality, second quality, and "filet." They fell dead of debility and leanness on their way to the slaughter-houses. It is easy to imagine that the "bouillon" and cutlets from such steeds were not strong in nourishing qualities. And yet these starved anatomies were the only source of meat in the city during September and October. About fifty of them were daily consumed. The price of the meat was never very high. In mid-September the common parts were sold at about 3*d.* a pound ; the second best parts at 5*d.* ; and the choicest parts (excluding the "filet," which was the recognised luxury of the city) might be had for 7½*d.* the pound. Nor were the prices any higher the day before the capitulation. But by then there was about as much nutriment in a carpet bag as in the black unsightly lumps which disfigured the butchers' shops.

After the siege a considerable number of horses were offered for sale at from two francs to ten apiece. For their reputation's sake they had better have died and been eaten a fortnight previously.

Milk, lard, salt, and vegetables were the articles of which Metz most felt the lack. Beef at 6*s.* 8*d.* a pound, and eggs at a franc

apiece were manifestly indulgences for the rich alone. But the sudden deprivation of milk was a more serious affair. The death rate of children during the siege was double the normal rate. It could hardly have been otherwise. The mothers could neither suckle nor buy milk for their new-born babes. These, with few exceptions, speedily found their way to the cemetery past the Polygone.

Salt soon ran alarmingly short. It got up to twelve francs a pound. Then some relief was found by the free distribution of salt water from a certain saline spring, which the proprietor generously made over to the city for the time. The chemists also put their heads together and manufactured a substitute for natural salt. Until the capitulation, however, this deficiency was much felt, and declared itself in the ill health of the people. The salt water contained only three parts in a thousand of salt.

Little by little, too, the grocery and other stores lost their stock. The army were the greatest consumers here. Early in the siege the officers made large purchases as if they foresaw a time of hardship. Sugar became almost as rare as salt ; and nothing, after tobacco, was so acceptable a present in the hospitals as a little of it screwed up in a piece of paper. The time came, in fact, when the shops were stripped of their comestibles, save bright-coloured syrups and spices, which are not usually eaten by themselves. The syrups were not quite the things for weakened stomachs, else, no doubt, they too would have gone the way of the rice and other farinaceous goods of the shops.

Most important of all was the bread supply. When but a few hundred quintals of flour remained in the civic stores, the Mayor and the citizens knew that they were near the end of their honourable independence as Frenchmen.

Everything conspired to defeat the hopes which were strong in the city when first there was talk of a siege. The army was the worst incubus of all ; but it was not the only one. No sooner was it known that the French arms had suffered defeat at Spicheren and Woerth, and that the Prussians had turned their faces towards Metz, than the country folk from the red-roofed villages which nestle so fairly in the green hollows within a radius of several miles began to flow into the city. So little doubt had they of their security, once within hearing of its Cathedral bells, that they did not use the opportunities they had of pushing on into the interior of France. They carried their valuables with them ; but they did not always think it worth while to burden themselves with the eatables their wives had accumulated for the winter.

By these means the civil population of Metz was raised from fifty to seventy thousand. The Mayor and Council at length grew alarmed. They issued an order that no villager should be allowed to enter the city gates unprovided with victuals in one form or another. But the order was not strictly enforced. It was hardly likely to be. No Frenchman could resist the pleading of a fellow-countryman with wife and children, who had deserted their home rather than wait to witness the ravages (and perhaps worse) of the invading Prussians.

The Town Council devoted many earnest hours to the consideration of the bread question. A survey of the supplies of flour and grain was made ; and an estimate of their duration was formed. But the accuracy of this estimate was defeated by sundry speculators who were not above trying to profit by their country's necessities. To remedy this, only a certain quantity of flour was allotted daily to each of the bakers, the quantity proportioned to the number of their customers. Abuses soon made this plan unacceptable. The first comers fared well enough ; but the supply was never sufficient for those at the end of the long excited files of people who wrestled with each other for their turn at the counter. Besides, it became notorious that purchasers resold their portions in whole or great part to others at a profit. The military, too, joined in the throng, and, although they had had their own rations, bought additional supplies for themselves and their comrades.

The new plan worked much better. A bread census was taken, whereby it was ascertained exactly how many rations were required daily to feed the inhabitants. Each adult had a full ration, children from four to twelve years old were reckoned at half a ration, and children under four a quarter of a ration. Tickets were then issued to each household and to individuals ; and the bakers received supplies exactly corresponding to the number of full rations required by their district. These could only be distributed upon production of the tickets.

The number of full ration tickets thus issued was 63,370.

Thenceforward the only change was in the quantity of bread allotted as a ration. On October 14th the ration was reduced from 500 grammes, or about a pound and a tenth avoirdupois, to 400 grammes. Four days later it was lowered to 300 grammes. This, though inadequate, was enough to support life ; but it must be remembered further that from October 14th the flour was mixed with 20 per cent. of bran, which materially affected the nourishing nature of the bread.

Until about this time the army had victualled itself from its own resources and certain others which it had annexed. On October 13th, however, the general in command startled the city with a letter that was equivalent to a demand :

“Monsieur le Maire, j'ai l'honneur de vous informer que les magasins militaires des vivres sont complètement vides aujourd'hui même.”

This at once brought Metz within a short distance of starvation. But it must be confessed that the soldiers' rations were reduced to 300 grammes a week earlier than that of the civilians.

At this melancholy epoch in the history of the siege, sickness was exceedingly rife. Fifty or sixty men died daily in the ambulances, and a hundred new-comers were admitted in the best way possible. Surgical operations now were almost invariably fatal. The weather was wet and cold, and fuel for fires was so scarce as to be nearly unobtainable. Dysentery, small-pox, and typhoid fever, of themselves, were accountable for 3,334 deaths, of which 2,266 belonged to the army. The cavalry horses shared in the general mortality. They died at the rate of a thousand a day. No wonder horse flesh was cheaper towards the close of the siege than when the tariff of it was established early in September.

The indigent section of the population naturally suffered more than the rest. They had no reserve stock—however small—hidden away in their cellars. Yet, in the midst of her many troubles, Metz did not forget them. A special subscription was started on their behalf ; and the respectable sum of 103,302 frs. 25 c. was soon raised, due in great part to the generosity of the army. By the aid of this sum, the 6,000 poor of the city were provided with horse flesh to the end of the siege. Fuel, medicine, and small quantities of rice and beans were also distributed in cases of extreme need. In this way nearly fifteen tons of horse flesh were disposed of, at a cost of about £200 only. Needless to say, it was not the toothsome “filet” that thus so inexpensively assuaged the pangs of hunger in the stomachs of the poor.

At the best it was a wretched sustenance for the denizens of the dirty flats in those high old houses on the riverside quays. Though but an eighth part of the city's population, their mortality was more than a fourth of the general mortality. During the five last months in the year, 674 of them succumbed.

No wonder if, in the face of all this privation and despair, the people moved about the streets of the city like shadows of their old selves. There was latterly no brawling or open manifestation of their

exceeding discontent with the lot Fortune had meted out to them. An apathetic resignation possessed them.

It might have been different if they had had the usual opportunities for convivial association in the evening. But to what end, save to grumble in common, could they resort to the cafés in the Place Royale and the Cathedral Square? In the former spot, moreover, the congregation of the sick and dying was quite numerous enough to taint the air not only with a surpassing melancholy, but with infection also. The cafés had exhausted their stores. Even a glass of "eau sucrée" was not to be had without question, and an argument as to the price. Besides, the supply of gas and lamp oil had, like everything else, diminished so that it was husbanded with jealous care. By civic decree all domestic lights were put out at 7 o'clock in the evening. The street lamps burned for two hours longer; but after 9 o'clock, Metz was veritably a "city of dreadful night."

This mood of unnatural calm was suddenly changed by the news which on October 28th stole through the city. The starving citizens had been well prepared for it, but in spite of the hints from head-quarters at Ban St. Martin, they had dimly fancied that it was, after all, an impossible thing that their city should pass as a possession into the hands of the Prussians. Hunger was bad enough; but the shame of this cancellation of their birthright was far worse. It might have been less intolerable if the deed had been wrought by their own chief magistrate. They would then have known, at any rate, that it was inevitable. But to have their liberty signed away by the very man upon whom they had in the beginning relied for a vindication of their honour and fame as Frenchmen—this was a stroke that almost maddened many of them. Instead of proving a bulwark of the nation, he had eaten them out of house and home, and when nothing more was left to eat, consigned them to a fate that was almost as bad as actual servitude.

The capitulation was signed on the 27th. Throughout the 28th Metz was in tumult. At one time it seemed as if the red flag of anarchy would be raised, and the haggard Metzgers would begin to cut each others' throats. Guns were fired at random in the narrow streets. Crowds assembled, and there was much excited haranguing which it would not have pleased Bazaine to hear. From the belfry of the Cathedral the big bell (the beams of which are now scored with the names of German tourists) boomed intermittently. It was not usually rung except on special, and very joyous occasions. This, too, was another dart in the side of the Metzgers. It seemed as if

they were mocked on all hands. The alarm bell of the city also added to the general riot.

One significant sound, however, was wanting. The cannon of the forts were silent. But the outburst of indignation among the people did not last long. Their Mayor, who had behaved so heroically throughout the siege, knew how to calm them. "True courage, my dear fellow-citizens," he explained in a proclamation that was promptly placarded on the walls, "consists in bearing a misfortune without any of those disturbances which only tend to aggravate it." He exhorted them to continue to deserve well of their nation and their fellow-creatures, by being resigned even to the bitter end. And the people obeyed him as they would not have obeyed Bazaine, save under coercion. They left off assailing the house of the general in command of the city; and the excitable national guard ceased their endeavours to induce the regular soldiery to join them in a forlorn desperate attempt to cut their way through the Prussian lines.

The next day the enemy entered the city and took possession of the forts, and the hundred and fifty thousand French soldiers laid down their arms. The streets were comparatively tranquil, notwithstanding the procession of troops. It was under these conditions that Bazaine issued the general order of October 29th to his "Army of the Rhine."

"Conquered by famine, we are forced to submit to martial law in surrendering ourselves prisoners. On divers occasions in our military history, brave troops commanded by Masséna, Kléber, and Gouvion St. Cyr, have experienced the same lot. . . ." &c., &c.

Doubtless a Marshal of France might be expected to know something about the campaigns of the First Empire. Otherwise one would be prone to suspect that Bazaine wrote this general order with the aid of the libraries of Metz. He might even have composed it days before it was issued. It savours rather of erudition than of sincerity.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

AN UNKNOWN OASIS.

WHO that has ever seen the Temple of the Great King at Aboo Simbel can forget the supreme moment when his "Dahabeeah" turned the corner of the last reach of the Nile to the north of it, and far away under the shadow of their great rock he caught the first glimpse of those four majestic figures sitting with their vast hands spread out upon their knees, and the calm contemptuous smile upon their lips? So they have sat and smiled for four thousand years. Dynasties have risen and set; nations have been born and have died; the whole face of the world has changed and changed again; but the great kings smile unmoved. Behind them the desert solitudes stretch without limit, at their feet flows the great river with tide "too full for sound and foam." Silence surrounds them well suited to their calm unchangeableness, for

"Though wild hyænas call, and low winds moan,
Here the true silence reigns, self-conscious and alone."

Not that they are really wholly unchanged, for the hand of tourist, as well as the hand of time, has fallen upon them. The mighty head of one Colossus lies at his feet, and all of them are scored all over with names and inscriptions wrought by men of all times from the days of the old Greek Mercenaries of Psammetichus unto this present; yet they are so great that the first impression they give is that of unchanged and unchangeable majesty. But I have not undertaken to write of the wonders of the Temple of Aboo Simbel. Suffice it to say that on a January evening, many years ago, after slowly beating up the last reach, we anchored just below the Great Temple. The sun had set in glory, the after-glow had died away, and the shadows of night were gathering before we dropped anchor; but we waited until moon-rise to make the nearer acquaintance of the Temple and its god-like guardians. Aboo Simbel was to be our turning-point, and so the whole of the next day had to be spent here while the "Dahabeeah" was refitted for its down-stream journey. That day was destined to be an eventful one for me. The whole morning we spent in prowling about the Temple; and now in the afternoon I had stolen away by myself up the steep slope

of sand which reaches to the top of the cliff in which the Temple is hewn—leaving one friend immersed in affairs photographic, and the other, low be it spoken, busied in carving his name on the rock, yet modestly in a secluded corner, and not with the bolder wit of some tourists upon the nose or cheek of Ramses. Wearied with my climb, I threw myself down under such shade as I could find in that parched wilderness, and the thought of those old Greeks whose inscription upon the leg of the headless statue I had just been endeavouring to decipher, possessed my soul. It was more than a century before the great days of Marathon and Salamis that they had sailed up the river and visited the Temple. Even in their days it was a monument of antiquity, and there it still stood defying the passage of time. But even if somewhat of change had passed over it, here, at least, thought I, in this desolate plateau stretching as far as sight can reach (and how much further), is something that has remained absolutely unchanged in the changing world. Their eyes, if they had climbed the sand slope, must have looked upon precisely the same scene as greeted mine now. I was perhaps beginning to grow a little drowsy, when my thought was uncomfortably irritated into activity by the sight of telegraph wires cutting my range of vision, and disturbing my pleasing illusion that into this region at least no change had entered. I must move to some point from which this disturbing element was not to be seen. My fancy was taken by a conical hill, or hillock rather, at some distance : let me get to the other side of that, I thought, and there will be no possibility of being reminded by any sight or sound of the existence of modern civilisation or modern man. So I started ; but the hill must have been much further off than at first it seemed ; at last, however, I got to the far side of it ; but then I noticed what allured me a little further—for about a hundred yards beyond was a strange chasm in the ground. So level, so clean cut were the edges of this cleft, that at any considerable distance one would look straight over it without being aware of its existence. But from where I now stood it was plainly discernible. I must go this one step further and look over the edge of the chasm. I went, and then was held spell-bound at what I saw.

I looked into a deep ravine, through which a fair stream ran with pleasant rippling sound—some subterranean offshoot from the Nile ; the banks of the stream were clothed with the richest verdure, and at the end of the ravine furthest removed from me was a little grove of palm-trees. But what held me so breathless was not the beauty of the scene, but that under the shadow of the palm-trees I caught

sight of the façade of a temple. The temple must, I supposed, be hollowed out of the rock at the back, as the Aboo Simbel temples are hollowed out of the great rock by the river ; but here the temple was of tiny proportions, and its façade of no Egyptian mould, but Greek in every line. How came it to be hidden away here so far from any haunt of man ? I made my way down the steep side of the cliff that I might investigate this wonder more nearly. But a new wonder burst upon me when I reached the bed of the stream, the sight of which, I confess, would probably have kept me in the desert above had I seen it from my stand-point there. Close by the temple, and not very many yards from the spot I had now reached, stood a majestic-looking man ; his features were of the purest Greek type, but he had a snow-white beard of exceeding length—it reached almost to the ground. It was his beard which gave him the appearance of extreme old age, for he stood erect as a drill-sergeant, and his face, as I afterwards noted, was without wrinkle.

He stood, when I first caught sight of him, beside a pile of roughly-cut wooden logs, with arms outstretched and eyes uplifted to heaven. As I halted, awed by this vision, not knowing whether to advance or retreat, and, indeed, unable from fear to do either one or the other, he turned and saw me. There was no surprise in his glance ; quietly he beckoned me to come to him, and in a voice of great gentleness and rich melody he spoke—

“Come hither, stranger, and fear not to do the deeds which the gods have appointed for thee, for of a surety they have sent thee in answer to my prayer.”

One of the strangest things to me in this strange interview is that I cannot, as I look back at it, in the least recall what the language was in which the old man spoke. It must have been Greek, I suppose ; but my only feeling about it is that there was an archaic flavour in every word, but that otherwise his speech was not unfamiliar to me, nor had I any difficulty in understanding it. I cannot remember that I myself spoke any word at all. The old man moved slowly towards the temple as he ceased to speak, well assured, apparently, that I would follow, for he never so much as turned his head to see whether I did so or not ; but, indeed, it never occurred to me that I had any choice in the matter. I entered the temple immediately after him. I was prepared now for any sight, however strange, and it was a strange one, surely, that greeted me. On the floor of the temple, stark and stiff, lay two corpses of men, old and venerable as my guide. On a tiny altar against the further wall stood three Greek lamps ; the flame in one glimmered feebly, the

other two were cold and dark. Then the old man spoke again pointing to the two bodies as he spoke—

“But one task remains to me in life, and my strength sufficeth not for its accomplishment. I thank the gods, O stranger, that have sent thee at my utmost need. Help me to bear these forth.”

With wondering reverence I obeyed him, and together we carried out the dead and laid them on the pile of wood—a funeral pyre—as I now perceived it to be.

“And now,” said he, “sit down by my side under this palm-tree and thou shalt hear somewhat of my story. Know then that I am Phaon of Mytilene, once beloved of Sappho : madman that I was, I knew not that I loved her until she had died for love of me. Never again hath the love of woman entered into my soul ; but from that day Divine Philosophy became my mistress, and soothed my pain. These, my two friends, of whom the name of one was Chresphontes, and the name of the other Criton, were fellow-servants with me of this my mistress ; and together we talked as we sat on the Lesbian rocks and looked across the dark waters of the unploughed sea, of the nature of gods and men, and of the secrets of life and death. It chanced on a certain day—how long ago that is, I know not, for we have kept no count here of what men call Time—that one told us of a certain ship which was even then setting sail for Egypt with many soldiers on board, who proposed to take service under Psammetichus, the king of that country. Then said Criton, ‘Let us also go with them, for I have ever heard that the priests in Egypt have deeper knowledge of the things divine than any others of the sons of men.’ To this word we agreed, and to Egypt we came. It happened not long after our arrival that an army was despatched into Ethiopia in pursuit of some deserters, and with this army went certain of the Greeks, we being of the number. Our comrades thought only of adventure and plunder ; but we three thought only of how we might perchance gain speech of a certain priest named Amenhotep, whose dwelling was near to the hundred-gated Thebes, and whose repute spread throughout all the land of Egypt for highest wisdom. Stranger, you too have sailed up the mighty river, and know the glories of Thebes ; suffice it then for me to say that we found the dwelling of Amenhotep, who, when he knew that we were not all unworthy, communicated to us mysteries which it were unlawful for me to utter. He it was who gave to us the sacred oil, consecrated with many mystic words, whose flame flickers feebly in my lamp as you saw even now, and hath lately died out altogether in the lamps of my comrades. As long as this sacred oil burnt, so long should the spirit of life abide in

our bodies, yea, and that without need of any earthly nourishment. He it was too, who bade us, when, in our course up the river, we should arrive at the temple hewn in the rock, even the temple of the great king, to leave there our comrades and strike across the desert towards the setting of the sun, until we should come unto a certain valley known to him alone of all the sons of men. Here he bade us fashion for ourselves a temple as best we might, and worship the gods after the manner of our own land ; and here, seeing that he deemed us, of all men that he had known, most worthy, he bade us light our sacred lamps and dwell at ease, unmindful of all grosser cares, with all our thought bent on things divine. Hither in obedience to his word we came, and here we have ever since made our abode ; but I know not whether the time be long or short as men count it, for time with us (or what is called time, for in reality there is no such thing), has not been measured by the journey of the sun, but by the course of our thought. I know not, stranger, how thou hast come hither, save that I deem the gods have sent thee ; it may be that thou too hast seen Amenhotep, and that to thee, as to us, he gave the secret clue to find this spot, and the sacred oil of life, deeming thee also worthy to know things hidden from men. And yet——” and here the old Greek looked me over somewhat superciliously, “ your garb and countenance seem not to me the garb and countenance of a philosopher.” He paused again, and for one moment I feared that he was about to question me of my philosophic attainments. Fear overcame me greater than I had ever known in the examination schools at Oxford. To my intense relief, however, he went on : “ Twice only in the course of time hath foot of mortal man, other than ours, been set within this valley till thou camest. Both these others seemed worthier than thou ; yet, neither stayed with us.”

It was impossible to feel any annoyance—even if I had had room for any other feeling than awe—at this old Greek’s somewhat personal remarks. He seemed to speak from a height so entirely above me. “ First there came one weary and worn and aged—but of noble mien, and proud contemptuous glance. There by the side of the stream he laid him down, and hardly could we move him to speech ; he bade us leave him alone to die. Yet some few words he spoke—words that sounded strangely in our ears—for he spoke of a town, that we knew not of, greater than all the cities of the Greeks. ‘ Strength ’ he called it, yet he ever spoke bitter words against the people, and the tyrant thereof. And if the words he spake were true, it would seem that many hundred years had

passed since we had journeyed to Egypt. But I know not. He spoke not many words, but few; and here ere long he died, and his body we burned. The second that came hither was diminutive indeed in stature, smaller even than thou art——”

[Here was another personality that did seem to me uncalled for. I have ever been wont to consider myself of medium height, but no doubt I looked, as I certainly felt, beside the stately Greek, small enough.]

“But on his face sat power and wisdom planted there by the gods: indeed, as we understood his speech, he called himself one of the Immortals. But when we bade him stay amongst us and enter our temple, he uttered words strange sounding to our ears, and made strange signs with his hands, and fled swiftly up the slope into the desert, and we saw him no more.”

Now each who reads this must determine for himself of whom the old man spoke; I can only repeat his words. Yet it seems to me, though I cannot give any reason for its seeming so, that the two he spoke of were two such famous, but so widely diverse men, as Juvenal and Athanasius. But perchance my thought fell on them without due warrant, simply because I had happened to have these two much in mind of late. In the wearisome delays in the Cataract, I had thought of the exiled Juvenal consuming his soul in those dreary solitudes with which Assouan is girt about—if indeed the story of his banishment there be true. But I had little dreamed of coming upon this confirmation of that story, or that he had ever wandered so much further south, or that I should stumble in so marvellous wise upon the scene of his death. Of the wanderings of Athanasius during the Arian persecution, I had been reading still more lately; I can only conjecture, if according to my supposition the old Greek spoke of him, that he had been in hiding with some Egyptian hermit, who perhaps had made his abode in the very Temple of Ramses, when some such chance, as had brought me, brought him to this mystic valley. He must, as I imagine, have deemed the valley and its occupants an illusion, conjured up by some Arius-favouring fiend, and by calling out his own most orthodox name, and by signing the cross, he had hoped to dismay the Devil. One can easily see how the sound of his name suggested to the Greek that he claimed to be immortal. But of the probability that these things were as I conjecture, let each man judge for himself. After a pause Phaon went on, yet more slowly, and as though he laboured for breath.

“Stranger, I might tell thee many things more wonderful than it

hath ever entered into the heart of man to conceive ; of the passage of this earth through space, of the marvel of the sun and of the stars, of the nature of the unseen power saround us. But what boots it ! As the ages pass the children of men will gain for themselves this knowledge if they be worhty. Moreover, my breath faileth me now, and I can enter on no long discourse ; yet this one thing will I tell thee, the knowledge whereof may serve thee at thy need as thou hast served me at mine. Truest and deepest insight into the essential nature of things, and into the whole meaning of life, and the mysteries that are beyond it, is to be gained not so much by wisdom and learning as through love : do not thou then, I caution thee, ever slight, as I have done, the love of any among the sons or daughters of men ; for love, as I now perceive, is more holy than all philosophy, more precious than all wisdom, outlasteth all learning. Seest thou this ? ”

He drew from his breast as he spoke a withered manuscript.

“ This is the last song that Sappho sang, a song of love for me. Behold, I would give all the knowledge I have gained ten times told, had I while it were yet possible requited her love ; had I lived with her and nourished and brought up children in Lesbos far away.”

As he spoke the fire of youth seemed for one moment to shine in his eyes, and his whole face was transfused with a glorious beauty. Again he paused, and then again, with still more laboured breathing, he went on :

“ Stranger, tarry here, or go, as it pleaseth thee. I go into the temple to watch my dying lamp : ere it is wholly and for ever extinguished I will kindle at its flame this papyrus, which shall be my torch to light the funeral pyre ; my strength will still suffice me to lay myself beside my comrades, and so together with them to be mingled with the elements. Perchance beyond death I shall meet her once more whose words are with me to the end. Perchance along with her I shall enter into that very presence-chamber of omnipotent love where shadows end and reality begins.”

He passed into the temple, and I saw him no more.

* * * * *

It is no wonder that I cannot now recall how I got back to the point from which I had started upon this strange adventure ; but somehow or another I found myself looking again over the Aboo Simbel rock and down upon the river far below. The sailors had done their work for the day now ; and soon I caught the sound of my own name borne aloft in the air. Clearly it must be getting late ; I had been missed, and my friends were calling me. I hurried down

the sand slope so easy of descent, so difficult to climb, and very soon was on board our "Dahabeeah," and changing for dinner. Somehow I could not bring myself to speak then of the things which I had seen and heard, so utterly incongruous did the thought of that old Greek seem to me to be with the commonplaceness of dining. Before daylight next morning we cast off our moorings and had entered on our homeward voyage ; and Aboo Simbel, with its kings and its desert mysteries was left behind us for ever. Yet it may chance to some one who reads this to find himself some day at that wonderful spot ; let him not fail to climb the sand slope and strike across the desert, that so perhaps he too may alight upon this unknown oasis. He will not indeed see all that I saw, or hear what I heard. For the light in the lamp is dead, and with it the soul of the Greek has passed ; but he will see the palm-trees and the temple in their shade, and hear the ripple of the water and the rustle of the leaves. Yet it is just possible that some mighty sand-storm of the desert has swept across this fair spot and for ever hidden it from the eye of mortal man.

WRAY W. HUNT.

TABLE TALK.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

TO a man of prosaic mind it is difficult to follow William Blake in his flights in the empyrean. A man who sees angels associating with hay-makers, and on the hills round Dulwich contemplates a tree filled with angels' "bright wings bespangling every bough like stars," is so far ahead of average humanity that no moderately powerful mental telescope can bring him within view. Blake himself insisted that it was within the reach of all to see the visions he claimed to have seen, laying himself thus open to a retort that no one would be cruel enough or irreverent enough to make. "You can see," said he, "what I do if you choose. Work up imagination to the state of vision, and the thing is done." Some natures, the majority probably, my own certainly, are coarser in fibre, and will not receive impressions of the sort, even were the imagination powerful enough to depict them. I have mixed somewhat with "spiritualists," and have been shut up in dark cabinets with some of the latter-day profifiers by the black—or shall I say the white?—art, and have witnessed some performances for which I could not account, though doubtless Professor Huxley can. These facts have little interest for my readers, and I should not mention them were it not to support my views as to coarsely-fibred natures. On these occasions friends of my own, men of high genius or endowments, of poetic temperament and vigorous faith, saw emanations of faint light, curious coruscations, the waving of fragile and slightly luminous, not to say diaphanous, hands. It is well. I saw none, and yet I tried hard; I could never "work up my imagination to the state of vision."

BLAKE'S PROPHETIC BOOKS.

BLAKE'S prophetic books are to me accordingly meaningless rather than obscure. Ti'iel and Mnetha and Theotormon and Bromion are simply nothing. Blake himself, however, impresses me profoundly, and his early imaginings fill the soul with dreams of delight. His praise has been sung by men able to "call fame," as

Milton says, and it is not far from impertinence on my part to praise afresh a man whom the highest have steadily commended. Has the praise that has been pronounced, however, had any effect upon the general public? Scholars know well, of course, the place of Blake as leader of the nineteenth-century Renaissance. Does not the average reader still hold that between the poetic stagnation that began at the close of the seventeenth century (and lasted until the nineteenth there was only one great lyricist, the Scotchman Burns? In spite of

the teaching of the present day, there are those who yet believe that it is to Waller that our poetry owes its advance from barbarism, or something approximate, to refinement and music. Waller wrote one or two agreeable lyrics, it is true; but his entire literary baggage is not worth a single lyric of Beaumont and Fletcher and Ben Jonson, to leave Shakespeare unmentioned. The lyric gift lasted to the Restoration, and then declined. William Blake was the first to awaken it. He was the first also to inform our reviving verse with imagination, and he was in this and other respects a pioneer of the romantic movement.

BLAKE'S LYRICS.

BLAKE'S Songs of Innocence and his Songs of Experience have been more than once reprinted, and handsome and convenient editions of these rest on my shelves. For the first time, however, I have now in a portable shape the entire poetical works of Blake,¹ the prophetic books as well as the lyrics. With an admirable introduction by Mr. W. B. Yeats, and a characteristic portrait of Blake by Mr. William Linnell, they appear in the Muses' Library, a collection to which I have already drawn attention. Exactly the book to slip into the pocket when going on a short journey is this delightful volume. Mystical enough are some of the early poems—the later poems being entirely mystical, and some of the rhymes are forced enough for either of the Brownings. In one song of twenty lines “year” rhymes with “car,” “shade” with “head,” “lawn” with “morn,” “sky” with “joy,” “song” with “tongue.” Some of these are permissible, but so many in a short poem is startling. What do these things matter? Blake's poems are a source of perennial delight, and may be read again and again. Some of them are indeed ravishing, and many are charged with both tenderness and imagination. They were written at a remarkably early age, moreover—between twelve and twenty for the most part—and are among the most exquisitely lyrical things for

¹ Lawrence & Bullen.

which youth is responsible. I have made a desperate effort to master the prophetic books, but own myself incompetent. Some consolation is found in the utterances of Mr. Wm. Michael Rossetti, an editor of *Blake*, to the effect that the books are unreadable. "They have in large measure," says Mr. Rossetti, "sublimity and power, and invention both of mythology and of imagery." With these and other allowances, however, Mr. Rossetti does not even find them entirely sane performances. "They are dark and chaotic to the extremest degree ; ponderous and turbid ; battling and baffling, like the arms of a windmill when the wind blows shiftingly from all quarters ; full of action as inconceivable as the personages, and personages as insoluble as their acts ; replete with uncouth and arbitrary nomenclature—hieroglyphics sometimes seemingly devoid of demotic equivalents.

DEDICATIONS OF BOOKS.

KINDRED with commendatory verses and the eulogy of friends is the Dedication of Books to patrons and friends¹—a subject on which Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, the well-known antiquary and historian of London, has published a volume. Not the first book is this on the subject, the elder D'Israeli having assigned it a chapter in his "*Curiosities of Literature*," and Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt having compiled a volume which was privately printed by the late Mr. Huth. For a knowledge of the existence of the work last named, which I have not seen, I am indebted to Mr. Wheatley's preface. Acceptable at the outset as the expression of affection for a patron or a friend, the dedication sank in time into shameless flattery, and was hawked about, and bargained over, and sold ultimately to the highest bidder. Something of a lottery must have been this venal process, the profits of which ranged from a couple of hundred guineas paid to Colley Cibber by George I. for the dedication of the "*Non-Juror*," to the couple of crowns paid by the avaricious noodle for the flattery of some pothouse bard. A dedication was, in the seventeenth century, written with the names in blank to be filled in as the author sped in his solicitations to the rich or the great. Not seldom, indeed, some specially hungry writer dedicated different parts of his books to different patrons, and so obtained a treble or quadruple harvest. This practice is even now not wholly abandoned, and gratifying testimony of affection or esteem is occasionally borne to friends by distinguished modern writers. As the

dedication lost its character of an appeal for charity it became less common; in spite of a few gratifying exceptions, it may be held to have practically disappeared.

SOME SCANDALOUS DEDICATIONS.

NEXT to its venality, the most degrading attribute of the dedication, especially in Stuart times, was its fulsomeness. Its irreverence sometimes extended to absolute blasphemy. Mr. Wheatley quotes two lines from a dedication by Crowne—it is practically a dedication, though called an epilogue—to Charles II. and his Queen—

You, sir, such blessings to the world dispense,
We scarce perceive the use of Providence.

One has only to think of Charles II., the most dissolute of monarchs in the most debauched of Courts, to estimate the extent of Crowne's infamy. Instances of profanity all but equal might be multiplied from the works generally of

Those days of wickedness and wit,
When Villiers criticized what Dryden writ.

Banks, in his "Virtue Betrayed ; or, Anna Bullen," says :

This maxim still
Shall be my guide—*a Prince can do no ill !*
In spite of slaves, his passions let him trust,
For Heaven ne'er made a king but made him just.

These lines are in no sense a dedication, and are consequently not given by Mr. Wheatley. They are, however, wholly in keeping with those he supplies. From the monarch the adulation extended to his mistresses, who are credited with the possession of every virtue. The shameless and infamous Duchess of Portsmouth is the recipient of specially loathsome panegyric. It is in ridicule of such subserviency and bad taste that Wycherley, as Mr. Wheatley points out, dedicated his "Plain Dealer" to a noted procuress.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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A SHABBY, SHY MAN.

BY G. B. O'HALLORAN.

CHAPTER I.

IT was quite agreed amongst the ladies of Craggy Doon that this Frenchman was an odious Frenchman. Dumas has shown that every true son of France is open as the day, bold as gunpowder, and equally at ease with both sexes. But *this* was no such man. He was pretty roundly set down as not over honest, seeing that he avoided the public walks for his errands, and crept about by-ways circuitously. He was reckoned, moreover, a miser, for his coat was as threadbare as any in the town, and he had not once visited the tailor since his advent—seven years ago. When it was first announced that the house on the North Rock was to be tenanted by a retired officer of the French Navy, society at Craggy Doon stood expectant, with open arms, so that the new comer had but to walk into its warm embrace. And although Craggy Doon was ready to accept the gentleman upon terms of intimacy without inquiring into his antecedents, he, unmindful of the unique sacrifice, stood aloof and—fell. From the very highest position which a retired officer of the French Navy could possibly hope to occupy at Craggy Doon he fell unpitied to the very lowest. He had slighted Craggy Doon, and Craggy Doon would not forget it.

Foremost in the fashion of that place was Mrs. Coombe-Hardy. Not that she *took* the lead, but, being the daughter of a baronet, the town made her its figure-head, whether she wished it or no. This lady was eminently fitted to sustain the part. She was beautiful, well-to-do, and aristocratic. The men could not help admiring her;

the women could not help hating her. On the death of her husband, some ten years back, there was not a man but had a bit of black stitched on to his coat-sleeve—not out of regret for him, but out of sympathy with her. And sad enough was it for any eye to see her alabaster throat and golden-coiled hair draped in mourning weeds.

When people spoke of the reigning sovereign they would mention her name—Queen Victoria. When they spoke of “the Queen” simply, Mrs. Coombe-Hardy was understood. So Craggy Doon and its beautiful queen held dominion at the edge of the Atlantic. The town stood on the south-west coast of England, in a small bay opening on to the grey ocean. Here the waves rolled in on a heavy swell, and showed their long rows of white teeth eternally. The top end of the bay was definitely shaped off by a slate cliff, which advanced its foot ruggedly into the waters. This was the North Rock, some five hundred feet high, dominating the whole town. At the further end the land gently rose and fell, as though the earthquake that formed the place hovered at that point between two minds. A streamlet to the south offered its estuary as an execrable harbour for a few fishing boats which, be it noted, were generally to be found elsewhere than at home. The finest sight seaward was this fringe of the Atlantic, which, together with an unbroken sweep of sky, filled the vision with the pleasure of abundance. But Craggy Doon did not think much about its sea or sky. First, it was proud of its queen—that always ; then it was proud of the Anvil.—The Anvil stood about two miles from the shore, and was an upright cylindrical rock cleft in twain to the base by the stroke of some primeval giant. There it was left, a standing danger to mariners. At low tide the sand about it was visible from the shore, and at high tide the waves boiled in its chasm.

What Craggy Doon existed upon nobody seemed to know. There were two or three stone and slate quarries in the neighbourhood, which accounted for the good solid dwelling-houses lining the parade. But the quarries were mostly played out now, like extinct volcanoes, and one only was regularly worked. Then there were traces of a fishing industry, for on the wooden stage at the river mouth, ragged cables and rusty fragments of canvas were quietly rotting away. The fact is, commercial enterprise had decayed, and the place subsisted on its reputation. Merchants in London and Liverpool still recalled with affection Craggy Doon “smalls” and “mediums,” meaning slates. Then, again, there was the railway, single track, once flourishing, now unable to pay its first mortgage interest. All these things

pointed to a past period of prosperity. And although affairs were gone to rack and ruin, Craggy Doon could not look decayed, simply because its buildings were all of good stone and *would* not crumble.

During the seven years that the Frenchman had rented the house on the North Rock everything about him changed. He alone remained unchanged. Time seemed to have no effect upon him—only upon his frock coat, which was tenuity itself. He was just as dishonest, just as miserly, every bit as unsociable, as at the beginning. People affected to despise him and his ways, at the same time that they were pruriently anxious to learn what they could about him. So it transpired that he kept a small boat at the foot of the rock in which he was accustomed to make fishing excursions; that he had a wonderful library and curious instruments, with which he was occupied a good many hours daily; that he had been cashiered the French service because he showed the white feather in action. How this last item of intelligence was gained cannot be told with certainty. Like all other rumours it sprang out of unknown space. But perhaps this was how. The gentleman's name was Louis Couard. Craggy Doon looked at its dictionary, and found that *Couard* was French for *Coward*. Then, smartly putting this and that together, they set him down as such. So great hold^d did this take upon the public mind, that he was thereafter currently known as *The Coward*. But Couard always kept his coat buttoned up, else might they have seen fastened to his breast a medal, stamped with the legend of grateful France.

There was but one class of people in the town with whom he got on—the children. That was the only redeeming feature in his otherwise barren character. For children he would do anything, and they, let it be said to his credit, were equally willing to do what they could for him. The society of children was the single favour he asked of the town, and the town rigorously refused. Boys and girls received instructions from their slighted parents to slight *The Coward*. Yet, notwithstanding parental authority, he was always sure of a juvenile companion should he venture along the front.

It was a bright morning in April that M. Couard sat on the rail at the north end of the parade, which here curved inwards out of sight of the rest of the town. Between his knees stood a little boy about ten years of age, with a face at once ingenuous and refined, yet bold enough to indicate a spirit of considerable purpose. They were examining a bright sword together. The boy seemed charmed, and was never tired of turning it from side to side to make

it flash in the sunlight. His hand hardly sufficed to encircle the haft. Several times already had it been proposed to return the weapon to its scabbard, but the delighted youngster would not let it go.

“And what made you leave off being an officer?”

M. Couard looked amused. His speech was hesitating, and full of French mannerism.

“*Mon Dieu !* Because that there was a change of Government,” said he ; “and the new Government, it did not like me too much.”

“What a shame !” cried the lad with real indignation. Then he paused to make a further scrutiny of the shining blade. The subtle lines of the engraving were a marvel of delicacy; the hilt, with its golden tassel, conferred an indisputable privilege on the hand that grasped it ; at least, so thought he.

After pondering a few moments he looked up. “They say down the street that you are a coward. That’s not true, I know. A sailor is not afraid of anything, is he?”

The boy’s face was full of the confidence which counts on an affirmative reply. But the reply was furnished in a manner very different from what was expected, for, round the bend at that moment came Mrs. Coombe-Hardy, with majestic step, as became a sovereign traversing her dominions. She was quite near enough to recognise the two figures in front of her, and, stiffening her carriage a little, she coldly approached them.

The boy’s question was still in his ear—“A sailor is not afraid of anything, is he?” He was a sailor, or had been, by profession, and he must now answer that question. Mrs. Coombe-Hardy was steadily nearing, her cheek bearing a slight tint of anger. To M. Couard this tint was more terrible than “the blush of the battle.” He tried to hold firm. He called to his aid those powers which had formerly enabled him to stand unmoved in the midst of flying bullets and bursting shells. His conscience told him he was in the wrong—that he had made a secret appointment with a child, which, of itself, was contravening the sentiment of the whole town. After all, he was not so brave as the legend on the hidden medal would have the world think, for, turning about, he leapt over the sea-wall on to the beach below ; then, taking advantage of the friendly protection of the neighbouring rocks, he crept away, surrendering the position without even a show of resistance.

A spirited fellow, truly !

CHAPTER II.

THE situation was strange. The boy stood silent, surlily eyeing the ground, and clinging steadfastly to the abandoned weapon. His mother (for it *was* his mother) now that the real cause of her wrath was removed, became mildly angry. She scolded him tenderly, and he, always sensitive to delicate treatment, felt the censure keenly. Looking up, he drew a long sigh, and with that the tears of repentance sprang to light. But soft lips leaned down to him, and joining their kisses to his, gently quenched the sorrow at his heart. Mrs. Coombe-Hardy's kisses to her son were not of the perfunctory kind, but given to lingering, as being burdened with abundance of comfort. To use a homely phrase, he was the apple of her eye—and fine fruit too. Not only had he the outward semblance of beauty, but was sound and beautiful right through to the core.

Craggy Doon had never witnessed so curious a spectacle as was seen that day. Mrs. Coombe-Hardy, in broad daylight, walked the length of the parade—her little son in one hand and a naked sabre in the other. Her accustomed friends meeting her thus forgot their greeting, and only stared blankly at the bare steel. The ladies, not content with taking a view from the window, were guilty of so violent a breach of etiquette as to stand on their doorsteps, compelled into dumbness. The men, with more feeling but hardly less curiosity, slunk into protected angles, and gazed. Only the children were downright honest. They toddled after in promiscuous procession, ragged and rich brought to a level by the passion of inquisitiveness. They thought the sword was lovely, and they said so. They also wondered what she was going to do with it, and they expressed the same frankly. Even after the lady had entered her house, the youngsters were hanging about in a critical crowd, quite paralysed as to hoop-bowling and kite-flying.

Meanwhile, The Coward got safely home too, with the empty scabbard. As befits a coward, he fell into a very lethargy of cowardice, and sat, and sat gloomily for hours. At last he was roused by a summons at the house-door, and there he received from the hands of a servant his lieutenant's sword (lost in action), and a note worded in this manner :—

“Mrs. Coombe-Hardy begs to return to M. Louis Couard his sword. She regrets the tardiness of its restoration, which might have

been accomplished much earlier had not the owner himself deprived her of an excellent opportunity. She is more than surprised that anyone should entrust to the keeping of a child so dangerous a-weapon; and she will be gratified if M. Couard will in the future dispense with the society of her son."

The Coward was already sufficiently humiliated by his own reflections, but these sarcastic lines forced him to far lower depths, and added a bitterness superior to his own. Her language stung him. Whatever else he may have been he was at least sincere in his affection for children, and for no child had he a greater affection than for Willie Coombe-Hardy. Weeks passed away without his setting foot in the town, and many more might have passed in the same manner but for a certain incident.

It was one evening in May that The Coward from his fortress watched the sunset with much interest. It was a period of atmospheric disturbance, when thunderstorms give voice. The sun itself was unusually red. It settled down menacingly behind the waters, making the sea out there look the colour of burgundy. The ancients averred that they could hear the hot sun hissing as it sank into the ocean at the close of day. Such a sound must have been ominous even to the imagination. But The *Coward* heard through the heavy silence a far more ominous sound—as yet a faint murmur, but signifying the approach of a great voice which should not be long in arriving. There were two or three threads of cloud lying low on the horizon, and although the blue of the oversky was clear of all such, yet it seemed to be tarnished with a plague of greyness. Presently those threads on the sea-line rose up and advanced, bringing in their train an ocean-wide robe of purple and black. The wind began moaning. You could see the track of its heralds nearing the shore, for as it bounded in over the waters it stooped a moment to engrave a million lines on every wave.

"Il vient ! l'ouragan !" said the watcher. He put his binoculars up to have a glance round while the light lasted, and, fastening his gaze on the Anvil, he discerned not very clearly a figure on the rock, evidently in search of gulls' eggs. This was interesting. At the base of the rock, with its nose resting on the sand, was a brightly-painted dingey. There was no mistaking its colours. It was the "Viking," proudly owned property of Willie Coombe-Hardy, importuned from his mother and grudgingly granted by her. Therefore, the figure on the rock must be that of Willie himself. As this deduction presented itself to M. Couard's mind, he turned cold. He turned still colder when the dingey, caught by the rising wind, quietly lifted its

nose from the bank and floated shorewards. It was just low tide, and he knew that at high tide the rock would undergo a rough scouring.

Meanwhile those black and purple clouds from the south-west had slid right over the sky, shaking out of their folds a gale of wind fit for the functions of fury. This sprang to earth and baited the sea. The sea retorted, and began to show its great green fangs. Out of its many mouths came the heavy clamour of storm, contrasting strangely with the patient silence of the land. The rock pipits were blown miles up the meadows, or hurried against the house-fronts. Only the gulls were undisturbed; they rested in the jaws of the sea, unheeding the ferocious voices around them.

The wind had swept everybody indoors, save three who stood on the front; two were worn-out old fishermen—they could hardly stand in the gale—the other was Mrs. Coombe-Hardy. She also, through her glasses, had observed what had happened on the Anvil Rock; and now she was here to implore these old men by appeals to their generosity, to their bravery, to their manhood, and to their religion, to put out and rescue her son. The poor fellows looked sorrowfully at her young face and found it hard to do anything but obey. Then they looked seawards; watched the big breakers making a hell's riot on the beach; looked at the terrible face of the sea itself, and saw Death written in every hollow. They staunchly refused but, be it said to their honour, with tears. Then they proffered consolation—suggesting that he might stay on the Rock till the storm abated.

Suddenly the elder man of the two touched his companion's arm and pointed eagerly. The younger followed the direction of his finger with a practised eye.

"Yes! The Coward!"

CHAPTER III.

MRS. COOMBE-HARDY strained her vision to the utmost, but could see nothing for blackness. What *they* saw was this.

Out from behind the shelter of the North Rock came a small boat. She was labouring towards the open. Fitted simply with a lug-sail, and that double reefed, she tossed along on the port tack. Her short length was all against her, for she bridged nothing, but plunged her nose into every hole, and rose too late to escape the shock of the crested ridges. It was slow work. The waves brushed

past on their way to the shore, shouldering her backward as much as they could. But she only ducked and lifted, ducked again, choked, and crawled painfully on. Out further, where the seas were breaking each other's backs, she careened over unpleasantly, letting the water skim in above the lee gunwale. Instead of capsizing, she dipped so low that the lee cringle, or more, was buried for a space in the briny, whilst her nose swung like an irresponsible pendulum, betwixt heaven and earth.

Inboard things were scarcely better. It's a pity that little lug-sail would not admit of triple reefing; the wind got such a hold on it as nearly to tear it away from the halyards. The halyards, in their turn, tried to tear out of the boat's frame the belaying-pin to which they were made fast. But the pin would not budge, and the halyards would not snap, and the man at the tiller would persist in slacking out the sheet a bit when the strain was on the point of succeeding. So the wind swooped through in a greater rage than ever. The yard played a devil's tattoo on the mast, and the mast fairly danced in its bolts.

In the stern all this time sat The Coward. With tiller in one hand and sheet in the other he watched his game. Not the same man at all as fled from before Mrs. Coombe-Hardy the other day, but a cool, serene navigator, with a marvellously sharp instinct for broken water. From beneath the brim of an oilskin hat his eye looked keenly but calmly forth, picking a path. When not on the watch he occupied his leisure moments (ye gods!) in baling out the boat with a tin pannikin—a process not indicative of great seamanship, but done purely for the sake of keeping afloat, for the waves now were breaking over the bows worse than ever, so that M. Couard, at the lowest estimate, was always in water up to the ankles.

Having laboured long enough on one tack he prepared to try the other. Even he, seaman as he was, afterwards admitted it was a dangerous moment. He was a man who had not studied the sea for nothing, and he had observed that two extremes often lie close together. Therefore, after passing through a nasty patch of sea, he took advantage of the comparatively calm water immediately contiguous. He put the tiller down and let go the sheet. The boat with much uncertainty at length came up in the wind, shook, and fell off on the other side. He then stepped rapidly forward, topped the yard round the mast, hooked down the tack, and flattened in the sheet.

It required several reaches to make the Anvil, and it was three hours before M. Couard was near enough to discern the features of

the rock itself. At length the time was ripe for getting ashore ; so he shook out both reefs, and let her off a point. The wind felt the change in an instant, and being enabled to take a larger grip of the sail, it hurried the little craft along with such strength as to drive it up high, but not dry, on the sand.

There stood Willie, startled from the crushing darkness of fear into a paroxysm of delight by this apparition. He sobbed and laughed in the same breath. Grief, for many hours past, had been passionately flowing in his heart, and had become a current of such volume as not at once to be checked by a trifle like salvation. Perdition to him was blacker than salvation is bright ; and so with all of us.

Meanwhile, things are not idle on shore. The two fishermen judged that if the Frenchman were not capsized (which seemed most likely) he would make for the harbour on his return, as it would be quite impossible for him to land on the beach. Hastening down, therefore, to the river mouth they procured a ship's light, and ran it up to the head of the flagstaff. It might be of some use. Mrs. Coombe-Hardy was there, too, hindering them with a hundred questions—standing for minutes together full in the shriek of the storm, till one of those kind old fellows got betwixt her and the wind, little as he cared for it. But she, like a wounded bird, only fared forth again and again aimless. She was parched with terror, and the gale toyed roughly with her golden hair, blown loose of its coiling.

They all watched hopefully that hopeless sea—two life-long sailors of practised vision looking for a sail, and one young suffering mother, of quite unpractised vision, looking for a son. And presently and breathlessly she said, "He is coming !" But the men peered keenly and pitied her mistake.

"Cannot you see him now?" she cried. "There !" and she pointed.

She was right ; for in another minute a mean little boat with a reefed lug-sail came lurching in at the harbour mouth. Though the wind was shrieking she seemed to swing up the reach in the silence of death. A man sat in the stern-sheets. With one hand he gripped the tiller, and with the other he held to himself the figure of a child.

It were foolish to attempt a description of the scene which then took place—it were almost impious. Such scenes so far transcend the power of language that they could be expressed by one medium only—music. That might perchance be able, imperfectly, to deal with the grandeur of grief released and the resurrection of joy. To the musician, then, we leave it.

To Mrs. Coombe-Hardy that night was the beginning of another life. And so she told M. Couard, while he, and she, and Willie sat in her cosy parlour. Before this man she was humbled from the pride of beauty, of birth, and of power, to recognise in him a creation superior to human beings as hitherto known unto her. And he, infinitely ashamed at the delicate reverence with which she was treating him, felt how unworthy he was of it ; felt he would far rather have her sting him, as she had done in that bitter letter. But, for those cruel lines he read in her eyes, whenever he was bold enough to glance up, a passionate apology.

For weeks afterwards M. Couard was the undisputed hero of this part of the country, and on that very account he kept more than usually clear of the town. Still, a day never passed but Willie and his mother went up the North Rock and talked with the student. He was a delightful talker if he chose, and was willing to talk on any subject save one—the rescue. At the mere mention of it he would bow his head, just touched with honourable silver, and sink into silence.

DICKENS CURIOS.

AMONG the singular bibliographic developments of the day, is the eagerness for early contemporary editions of the great Dickens's works. And it is no ephemeral craze, for the prices steadily increase every year. Nor is it so fantastic or meaningless a hobby as might be supposed; it seems to be justified by the actual merit of the books in question, which are limited in number, and cannot be renewed or supplied on demand. A great part of the attraction is owing to the individuality of Dickens himself, which, as it were overflowed from his writings; and also to the great share which he took in the preparation of the editions. This is proved by the fact that this "gust," as Johnson would call it, is usually for particular works of the author where he exhibits this spontaneity to the full; and it will be found that these early works exhibit a sort of character and individuality that is lacking in their fellows. For "Bleak House," "Dombey and Son," "Our Mutual Friend," "Little Dorrit," for instance, there is a comparative indifference which is justifiable, as they are of the one type, and the illustrations seem poor and rather monotonous. "Machining" had brought a dull uniformity, so that it is almost impossible to distinguish one impression from the other.

But, on the other hand, the "Sketches by Boz," "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock," and the set of Christmas Books have a dramatic *vivacity*, as it were, and a significance. There are innumerable variations and changes: the plates, print, paper, binding even, are of high merit and artistic value. Elaborate and costly as are the works of our time, they cannot be compared for individuality with these older works. It is impossible to take one of them in your hand and not to be attracted. We are struck by the variety of the *format*—the shapes and treatment which seem to be the result of the "form and pressure" of the author's exuberant versatility. The issues in portions or fragments which were by-and-by to be a single volume, a number of distinct "parts" which were yet to be a whole, was in itself a *bizarre*, quaint notion; yet here again the form was but the logical

result of the author's treatment of his work. So with the tall, almost quarto shape of "Master Humphrey's Clock," which is altogether unique in its arrangement of the type and illustrations; and so, too, with the very elegant little set of Christmas Books, which are gems in their way.

In a work recently published, "The History of Pickwick," I have given very fully an account of all that could be collected in reference to the alterations, to the changes of artist, and the rest, in that book. There indeed seems to have been such a "superfoetation of vitality" in the work that these changes and developments seemed to reveal themselves spontaneously. They were owing a good deal to the buoyant spirits and irrepressible energy of the author, who was so exuberant in his ideas. Not only did the "numbers" differ from the completed work, but issues of the same number differed from each other. The study of the variations in the plates has become most elaborate, and these curious changes are not merely capricious or technical ones, but have a meaning, and therefore offer an interesting inquiry.

It may be said, too, that the plates, for spirit and execution, are really unique. It is enough to contrast them with those of any modern illustrated work to see their superiority. They are regular pictures and scenes, full of life, movement, and animation. They are almost stories. The figures move and have their being. The truth is, that the author took his share in the composition, inspired and directed it.

The collector nowadays must, perforce, have his "Pickwick" in the original numbers, considering it logically as twenty separate divisions of a work, each complete; for each number offers something characteristic of its own in the shape of addresses from the author, advertisements, in a kind of natural growth or accretion. Early impressions of the numbers are sought for with avidity. In their green wrappers they are carefully cleaned, smoothed, and even tenderly repaired and restored at the joinings and edges. Cases or boxes are made specially to hold and preserve them. The late Frank Marshall possessed, or believed that he possessed, the choicest and most perfect set of "Pickwick" in existence, though we have heard it stated by a dealer or two—probably envious—that though a good and "sound" copy, it must have been a little "*faked*," as it is called, or manipulated, like an old picture. The reader will be interested by the following description of it, which fairly enough summarises the "points" of a thoroughly good and correct "Pickwick."

Description of a remarkable copy of the "Pickwick Papers," in the original monthly parts, having every peculiarity that distinguishes the very earliest issue of each part throughout. The title runs: "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. Containing a faithful record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the corresponding members, edited by 'Boz,' and illustrated with 43 etchings by R. Seymour, R. W. Buss, and 'Phiz' (H. K. Browne)." A fine untouched copy, in the original twenty monthly shilling parts, with all the pictorial wrappers designed by Seymour. The following are some of the distinguishing features, marking the difference between this and an ordinary copy in parts: Part I.—On the front wrapper are the words "With four illustrations by Seymour." (The later issues have simply "With illustrations.") On the back wrapper, outside, is the interesting address announcing the publication of the "Library of Fiction." The four etchings are from the plates *actually etched by Seymour himself*, not, as in later issues, from those re-done by "Phiz," but called Seymour. Part II.—On the front wrapper the words "With four illustrations by Seymour," as in Part I., and on the back wrapper the announcement of Part II. of the "Library of Fiction." Seymour had scarcely finished the third plate, "The Dying Clown," for this number when he committed suicide. There is the "Address to the Public," by Mr. Dickens, dated April 1836, in this part. Part III.—On front wrapper are the words "With illustrations by R. W. Buss." (The artist's name is left out in later issues.) In this number is the first separate advertisement that appeared in "Pickwick," viz., a 12mo leaflet of 4 pp., page 1 of which reads: "In a few days, price two shillings, Sunday under Three Heads, by Timothy Sparks," and a verse of four lines, evidently written by Dickens. Page 2 announces, "Now publishing, the 'Pickwick Club,' edited by 'Boz,' and each monthly part embellished with two illustrations by R. W. Buss." On page 3, "Now publishing, 'The Library of Fiction,' &c." Page 4, some advertisements of travelling and hunting maps. This part has, of course, *the two etchings by Buss*, afterwards suppressed, and others by "Phiz" substituted, and an interesting address by Charles Dickens on 2 pp., announcing that the following numbers will be issued in an improved form. There is also a verbatim copy of a letter "Boz received from a gentleman who evidently thought very little of his work. At the end of the part is the 4-page advertisement of Rowland's "Kalydor," the first paid advertisement that appeared in the book. The back wrapper announces No. 3 of the "Library of Fiction." Part IV.—In this part the first illustration is the one sent by "Phiz" as a specimen of his work; in the right-hand corner of the plate are the letters N E M O. The second illustration bears no signature at all. *These are the very earliest impressions of these plates*, and were evidently struck off before "Phiz" had executed the substituted plates in Part III. Parts V. to XX. are all the earliest issues, with all the advertisements and the two addresses in Parts X. and XV. The vignette title has the word "Veller" on the sign-board, subsequently altered to "Weller." All the parts are dated on the wrappers 1836.

Of another copy offered for sale by the Tregaskis, we are told it is

the original edition, bound up from the twenty shilling parts issued in green paper wrappers designed by Seymour, all of which are here, and dated 1836; also the rare notices which appeared only in the earliest issue of Parts X., XV., and XVII., the 43 etchings of Seymour, Buss, and "Phiz," and 127 extra plates

by Onwhyn, "Phiz," and Seymour, the whole forming two volumes, demy 8vo., magnificently bound in whole polished maroon morocco, super extra, leather joints; the exterior perfectly plain, the interior a lovely doublée of blue morocco, Roger Payne tooling, watered silk fly-leaves, *uncut, leaves measure* $8\frac{3}{4}$ by $5\frac{3}{8}$. Price £30.

Mention has been made by bibliographers of Dickens of the fact that he, in his anxiety that the illustrations of "Pickwick" should be in perfect accord with the text, frequently had a plate altered several times and even cancelled while it was passing through the press, the result being that to a careful observer a considerable difference is apparent between plates of the earliest issue and those of a slightly later date—a comparison of these alterations forming an interesting study. The above copy contains some plates *in four such different states*. The engraved title and frontispiece each produced twice are here; the hanging sign on the title of the earlier issue, with the word "Weller" spelt "Veller," forming the title of Volume I. in this copy, and the corrected plate of later issue being placed at the commencement of Volume II. Nor were these differences confined to the plates alone—the signature of the artist, H. K. Browne, varied sometimes; his earliest etching was signed "Nemo," one not at all, but most of them bore his sobriquet of "Phiz."

These numbers must be of great interest to the Dickens Collector, as they contain the *whole of the illustrations in all states* (before letters, with lettered impressions of the plates, and with the addition of the publisher's name and address). Many of the etchings were collected by the late Crawford J. Pocock, Esq., of Brighton, and have been completed by the advertisers, and will serve to show the evolution of the illustration of the first edition of the "Pickwick Papers." *No less than ten copies of the first edition have been used to produce this remarkable copy.*

Another dealer into whose hands it passed described it as "magnificent," and adds with perfect truth that

It is most striking, when these illustrations and those in ordinary copies are placed side by side, to see the entire difference. In all probability not more than some 200 or 300 of these earliest numbers were printed, and these were not offered for sale to the general public, but sent hurriedly to the reviewers, after which use the great majority would find their way into the waste-paper basket, thereby greatly increasing their scarcity, and in consequence of which the advertisers do not hesitate to state that such another copy could not again be obtained at any price.

This comparison here alluded to is most striking indeed, for the first illustrations are delicate, velvety, and graceful; but the latter ones are coarse, hard, and rough. It may be said here, that so markedly *individual* are the illustrations, that, presented without them, "Pickwick" always seems mutilated or abridged. And so absorbing was the fascination of "Pickwick," that numbers of artists were drawn into supplying fresh and fresh illustrations, all of which the collector is compelled to recognise. These parasitical growths are no doubt part of a disease; in nearly all cases they are discordant and inscrutable, and only serve to confirm the merits of

the original designs. Strange to say, these are now set up as rarities, and partake of the favouring gale.

Evidence, therefore, of the enormous popularity of Dickens's early writing was the quantity of these "extra illustrations" that were supplied. For "Pickwick" there were the following :

1. The set of 40 plates, by Alfred Crowquill, entitled "Pictures Picked from the Pickwickians," published by Ackermann in 1837. For these 15 guineas have been asked.

2. "Pickwickian Illustrations," by Heath. Twenty in number. Published by McLean, of the Haymarket, in 1837.

3. Strange's Illustrations. Five in number.

4. Sir John Gilbert's. Seventeen in number.

5. Pailthorpe's. Twenty-four etchings.

6. Onwhyn's. Thirty-two extra illustrations by "Sam Weller." In 1846 Onwhyn issued eight more, to illustrate the first cheap edition of "Pickwick."

Recently twelve more plates by Onwhyn have come to light :—

Plate mark 9 by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Price the set, India proofs, 30s. ; etching coloured by Pailthorpe, 25s. This set of plates was designed and etched in 1847, and have been recently discovered by the Onwhyn family, from whom they were purchased, and are now published for the first time. Apart from the interest attaching to the illustrating of so phenomenal a book of the century as "Pickwick," by an artist of the time, and a book-illustrator of note, the designs have decided merit of their own, and will be welcomed by every collector of the works of Charles Dickens. They possess also the advantage of being of a size suitable for insertion in *any* edition of the work.

"Alfred Crowquill" was one Robert Forrester. In the Heath case you must see the "label is on one side." The copies, too, are rarely found "in an untouched state." Get "the pictorial wrappers" if possible, and no "jagged edges."

There is a quaint enthusiasm here that is refreshing. Note the phrase "untouched copy"—as though it were some rare old picture. But these "untouched" copies will unhappily suggest other copies that have been "touched," or "faked."

Though it is not quite *à propos*, I cannot resist inserting a curious tribute to "Boz's" medical instinct displayed in "Pickwick" and other works. The *British Medical Journal* says that

None, except medical men, can judge of the rare fidelity with which he followed the great mother through the devious paths of disease and death. In reading "Oliver Twist" and "Dombey and Son," or "The Chimes," or even "No Thoroughfare," the physician often felt tempted to say, "What a gain it would have been to physic if one so keen to observe, and so facile to describe, had devoted his powers to the medical art!" It must not be forgotten that his description of hectic (in "Oliver Twist") has found its way into more than one

standard work in both medicine and surgery (Miller's "Principle of Surgery," second edition, p. 46; also Dr. Aitkin's "Practice of Medicine," third edition, vol. i. p. 111; also several American and French books); that he anticipated the clinical researches of M. Dax, Broca, and Hughlings Jackson, on the connection of right hemiplegia with asphasia (*vide* "Dombey and Son" for the last illness of Mrs. Skewton); and that his description of epilepsy in Walter Wilding, and of moral and mental insanity in characters too numerous to mention, show the hand of a master. It is feeble praise to add that he was always just, and generally generous, to our profession. Even his descriptions of our Bob Sawyers, and their less reputable friends, always wanted the coarseness and, let us add, the *unreality* of Albert Smith's.

Nothing strikes us so much in modern publishing as the lack of taste and elegance in the decorations and treatment of books. There used to be an artistic *feeling* and grace, which was extended to paper, illustrations, and bindings. One spirit seemed to combine and direct these elements. There was a homogeneousness. In evidence of this truth we have only to look at the works issued by Mr. Ruskin, Moxon, and others of that era. The early Tennyson volumes are delicate, graceful things, works of art, even to the tint of the green cloth. The later issues are rude, coarse, and unpleasing. Above all, the five little Christmas Books of Dickens are the most charming, enticing little volumes that can be conceived. They seem to be "entire perfect chrysolites." This, however, rather applies to the first, the "Christmas Carol," which is perfect in the writing, print, paper, binding, and illustrations. Every one concerned showed *feeling*. The pictures suited the story, for they were done by the author's own friends; the binding, though only in cloth, might be treated as permanent; the gilding of the edges was a different thing from the system now in vogue. We need not wonder at the high prices asked and given, viz., from one to five pounds, "according to condition." Much of the attraction was owing to the excellence of the materials and workmanship. As we know, nothing becomes more squalidly unpleasant or mean than a cloth-bound book of our day; with every year its squalidness increases—the bad paper decays, the bad print fades, the badly dyed cloth loses colour. But these Christmas tales seem to mellow and improve, the fresh colour does not fade, the gilding brightens, the print grows more brilliant.

These little books, it is known, were illustrated by Leech, Stanfield, Doyle, Tenniel, in a most charming, graceful, and fanciful way. They seemed really inspired. The etchings of the "Carol" were brilliantly coloured by hand, after a fashion that was then popular. The frontispiece of Mr. Fezziwig dancing, which is faced

by the delicate title in coloured lettering, lingers in the memory. Nothing can be more artistic, also, than the fashion in which some of the illustrations are blended with the text—treated on such occasions with a delicate reserve, though not obtrusive. They seemed designed for their places : very different from the modern treatment of such things, where the text is violently dislodged and disordered to make room for them. Even in these little books we find curious variations, as in the case of “the earliest issue of the first edition, with ‘Stave I.,’ that was afterwards altered to ‘One,’ and the end-papers green, original pictorial cloth, a very beautiful copy, being simply *as bright and fresh* as on the day of publication.” Another copy is described as being in the “*original pictorial cloth, in the most beautiful condition that it is possible to imagine, even the silver tissue papers are there.*” This is an honest enthusiasm, and not undeserved. The “silver tissue papers,” by the way, are often torn out, as it is thought they stain or “fox” the plates. Another copy is “a thoroughly good one, but not so *fresh.*”

The title is daintily printed in red and blue characters. But there was a copy lately offered in “the original *brown* cloth,” and which was “in a very rare state, the title being printed in red and *green.*” It had no statement as to the edition, and though the date was 1844, “it may have been the earliest issue of 1843,” as the publishers often ante-dated their books. A complete set of good editions, “‘The Carol’ in brown, the others in red cloth, 1843–1848,” has been offered for ten guineas. “The Battle of Life,” it seems, has “A Love Story” printed in a simple scroll, and underneath the publisher’s name, address, and date, 1846, which is a variation.

In appraising the old Elzevirs there are the most minute points to be considered—a little bull’s head wanting on one of the pages, and you have bought the wrong one, and worthless, edition. A misplaced word makes all the difference. So in the case of “The Chimes,” the earliest issue has the publishers’ names *on* the engraved part of the vignette title, *not* underneath.

Fancy the pains and searching investigations that can discover such points as this. We have also a facsimile reproduction of the author’s original manuscript, with an introduction by F. G. Kitton, in 1850, of which only fifty copies were printed, reproduced on Whatman hand-made paper.

With what pleasant associations of childhood is Thomas Tegg associated ! In those early days we knew Thomas Tegg perfectly. His books were charming books—charmingly “got up,” the wood

engravings spirited and delicate. Peter Parley issued a Penny Library in 1842, with some odd abridgments of Dickens stories: "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," and the "Picnic Papers," abridged from Charles Dickens's "Master Humphrey's Clock," &c., illustrated with a portrait of Dickens, and twenty-six original cuts of characters and incidents in the novels that appear in no other work.

This unusual proceeding was done with the approval and permission of Dickens, and the volume is dedicated to him. This publication somewhat comes in aid of the theory that Dickens was the author of "Sergeant Bell's Raree Show," another capital child's book, also published by Tegg.¹

Some years ago there was offered a rare Dickensian treasure. Everything about the "Christmas Carol" is attractive and inviting. It is bound up with innumerable graceful and tender associations; the little book suggests the old delights of the first reading—an old long-forgotten night of exquisite pleasure; the picture-scenes are as of real personages; we hear the voice of the author as he read it. This was—

The seven original drawings for the illustrations, namely: Marley's Ghost (in pencil and water-colours); The Old Ghost in a White Waistcoat; The Last of the Spirits; Mr. Fezziwig's Ball (in pencil and water-colours); "The Spirit dropped beneath it"; "'Deny it,' cried the Spirit"; Scrooge and Bob Cratchit.

This series of drawings (we are told) to one of Dickens's most famous books was formerly in the possession of the artist's daughter. But few books have been ushered into existence with a happier accompaniment of illustrations than the "Christmas Carol"; and Leech's designs (a beautiful demonstration of the friendship subsisting between author and artist) may justly claim some share of the celebrity belonging to the book. Bound in a copy of the "Carol" they would make the grandest copy extant. A single drawing for "The Battle of Life" was sold by auction recently for £35.

The price demanded for the set was £240. What would the author and the artist have thought of such a thing! This has probably found its way to my friend Mr. Wright, of Paris, who has a matchless collection. One of the most curious oddities connected with the "Carol" is, that there is an edition dated 1844, which has no number of the edition on the title. Though the book was published in 1843, this edition of 1844 is held to be actually an older one—I know not why.

All this may seem far-fetched, fanciful, and trivial enough; but it must be recollected that these books stand upon their merits, and that they are as rare as they are artistic, or rather, that they are rare because they are artistic. The books of other writers almost as popular as Dickens, such as Thackeray, Macaulay, Carlyle,

¹ See an article by Mr. R. H. Shepherd in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December 1889.

Tennyson, have not excited so great a "gust"; "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" are without any of these piquant variations, though, of course, the first editions, like most first editions, are sought after.

Another handsome and enticing work of the Dickens series is "Master Humphrey's Clock." Now, this again stands upon its own merits, quite apart from any rare bibliographical interest. First, it is of a very large and even stately shape, it is finely printed, and a pleasure to look on. The illustrations are truly beautiful and full of feeling, being inspired by both the author and the artists, George Cattermole and Hablot Browne. Here, too, we find the usual caprices and changes. At the beginning it was issued in weekly numbers, with a sort of framework which was intended as a vehicle for short stories. This plan was soon abandoned, and the two long, well-known tales introduced and steadily pursued without interruption. In later editions the rather purposeless framework which reintroduced the Pickwickians was cut away, and the collated editions stand as two distinct narratives. The proper form is three volumes, but sometimes it appears as two, and often as one. Here are two specimens of desirable copies fully described:—

"Master Humphrey's Clock," by Charles Dickens, with illustrations by George Cattermole and Hablot K. Browne, extra illustrated with the seventy beautiful full-page etchings, designed and etched by Thomas Sibson, complete with the title-page and list of the plates that was printed specially for them. First edition throughout, 3 vols. imp. 8vo. Costly and beautifully bound, the edges entirely uncut. Also preserved in a separate volume bound to match are the whole of the eighty-eight pictorial wrappers that were issued with the "Clock." It is very essential to have these, as several contain "Addresses to the Reader" written by Charles Dickens. The whole forming one of the choicest books ever offered for sale. Absolutely faultless, 4 vols., imperial 8vo., thirty-five guineas. Chapman & Hall & Tyas, 1840-42.

The "addresses" are a curious element. Another is strangely and mysteriously issued in "black cloth":—

Original pictorial black cloth, edges entirely uncut. It would be difficult for anyone who has never seen these extra illustrations to imagine how clever and essential they are to have with the book. Thirty guineas.

This is the only copy I have seen in black pictorial cloth. They have the famous "clock" on the sides, and the lettering is enclosed in a peculiar, but I think ugly scroll.

We have even

One of the "portfolios" issued to preserve the weekly numbers of "Master Humphrey's Clock" at the time of their publication, with a design in gold of the "Clock" on the side. 4s. Smith (1840):

all which shows a singular, and even tender interest.

Presentation copies of "Pickwick" are now coming into the market, for Dickens, as may be supposed, had innumerable friends and admirers, and gave a great many copies away. A most interesting copy was lately offered for sale—an American edition presented by Mrs. Dickens to a friend, "Ann Brown," in 1842, in the early harmonious days.

The "Sketches by Boz," Dickens's first serious work, has also its interesting variations. The distinction between the first and later editions is here shown :—

"Sketches by Boz," illustrative of every-day life and every-day people, with twenty-eight fine illustrations by George Cruikshank, the two series complete, and all earliest issues of the first editions, 3 vols., post 8vo. Expensively bound in half crimson levant morocco extra, in the best style, fine copies, £15. 15s. Macrone, 1836-7.

The second series has the two extra plates which appeared in the second edition and not in first, inserted, thus making this set all a collector could desire. A genuine (like the above) first edition of the first series very seldom occurs for sale.

"Sketches by Boz," illustrative of every-day life and every-day people. 1839. First complete edition, with earliest impressions of the forty beautiful engravings by George Cruikshank, 8vo. A splendid copy, in stained calf super extra, very elegantly tooled back and borders, top edges gilt, totally uncut, with the original cloth back and sides preserved at end, by Riviere (a very scarce book in this fine state), £10. 10s.

This is the first octavo edition, and contains thirteen new plates which do not appear in the former editions. It is valued by Mr. Johnson in his "Hints to the Dickens Collector" (1885) at from £8 to £10 in cloth.

What devotional enthusiasm in having the "original cloth back and sides preserved at the end," in an officially bound book by Riviere! Cruikshank's plates, it need not be said, are spirited, but are even more interesting from the various figures introduced, that suggest those of Pickwick; and, in the text too, there are several Pickwickian hints developed later.

Another little trifle, eagerly sought, is the "Ballad of Lord Bateman." This was a little tract, a mere waif and stray, thus described :—

"The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman." Illustrated with eleven full-page plates and one page of music by George Cruikshank, with preface and notes written by Charles Dickens, 32mo., first edition, original green cloth, with Cruikshank's design in gold on sides. Earliest issue, with etchings in first state, eight guineas. London: Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, and Mustapha Syried, Constantinople.

The price eight guineas! Something, of course, must be allowed for the rarity, but there can be no doubt that the real interest was excited by the enthusiastic dramatic interest which prompted the two authors.

Walter Hamilton tells us that George Cruikshank "sang the old English ballad" in the manner of a street-ballad singer at a dinner of the Antiquarian

Society, at which Dickens and Thackeray were present. The latter is reported to have remarked, "I should like to print that ballad, with illustrations," but Cruikshank warned him off, saying that this was exactly what he himself had resolved to do. The original ballad was much longer than that which Cruikshank illustrated, and to which Charles Dickens furnished humorous notes, and was *not* comic in any respect.

"Lord Bateman" was Cruikshank's delight. The exquisite foolery expressed in his plates of this eccentric nobleman he would act, at any moment, in any place, to the end of his life. Mr. Percival Leigh remembers a characteristic scene at the "Cheshire Cheese," Fleet Street, about 1842 or 1843. "This," he says, "was in G. C.'s pre-teetotal period. After dinner came drink and smoke, of course; and G. C. was induced to sing 'Billy Taylor,' which he did with grotesque expression and action, varied to suit the words. He likewise sang 'Lord Bateman' in his shirt-sleeves, with his coat flung cloak-wise over his left arm, whilst he paced up and down, disporting himself with a walking-stick, after the manner of the noble lord, as represented in his illustration to the ballad."

Six-and-twenty years afterwards we find the bright-hearted old man still with spirits enough for his favourite parts.

"One day," says Mr. Frederick Locker, "he asked us to tea and to hear him sing 'Lord Bateman' *in character*, which he did to our infinite delight. He posed in the costume of that deeply interesting, but somewhat mysterious nobleman. I am often reminded of the circumstance; for I have a copy of 'Lord Bateman' (1851), and on the false title is written:

" 'This evening, July 13, 1868,

" 'I sang "Lord Bateman"

" 'to

" 'My dear little friend, Eleanor Locker.

" 'GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.'"

This in his seventy-sixth year!

But we must be careful to see that our first edition, that is, "the earliest issue of the first edition, has the pagination in the middle of each page, 12mo., in the original pictorial cloth designed by G. C." You must see, too, that you have "all the advertisements," and also "the original pictorial cover."

I think one of the most curious of illustrations of Dickens, as a relic, is the following:—

A card (probably unique) of Mr. Shaw's educational establishment, Bowes Academy, Greta Bridge, Yorkshire. A MS. note states that Mr. Shaw leaves the "Saracen's Head," Snow Hill, at half-past 7 o'clock Thursday morning, July 25. In gilt frame.

This clearly must have been the original of Mr. Squeers.

What odd mysteries there are as to the "condition" of certain books, which almost always "turn up" in a particular "state," as will be seen from this specimen, a little early trifle of "Boz."

Extremely rare in this state. "Sketches of Young Couples," with an urgent remonstrance to the Gentlemen of England on the present alarming crisis, with

six illustrations by "Phiz," 1840. Genuine first edition, 12mo., choice copy, in the original illustrated cover. Unusually clean and fresh. £5. 10s.

Very seldom indeed is the above little book found in good state. Even if the sides are in fair condition, the back with the lettering is generally missing. This copy, however, is most perfect; there is no single blemish either in the cover or book itself, even the tissue paper to the plates is intact.

"Unusually clean and fresh"! How quaint is this—as though it must be its ordained fate to be thumbed, frayed, knocked about, and it were highly creditable in the present copy to present itself in decent condition. Why should "the back with the lettering" be "generally missing"? This is evidently some "Poor Jo" of the trade, forced to "move on."

The little tract "Sunday under Three Heads" now brings an enormous price, and has even been reprinted in facsimile. Years ago at an auction I recall the late Dr. Joly, who secured a volume of tracts for a shilling, pointing out, with some triumph, to his friend this very "Sunday under Three Heads," which, he said, carelessly, was "rather scarce." A copy has been announced with great pride, and claiming attention for its merits: "An exceptionally large copy, with the edges quite rough and uncut. It has been generally found in stiff boards, with the edges cut. The present copy *is the largest* the advertiser has seen," and so he asks ten guineas for it. A bookseller in Manchester once sold a copy for threepence—it was not long after resold for eight guineas. Again we may speculate how amused would the author have been at these pranks.

Here is another rarity:

"Drooping Buds," by Charles Dickens, Esq., printed for private circulation by the Royal Infirmary Dorcas Society, to awaken interest in a hospital for sick children in Glasgow, 11 pp., 8vo., original wrappers, £15. 15s. 1866.

The only copy that seems to be extant. It was shown some eighteen months back to Chas. Plumtre Johnson, Esq., the well-known Dickens bibliographer, who declared it quite unknown to him. This gentleman subsequently wrote to the *Athenæum* on the subject, November 16, 1889, and as no collector or other person wrote saying they were in possession of a copy, or even knew of one, this one may be fairly presumed to be unique. Certainly no copy has turned up in any of the fine, and presumed to be complete, Dickens collections that have been dispersed during the last ten years.

The following was engendered by the mystery attending the uncomplete "Edwin Drood":

"John Jasper's Secret," being a narrative of certain events following and explaining "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," illustrated with twenty full-page plates. First edition, a fine copy in the eight monthly parts, with the clever pictorial wrappers as issued, £4. 4s. 1871-2.

It may be said that the Dickens "Boom" is now subsiding,

having been somewhat overdone. We have heard of one dealer who has in his hands forty illustrated Pickwicks, all in numbers.

"In the original cloth, uncut." This is a great and precious beauty. The feeling is perhaps intelligible. The original cloth binding has a grace and appropriateness, with an artistic pattern in "blind tooling." The covers of the Christmas Books are charming, and almost a part of the work. They do not look the same when bound in gaudy jacket, their edges trimmed.

You may think yourself happy in the possession of the first edition of *Oliver Twist*, three volumes in the "original cloth" and "uncut." How brilliant and dramatic are the plates of the early issues, so that the artist made that mad claim of having suggested or half written some of the most striking incidents. But the real judge of such things, turning it over, will instantly exclaim: "Where is the rare list of illustrations, and the suppressed plate?"

"*Oliver Twist: or, the Parish Boy's Progress*," by "Boz," illustrated with twenty-three etchings by George Cruikshank. The real first edition, being the pages and plates taken out of the magazine in which the work first made its appearance, and bound into a volume, with a fine portrait of Dickens (specially coloured by hand) inserted, and a specially printed title-page prefixed; also one of the original paper covers of the magazine (designed by Cruikshank) inserted; full bound in maroon morocco, gilt back, top edges gilt, £3. 3s. Bentley, 1837-39. 8vo.

A volume well worth possessing, as it shows both the story and the scarcely less famous etchings in their original state, before their publication in book-form. It is therefore the *real* first edition of the work, and the plates can nowhere else be seen in such brilliancy.

It must be confessed there is no exaggeration in this. It is difficult to give an idea of the brilliancy and dramatic effect of these early impressions; while the type and *format* of the text—from "*Bentley's Magazine*"—seem quite in harmony. These older magazines—Bentley's and Ainsworth, a long series, and bound up—are really very striking and handsome works. They have an artistic and literary merit, far beyond what we find in similar works of our day, which are ephemeral in all points. What sound and entertaining reading, too! Cruikshank is here seen at his best.

There is actually a writing of Dickens of which only one copy is known. This is a little tract of some twenty pages, which he furnished as the contribution to an annual, and is called "*To be Read at Dusk*." Mr. Charles Plumtre Johnson writes of it in the *Athenæum*, on May 11, 1891:—

Every Dickens collector knows that this tale appeared in the *Keepsake* in 1852, under the editorship of Miss Power. I question, however, whether it is known that it was also issued, as was Thackeray's "*An Interesting Event*," in a separate

pamphlet. By the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis, the booksellers in Holborn, I am able to describe the pamphlet. It consists of nineteen pages octavo. The type was reset, and differs from that used in the *Keepsake*. The title-page reads: "'To be Read at Dusk,' by Charles Dickens. London: 1852." The printer was the same as of the *Keepsake*: "G. Barclay, Castle Street, Leicester Square." I fear that the pamphlet is only interesting to the bibliographer, as the collector can hardly hope to possess a volume so rare as I believe this to be.—CHAS. P. JOHNSON.

The tract was offered for twenty-five guineas.

A little book is associated in the oddest way with Dickens: "Infelicia," by Adah Isaacs Menken. It is dedicated to him, and the authoress printed a facsimile of his letter acknowledging the compliment. These verses are sought by the bibliophiles, and are essential for any complete collection: the book fetching about £2. I have heard Dickens relate in his richest comic manner the incidents of this introduction. The lady at one time was the talk of the town, from her performance of Mazeppa, when she appeared bound to her untamed and fiery steed—of course a very pliant, well-broken quadruped—in the airiest of raiment. "Boz" was one night seated in the stalls looking on, when her business manager, a Yankee, stood before him with a pressing invitation from the fair and massively-built equestrian to come round and see her. The emissary, in the usual nasal tone, represented that this meeting was the dream of her—the equestrian's—life. The author politely waived off the interview, deprecating the compliment; but the manager returned with more pressing insistence, and "Boz" had to yield. He gave a humorous sketch of the interview, and the lavish incense that was offered to him. "The dream of her life" was still insisted on, but unluckily I have forgotten the details. The lady had literary instincts, and her verses are full of fire. Sometimes, we are told, they have been "attributed to Swinburne."

She later transferred her adoration—strange to say—to the elder Dumas, and I possess that rarest and most curious of curios, a photograph representing her and the grand novelist standing together. Later, I think, she married the pugilist Heenan. Altogether an odd history.

Another Dickens treasure, exceedingly rare, is the "Curious Dance round a Curious Tree," a tract of 20 pages, published by the Committee of St. Luke's Hospital in 1860.

Other rarities are "The Village Coquettes," a comic opera in two acts, the music by John Hullah. There was a copy sold "clean as new," in the wrapper, unopened, as it left the printer's hands, of which £25 was the price. Another copy, which had the misfortune to be a "cut copy," only brought £15. 5s. at Sotheby's.

There is also "Hunted Down: a story," with some account of Thomas Griffith Wainwright, the poisoner, which he wrote for a New York paper, and for which he received £1,000. It has never been included in his works.

Mr. James Payn, the editor of *The Cornhill*, wrote, I think, in that journal an account of "The Youth and Middle-age of Charles Dickens." This was "privately printed," and only twenty copies were issued. It is therefore very rare indeed.

"The Child's History of England" is also extraordinarily rare. It appeared in *Household Words* originally, and was later issued in three pretty little quartos. But it must be the first edition—and "see that you get it"—for there is a later one, frontispiece by F. W. Topham, 1850-59, which, in binding and size, "are identically the same as the rare first edition, which commands so high a price." This thing you can have for some 35s.

At the present moment there is a discussion going on as to the Yorkshire schools, whose abuses were so vigorously "gibbeted" in "Nickleby"; and a great deal of curious information is being gradually collected. The particular school, the original of Squeers himself, with other points, are being debated. Indeed, most of Dickens's characters—apart from their attractions as figures of fiction—have this strange connection with real life. The Cheerybles even have a little book to themselves, and the Rev. W. Hume Elliot has written :

"The Country of the Cheeryble Brothers," cr. 8vo., numerous portraits and views, new cloth, top edge gilt, 3s. 6d. Selkirk, 1893.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who tried the famous action "*Bardell v. Pickwick*," was, it is known, drawn from Mr. Justice Gazelee. The strokes are admirable, and, though the judge's peculiarities are humorous enough, they suggest a disagreeable character. It is odd, however, that Gazelee's name is not handed down as an odious judge. Mr. Crabb Robinson furnishes an unpleasant trait, but it is the only one I can find. At Norwich Robinson was defending some burglars, against whom the evidence of an accomplice was the only evidence. That evidence, odd to say, was only receivable on the terms that he had been imprisoned and whipped, or fined. The witness, however, had only been imprisoned, and the objection was made. Gazelee, however, admitted the evidence, and the men were convicted. Their counsel, however, privately intimated to the judge that unless the men were discharged he would state the whole to the Secretary of State. In a few days the men were released, which was highly significant.

I should covet the following :—

“Bentley's Miscellany,” from Vol. I., with contributions by Chas. Dickens, Ainsworth, Albert Smith, Maxwell, Lover, Peacock, Father Prout, Captain Marryat, Cooper, Mark Lemon, Hook, Cockton, Napier, &c. Illustrated with numerous portraits and full-page etchings by George Cruikshank, John Leech, “Phiz,” W. Buss, and Crowquill. Eighty vols., £10. 10s.

Some of the most powerful work of George Cruikshank is shown here in the illustrations to “Oliver Twist,” “Guy Fawkes,” “The Ingoldsby Legends,” &c.

I may add, as a last *bonne bouche*, this tribute to the popularity of “Pickwick.” Neale, in his sprightly account of the kingdom of Siam, describes the heir to the throne, Prince Chou-Faa—a most accomplished man and eager English reader. “I have seen him,” he says, “laugh as heartily over ‘Pickwick’ as though he had been accustomed to the scenes that book depicts from his earliest childhood.”

PERCY FITZGERALD.

A PEEP AT THE FRENCH.

MOST people travel nowadays, when they are not arguing or else investigating the symptoms of their many maladies. But this multiplication of trippers can scarcely be said to enhance the enlightenment of nations, since those who trip take little notice of anything except their own discomfort, the food, the scenery, and the bills, being content to return with just as much knowledge about the people they have seen as they possessed before they went away. No doubt the fact is that, generally speaking, a man goes abroad for a holiday, and it is not likely he is going to bother himself by trying to particularise the characteristics of the *indigènes*. Instead, he would rather accept every formula invented about them, esteeming them to be just so worthy or unworthy as, by all the axioms of his grandmother, he is sure that they deserve to be esteemed. There is France, for instance—a country at a stone's throw, so to speak, to which whole hosts of Englishmen are repairing day after day for one reason or another. Yet what is known of it over here? We know that its constitution is being perpetually upheaved by political earthquakes, that its mutton is nasty and its beef worse, that its President is M. Carnot, and that it dislikes us and supplies us with bad eggs. But for the rest? So inevitably do we, individually, approve of the whole country in a lump, or else abominate it altogether and everything that is its, that there is always a section of opinion here which will admit nothing but reprehensibility in France; while another section must needs be for ever deploring that we do not straightway set to work to copy this or that French plan which appears to be so pretty. Combining these views we arrive at the average national appreciation, and so, mixing the good and bad together, receive the hypothesis that the French are lively, amiable, untruthful, witty, vain, polite, and an assortment of other such things. Let us try to see now how far any of this is the case. Let us even try to discover whether a single one—even one—of the accepted notions about these people can, on inquiry, be accredited with any fragment of justification.

To begin with Paris. In the articles of our belief, in newspapers and elsewhere, it is written over and over and over again that Paris is pre-eminently the gay city, the city of pleasure, the city of all sorts of fantastic and paradisaical delights. Is it? Yes, to him who goes there for a month with the express purpose of discovering amusement, and whose Paris is contained, as it generally is in these cases, within a circle whose diameter measures about half a mile. And if one's movements were circumscribed by such a boundary in London, taking that part which one chose, would not one find diversions of every description heaped one upon another in just as great a quantity? No, it is not this little plot of land which is Paris. But Paris is long, large, wide, and all unnoticed within its walls exists the stress not only of the severest labour, but also of great sadness. All work is far more arduous than in London, is more ill-paid, and even then is harder to procure. Enquire of the French educated man and woman who have to work for their living; they will confess that they have to begin earlier, to remain later, and to toil more than similar people over here; for a French employer is stricter, more domineering, and three times more exacting than an English one. The labourer also is more fiercely driven; he is less free; he is less happy; for, in spite of equality, fraternity, and what not, he is treated like a mixture of animal and fool. One need not mention the intense misery and destitution of the poor, who have the charcoal fire for sequel to the odious supervision, suspicion, and spying of an unscrupulous police; nor need one say anything of the prison-life of those great miserable barracks, in each of which a thousand ill-paid, ill-clad, ill-fed soldiers are languishing for their provinces and their own occupations again; for this is not the gayer aspect of the question, although this is Paris certainly, and, more than that, the very heart of Paris. Returning, then, to the amusements, it is repeatedly contended that the Parisian is our superior in organizing all sorts of fêtes and public spectacles. Thoughts will turn to the Mardi Gras, to the Mi-carême, to July 14; and, let it be admitted, these are nice festivities according to French notions. But when an Englishman declares that they are ten times as delightful as anything we can accomplish in the same line, he is speaking, of course, from an English point of view. From this point of view, then, his statement is as wrong as it can be. What would he say, pray, if for his entertainment were provided some gas jets, a halfpenny mask, two or three flags, a stupid catchword, a tawdry circus procession of washerwomen, and a lot of childish romping? At Christmas, for the benefit of the nursery, he can giggle, make grimaces, and caper round

about for half an hour, if he be not too fat ; but after reaching the mature age of ten he does not himself care much for these little vagaries of baby-play. So it has come to be believed that he takes his pleasures sadly. He does not. At anything that really is pleasure to him he can laugh as readily as anybody, and join in the fun as heartily ; only he is not amused by Punch and Judy, penny balloons, and the toys and gambols of a bevy of excursionists poured out of cheap trains into the capital.

Next, in the way of games, one will think with despair of their exhibitions, their battles of flowers, their cafés-chantants, their Casino entertainments. All these are praiseworthy, to be sure ; but if simplicity imagines that any one of these things is the outcome of inherent gaiety of soul, or of a really effervescent delight in pleasure, simplicity is widely astray. For nothing is more thoroughly business-like than all this enterprise, which is simply a pretty contrivance for attracting the stranger and for ingathering the utmost possible farthing from his exchequer. The thing is done confessedly for this very purpose, and for no other. We are called a nation of shopkeepers. Our wares are various commodities, sold at their value. The wares of the French are sundry amusements, sold for the more part to foreigners at twice as much as they are worth ; and what appears to be the result of spontaneous joyfulness of spirit is in effect the outcome of laborious concoction behind the counter, undertaken at a good national profit like a transaction in coal, iron, soap, or any other kind of merchandise, for the sake of the pecuniary advantages that may accrue therefrom. Indeed, your Gaul is far too thrifty, far too calculating, to throw himself heart and soul into any diversion whatever. Pleasure, no doubt, he takes (and do not we ?), but he takes it in a wholesome dose, accompanied by a nice dilution of water. The absolute giving up of one's self to pleasure, with which we so perversely accredit him, is a thing farther removed from his country than is the western hemisphere ; for this implies a certain *laisser-aller*, a certain recklessness, a certain abandonment of some gain or other, which is very far even from tempting him. It is safe to say that he never *se laisse aller*. He is never joyful or light-hearted for pure joy's sake as the Italians are. "Time is money" is the proverb for the possession of which he is never weary of reviling us. Himself, he does not say it : but he has it engraven on his heart, and knows, moreover, that tedious calculation is money also. Observe the cautious way he gambles, the scheming way he bets, the way he investigates the dowry of the women he is supposed to love, the way he haggles with his cabman over twopence half-

penny. Listen, also, to his wearisome orations, his preachings, his psychological inquiries.

Except Poles and Dutchmen, the French are the most serious people in Europe.

In Paris an Englishman walks along the big boulevards and comes home saying : "What beautiful streets ! What life ! What movement !" He has not cared to go a stone's throw to examine that great, sad wilderness, the Faubourg St. Honoré, or that other sadder wilderness the Faubourg St. Germain, or that saddest of all wildernesses from the Arc de Triomphe to the Trocadéro, in which you are fortunate if you encounter a handful of individuals in an afternoon, or a solitary stray cat between eight o'clock and eleven ; after which hour you are still more fortunate if you are not knocked on the head, robbed, and very likely shot at. How many a man is there, living no farther from the centre of Paris than is Belgravia from Charing Cross, who hesitates to stroll home alone after the theatre or after a dance, for fear of every species of knave waylaying him as he goes ! Again, has he who extols this gaiety of Paris by chance ever wandered on to the left bank of the river towards the exquisite squalor of the Quartier Latin, wherein a host of draggletail students—ye shades of Oxford !—are poring over their law-books and their medicine-books, cooped up in their top garrets on the sixth floor that are furnished nearly as commodiously as disused barns ? Or has he, peradventure, beheld the desolation of Clichy, of Les Ternes, of the skirtings of the Champs Elysées ? If, for sheer depression and sorrowfulness, anything on earth can surpass South Kensington, surely these surpass it. Is this gay ? Yet this is Paris. More, this is the Paris of the opulent classes, to which portion the eulogist is probably referring, seeing that if he refers to the gaiety of any other part he had done far better to rejoice his soul with Whitechapel and Hatton Garden. And what is the sort of existence herein ? A very rich family has its house, its hôtel ; the same family in England would have two houses, if it pleased, for the same money, to say nothing of the taxation. A rich family has a flat on the first or second floor ; a family of ordinary means resides far, far up in the skies, with no lift by which to arrive there. Above you they are learning to dance ; beside you they are learning to fiddle ; on the other side they hammer at a piano from morning till night ; below you they have got headaches and beseech you not to walk about. A rich bachelor has his "apartment" ; an ordinary bachelor, poor wretch, has a bedroom the size of a cupboard, in which he sits to eat sandwiches and cold sausages off a piece of paper because there is no

one to cook anything for him, and no fire to cook it at. He shaves in cold water. He has no bath, because all the water he has got could be put into a breakfast cup, and there is no bath-room in the house. He must start out without breakfast. In very few instances has he even the most comfortless of clubs. Wet or fine, hot or cold, he must repair to a restaurant for every meal. And one and all alike, rich, poor, men and women, are the slaves of their *concierge*, who notes when you come in, when you go out, what you do, what you don't do, who examines you, interrogates you, discusses you and your income and your business, and your coat, and the reason why you do not wear some other coat than that coat. You desire to go out of your own home after ten o'clock in the evening; you must beseech your *concierge*: "Cordon, s'il vous plaît." You desire to come in again at your own hour; you must wait in the street ten minutes until it occurs to him to wake up. The staircase is pitch dark; if you live high up, you have done groping your way there just as the dawn is breaking. By the soothing persuasion of incessant *pourboires*, your *concierge* will let you have your letters and parcels some time in the course of the day after they arrive. With intermittent *pourboires* you will not get them till two days after, and you will have to exhort him, "Cordon, s'il vous plaît," three times before he does please. With no *pourboire* at all you will not get them till the following week, and you will stand saying, "Cordon, s'il vous plaît, monsieur," until it is time to go back to bed. This is not a lodging-house. Oh, no; this is your own home. How gay this is! The Parisian is depressed by a wretched climate which, as a meteorological fact, is both hotter in summer and colder in winter than London is; and if the frequent dense fogs there are less frequently dense than our fogs, it is because, instead of feeling snug over our bright, blazing fires, the Parisian is shivering in the vicinity of a black coke stove, or, if there is a fire in his little toy-grate, the fuel is so rare that it must be put on as if one were putting sugar into one's tea. The produce of the whole world does not make its way to Paris as it does to us; in vain do you search for objects which could be procured in any part of London. The place abounds with discomforts, lawyers, adulterated refreshments, and erudition.

Few places are less gay than Paris.

Now see the ways of Society—and this applies to the provinces as well. A dinner-party, a dance, a morning call, are much the same as they are elsewhere—save for one huge wet blanket, namely, the terrible *jeune fille*, who will be arrived at later on. But if anything be more formal than an English dinner-party, it is a French one.

"The French are so sociable !" is the amazing statement persistently made and accepted. They are so sociable, indeed, that you may live on the same floor, in the same house, with the same people, for years, without saying "How do you do?" to each other on the stairs. It is true that they have an affability of manner which we have not ; but at the end of half-an-hour you will have attained the summit of your intimacy. They will have paid you a compliment : you are unwise, indeed, if you think it has the smallest signification. They will declare that they shall always be charmed to see you whenever you care to come : you will be worse than unwise if you dream of acting on this sentence. Then the Englishman, having made the discovery that these are only words and nothing more, turns round and assumes that the French are hypocrites. He is wrong again. For these compliments and haphazard invitations are nothing in the world but the merest casual remarks ; they are never meant to deceive you in the smallest degree ; they are never intended to mean anything at all. If you must needs attach any significance to them, it is your own fault, surely, for being so unsophisticated. They are simply pleasant scraps of conversation and nothing more, as if anyone should say to you, "How is your mother?" or, "I hope you are quite well." No, indeed ; an invitation which is really an invitation is, with this "sociable" people, far too grave a matter to be lightly dealt with. It is in reality a bargain of the most commercial description, as much as if one were to arrange with anybody to give him a loaf of bread to-day on condition that he should give back a loaf of bread to-morrow. Everything must not only be returned, but is expected to be returned : everything, down to the driest biscuit and sourest glass of *vin ordinaire*. Moreover, it must be returned in exact measure and in an exactitude of value which admits of not the slightest deviation. Invited to dinner, you must make requital for it, not according to the best of your ability or means, but according to the very number and succulence of the dishes you have helped to devour ; and if you cannot afford to do this, you do not accept the invitation. A bachelor, unable to return a lady's "hospitality" in this way, will take care to pay her with currency of flowers or bonbons on her birthday or at the New Year. And so inevitably will he do this, and so inevitably will the value of his offering coincide with the value of her food, that any lady on December 31st can reflect that to-morrow she will receive such or such a number of bouquets : one worth ten francs from A, whom she regaled with only six courses and cheap claret ; one worth twenty francs from B, before whom she set

eight courses and Burgundy ; another, worth not less than fifty francs, from C, down whose throat disappeared no less than ten platefuls, besides her asparagus out of season, and the bottle of her champagne he drank. So on her birthday : her harvest of bonbons will just match the quantity of food she has sown amongst her male acquaintance. Fail to comply with these regulations, and you will see how much French sociability will inspire its possessors to request the pleasure of your company again.

Their dances are ruined by the *jeune fille* ; their garden-parties are poor imitations of our own ; their yachts lack a Cowes. As for the Bal de l'Opéra, the " Bal des Quat's Arts," &c., it is obvious that they have nothing whatever to do with society, but are only redeemed from dulness by the importation of (what would be called here) vulgarity in the shape of persons employed by the management to attract others, just as a music-hall provides variety artists to keep up its customers.

It might be imagined that such sociable people would at least lapse into bonhomie in the country. A rash man might conclude that when he were once known there would be, as in England, houses at which he might " drop in," as the phrase is, when he pleased. On the contrary, he must be expected for at least a day beforehand, in order that, in the depths of the provinces, Monsieur may receive him in his newest frock-coat and patent leather boots, in order that Madame may have assumed her tightest corset and her powder, in order that Mademoiselle may have pursed up her mouth and arranged herself in the corner with downcast eyes. If there is a regiment in the place, how often is there a guest-night ? As a rule, there is never one ; if there is, it is quite an event. There is no club of any sort — unless there are enough English people to make one. There is no haphazard association of one with another over hunting, tennis, golf, or what not. In the house-party there is no lively merriness of bright, glad girls ; there is, instead, the pervading gloom of the austerity of Mademoiselle. A young lady is looking intensely forlorn ; you go and sit near her, and say : " It is a fine day," or " Do you think we shall have rain soon ? " Lo ! it is a *jeune fille* who has no vestige of conversation in all her rigid constitution, and before you have made a score of remarks exceedingly insipid, her mother, father, and all her relations are desiring to know your intentions, as well as how much you have got a-year. We have let ourselves be accused of puritanical prudery, and have wished that we were so broad-minded as our neighbours. But speak to the *jeune fille* about a play, a picture, a book, anything that would be source of trifling conversation

with an English girl, and Mademoiselle will blush and wriggle, and look down on the floor. What ! She never dreamt that the world could contain anything so wicked. She would rather die strangled in her mother's apron-string than go for a stroll in broad sunlight alone with the merest schoolboy, who himself had not left off blushing. Horrid schoolboy ! how can he try to pervert her in this way ! She has been known to be within an inch of hysterics because an English girl went out in the country with a walking-stick and no gloves ; and every one knows the story of the Frenchman who knocked at another Frenchman's bedroom door and could not be let in because "I have not finished dressing." Except in matters of art, their prudery is quite "old-maidish."

There are many who imagine that in France everybody is amiable to everybody else, and that, consequently, stiffness of introduction is minimised. As a matter of fact, the very reverse is the case. A carriageful of people—even men—may travel together from Brest to Mentone, and, on arriving, will still be glaring at each other surreptitiously over the top of their newspapers, no one having uttered a syllable all the way. Is that the way we go up to Scotland, or down to Wales ? In France you are still saying "Monsieur" to a man at a time when you would be calling an Englishman by half-a-dozen nicknames. As for a jest at his expense, or for ridiculing anything he did, he would thenceforward avoid you as a person who had grossly insulted him. A French lad is more stately and ministerial than an Englishman of forty years of age ; and *ma dignité personnelle* is the most effective weapon that ever was devised for suppressing all the things that lead to easy-going friendliness.

On account of frequent constitutional changes it has come to be believed that the French are a nation of political busybodies. Let us see if these changes are really attributable, not to this cause, but, quite on the contrary, to the extreme indifference of the French with regard to political questions of any description. At the head, or somewhere near the head, of affairs are a number of persons who have everything to lose by letting matters glide on, and everything to gain by setting some new enterprise on foot. Round these is a ring of others who, induced by promises, persuade others in their turn. The goodwill of the army is gained in Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles—the only three towns that have any political importance at all—and the thing is done. Throughout the rest of the country no one cares ; but all accept the new *régime* quietly, out of pure indifference. If they cared, they would remonstrate ; for they are aware that so many alterations of system have retarded the proper progress of the

country. But they are so indifferent to politics that they do not concern themselves about the matter. How many of them, including educated people, were quite astonished to learn that Louis-Philippe was exiled, that Napoleon was Emperor, that Napoleon was deposed, that Grévy was no longer President, that Boulanger had any other significance than as supplying syllables for the quavers of a comic song ! They did not care ; their lives, meals, cigarettes, and taxes were much the same always, no matter who was king, or emperor, or president, or anything else. Then the Englishman concludes that all these public men are hopelessly dishonest and corrupt ; neither does he exclude the leading journals from this imputation. As for the journals, let it be said that, inasmuch as they are never provided with a scrap of news, and inasmuch as the columns must needs be filled with something, it is only natural that they should seize on any new notion and exaggerate it and puff it and pack the columns with it ; so that very often a thing appears to be a new French craze, when it is not a craze at all. As for the reputed dishonesty of their statesmen (which means, of course, that these are inherently more dishonest than ours), there is no ground for the suspicion, although the idea would seem to have been fortified by recent discreditable revelations. These very swindles, however, were attributable, not to a national integrity inferior to our own, but rather to political conditions exceedingly different from our own. For example, all, or nearly all, wealthy Frenchmen are excluded by birth or by their convictions from the political arena, State matters being, therefore, in the hands of men who are more or less necessitous. Often a deputy's salary, as deputy, is all he has got. How seldom is an M.P. a man of small means ! How much less seldom are our Ministers anything but wealthy men ! Moreover, the most insignificant deputy has the official power of bestowing more benefits and privileges than has our most distinguished private member. Thus he is from the very beginning surrounded by temptations towards sly dealings, which never beset the English statesman. So it is obviously unjust to attribute greater lack of honour to a class of men who are exposed to seductions which can by no means affect this other class ; and, indeed, we have no reason for supposing that were our statesmen drawn from the same class as French statesmen, they would not behave in exactly the same way.

The French, then, are not dishonest in public life. Nor are they deceitful and crafty in private transactions. As thoroughly may one depend upon their straightforwardness or upon their fulfilment of a word or a promise, as one may depend upon anybody else's. The

chevaliers d'industrie are, perhaps, more ingenious in their methods than are their insular imitators, but for thoroughness of intention they certainly cannot claim superiority ; nor are they so numerous ; nor are they so unscrupulous. "Les Pickpockets" is an expression with which we have suitably supplied our neighbours ; and they have not much reason to be grateful for the mob of bookmakers of a certain sort, which we have exported for their benefit. Many an investor is sorry it was with English companies that he had anything to do. By no means a rare creature, either, is the peasant who, in sackcloth and ashes, is lamenting that it was with Englishmen that he entered into contract concerning the produce of his farm or of his orchard, or of his manual industry.

Equally futile is it to assert that the French are cowardly. Going back no farther than the Crimea, no farther than the German war, a thousand incidents can be adduced to show how wrong this is ; and if they have not prevailed in previous conflicts with ourselves, let us be very certain that it was from lack of skill and not from lack of bravery. Nor are they vain. True, they have a sound national pride, together with some consciousness of its value ; and—in the name of the Empire on which the sun never sets—so have we ! No ; for sheer national vanity and conceit—whether these be good qualities or the reverse is not the question here—we must, undoubtedly, award ourselves the entire prize. Nor are they dirty ; it is only their horrible complexions that make them look as if they were. Nor are they gluttons ; they eat less than we do, and less frequently. They do not always, not quite always, live upon frogs, seeing that a small dish of these creatures' legs will cost you about half a sovereign. They do not quite always live upon snails either, seeing that in most places, though you desired it "ever so," you could not have a snail for love or money. They are not clever conversationalists ; the weather, their ailments, and the state of the crops, are, if possible, more utterly perpetual and threadbare subjects than they are with us. Half their witticisms are nothing but stupid puns which an Englishman of average intelligence would be ashamed to make ; and the *sous-entendu* and the *double entente* are so far from being the result of ingenuity of phrase that they are no more than the outcome of obvious inevitability and of the wretched poverty of a language which, not comprising nearly enough separate sounds or words, must needs assign half a dozen meanings to the same sound or the same word. They are not the most shocking linguists the world can produce ; though, truly enough, they do not equal us in pretending to exult in all manner of plays, books, operas, and works

in foreign tongues whose point and rhythm they by no means understand. Opposite "sportingsmen," "yachtswomen," and "les race matches" may be conveniently pitted such choice expressions as *on-dits*, *tête-à-têtes*, *fête* with no accent, *modiste*, by way of meaning a dressmaker, *à la London*, by way of meaning after the fashion of London, to say nothing of the simple belief that *Mdme.* is the short way to write *Madame*. Nor do they talk quickly; but, on the contrary, they are so "precious" about their grammar and their phraseology that their talk is full of pauses, improvements, recapitulations, and that-is-to-say's and so-to-speak's and if-one-may-say-so's.

"The French are so excitable," is another platitude. This would imply, presumably, that they are soon moved to excesses of affection or hostility accompanied by demonstrative display. Much logic would scarcely suffice to diminish the catholicity of this creed. But if they are so excitable, how, for instance, does it come to pass that they are so monotonously laborious? That the two things do not go together may be noticed in Italy or in Spain. How, moreover, does it happen that their soldiers—who are, indeed, but civilians in red trousers—can be suffered to wear their weapons at all times and in all places? Imagine an English garrison town, in which a phalanx of civilians in red trousers should be allowed to go out fortified with swords and bayonets. How many inhabitants of that town would still wear any heads or bodies the next day wherewith to recount the history of what had taken place? And yet we are so sage and self-collected, and they so silly and excitable! Certain episodes, too, in our august Commons should scarcely encourage one to aver that the home of fussy excitement is the Palais Bourbon. Alas, to see who are the fonder of what is theatrical and sensational, compare with anything that is theirs, the blood-and-thunder headings in our newspapers, the letters an inch long, the paragraphs intersected with "Stabbed to the heart," with "The charred and mangled corpse," and so on, to say nothing of the agony columns, the grisly illustrations, the huge black borders in time of mourning, the hat-bands, arm-bands, brass bands, and all the posings and caperings round conspicuous nobodies. True, the French can caper too; but that is round conspicuous somebodies.

Then—"The French are so courteous and polite!" Alas, they are these things so little that a brief sojourn amongst them will almost teach one to forget that such adjectives exist. Certainly, if you are behaving after their fashion, you will have had an easy day if you have not said "Pardon" and trifled with the brim of your hat some couple of hundred times. But with what suave composure you will

have refrained from doing anything for anybody, although you said "Oh, allow me" all the time ! With what exquisite indifference you will have been a spectator while ladies struggled with stiff door-handles, wrestled with *impedimenta*, and while they dropped things on the floor ; and, if it be wet weather, how comfortably you will have enjoyed all the shelter afforded by the only umbrella, and with what unswerving fortitude you will have adhered to the pavement while the women that went past you had to step out into the gutter ! To be sure, you will say "I am not hungry" when you mean that the dinner is so nasty that you cannot eat a morsel ; and "I am quite in a perspiration," when you find no fire in the drawing-room on Christmas Day. But with the most casual acquaintance you will not hesitate to embark on the most searching and inclusive catechism, inquiring straightway : "How old are you ?" "Where were you born ?" "What do you do all day ?" or "How many sisters have you got ?" Then your attention will fall upon his raiment : "That is not a bad suit" ; "I see you have got some new boots on," or "How much was that hat ?" Very soon the interest you manifest in him will induce you to exclaim amiably : "I see you have green eyes" ; "What a long beard yours is !" or "How fat you are !" or else "How thin you are !" And you will not have been rude, or have done anything out of the way. At table you will not scruple to amass round you all the salt-cellars, pepper-pots, and other people's spoons and forks, so that they may severally illustrate the situation, and represent the disposal of the personages and places in the story you are telling. Nor will you even pause to say, "Excuse me," before shovelling things into your mouth with the end of your knife, or before polishing the same knife on your table-napkin, or before fingering all the bits of bread in the bread-basket, and tossing back the unsuitable pieces which you have mauled about, or before taking up the bones on your plate and sucking them, or before lapping up the coffee-slops upset into your saucer. Polite, forsooth !

Again, French women have no right to the admiration awarded them in the matter of apparel. Inventing a mere fraction of the fashions nowadays, they are not even the first to essay those fashions already invented ; but novelties of mode, having been for a great part designed in London, are for the more part essayed in the Park, at Court, at Ascot, and are for the most part despatched to the Continent as an intermediate stage in their progress towards domestic servitude and cheap material. Madame may be attired "within an inch of her life" during two or three hours of the day, but during the other hours Madame is discreetly invisible in an ancient tea-

gown, crumpled, worn, bedraggled. When, however, after this concession to them of a virtue which is not theirs, the Englishman denies them the possession of a greater virtue, he is farther astray than ever. To touch but very lightly on this subject, it may suffice to say that French women are far from being the unfaithful, reprehensible women that many, for some odd reason, proclaim them to be. The proof of this, to say no more about it, resides in the fact that, although it is three times as easy to obtain a divorce there as it is here, and although there are three times as many pleas considered sufficient for obtaining one, yet the number of cases which *aboutissent* in our divorce court exceeds, in proportion to the number of marriages, the number of cases which *aboutissent* in theirs. What devoted wives, moreover, are these who, whatever their station in life, are giving attention to their households all day long, and to their husbands' smallest desires. It is not their motive in life to have as many servants as they can, to whom to relegate every labour and nuisance of the house, while they themselves are out riding, driving, careering to and fro on bicycles, reading Greek, discoursing about their rights, and making themselves ridiculous in the garb and circumstance of men. Instead, they are being useful ; and, touching this matter, there is not a French lady, however learned or fond of pleasure or wealthy she may be, who will scorn to learn and practise those unpretentious functions of a woman, which she knows that none but a woman can perform ; so that if her husband fall into adversity through any unexpected cause, she may be a help to him in every way instead of a burden who can consider nothing but her rights and her own caprice. Nor will she remind him afterwards of what she has done for him, and how hard it was to have to do it ; nor in a case of dissension or debate will she withhold the deference which she believes she owes to her husband, even though in her heart she equally believe that, in any particular case, she happens to be right and he wrong. This, too, is from a woman who has not thrown herself at a man's head, for that is a thing which, owing to her position as *jeune fille*, she has never had an opportunity of doing, even if she had been so inclined ; it is also from her who, in the matter of possessions, has brought into the establishment as much as, or often more than, the man. So that it is surely all the more greatly to the credit of a Frenchwoman if she achieve so much that tends towards concord by reason of her submissive femininism and her domesticity. In addition to this, she is a mother whose whole life is a sacrifice for the benefit of her children. Seldom does she re-marry, not because she never has the inclination to do so, but

because she refrains for her children's sake. They are her first thought. The result is that the French, both young and old, adore their mothers, towards whom they manifest a respect and veneration which may well astonish those who think they are so frivolous and flippant that they cannot respect anything. Then, because of this, it is enunciated that they are trivial children immersed in a sort of sloppy sentimentality. This brings us to another assumption, by which it is set forth that the French are exceedingly mawkish and namby-pamby. Ourselves, we look with satisfaction to the training of our public-schools and universities, whereat all that is namby-pamby in a lad is wholesomely abolished. One would think we had taken out some monopoly of manliness. But we might do worse in the interests of common-sense than reflect that three years' compulsory service in the rude roughing of barrack rooms, where all the classes amalgamate, is at least as well calculated to make a man a man as are exclusive games of cricket, a little aristocratic rowing, and comfortable college rooms full of cushions and peacocks' feathers. If it is a question of conceit, vanity, and nonsense being abolished by means of wholesome knocks, let us not be so bigoted as not to see which is the most salutary method to pursue. Contrast the dandyism of (say) Trouville with that of (say) Brighton. Trouville must yield humbly.

The French are not effeminate. They are not feeble weaklings either, for, though they have few sports, their physique is of necessity developed by the most rigorous courses of gymnastics. Moreover, their average life is far less luxurious than ours is. As a nation they are less consumptive. They are not badly made, but are well-proportioned, though short. They are strong, energetic, and not precious about what they do. They do not care a morsel for white hands, faultless cravats, and scent on their kerchiefs. Amongst the educated classes, it is not, at present, the custom for men to embrace each other; nor is it usual for them to burst into tears every five minutes. It is preposterous to take one particular instance of these tears and kisses to imply that they always prevail. That the French are irreligious is another figment. Certainly they do not discover some new vagary of religion every day, and proclaim it stridently for everybody else to laugh at; but they are either careless or else rather devout. They do not frequently quote Scripture, as we do, for the sake of being funny, nor frequently hold the clergy, as we do, up to ridicule. A nun, if she be staying in a house, takes precedence of every other person in that house. Though no religion is taught in the communal schools, yet the classes of M. le Curé

are invariably attended to overflowing. Renan, except in a literary sense, is little esteemed ; and Comte has two disciples in England for every one in France. So has Voltaire ; while what shall be said of the proportion, in the two countries, of those who are saturated with dull German metaphysics ?

For beauty the French care, not, as is supposed, "rather much," but "rather little." Witness the hideousness of their modern furniture, the worse hideousness of its disposal, the atrocity of their uniforms, the awful garments of their peasantry, the dreadful country houses, the barrenness of their hotels, the stiff abomination of their gardens. In respect of gardens, by the way, they are altogether too utilitarian to accede more than a mere fragment of them to the cultivation of flowers or anything pretty ; instead, they will have straight rows of cabbages and beetroot within a footstep of the house. The same motive denudes the trees and hedges of their branches, which, burnt, economise a sack of coal. Indeed, from Calais to Biarritz there is no care evinced for picturesque effect, nor is there any cheerfulness soever of design or aspect, the people being satisfied with what is flat, sombre, and colourless, from the pale shutters on the pale houses, down to the drab letter-box on the drab wall.

But when beauty involves any one of the four fine arts it is a different question altogether, for then their admiration is straightway secured, being secured more by the actual art employed than by the actual beauty resultant. It is odd that when Englishmen have so many obvious advantages and so many things to be proud of, they should want to rush competitively into a field wherein they are so badly beaten from the very outset. Can we really have the presumption to imagine that we know as much about any question of art as our neighbours do ? or, in other words, that they are as ignorant of this matter as we are ? Take the Salon, or the theatre (and here there is no question of comparing the painters and actors with our own ; for a nation cannot consist of painters and actors, nor, indeed, of any other artists, but it may consist of a public which not only cares for good art, but which also can bring some discretion into the judgment of it ; such being the artistic nation). Now, beside the Salon put our Academy, wherein a crowd of people are talking to their friends and examining each other's clothes. How many care for the pictures ? And of those who do care, how many have the faintest notion which is a good picture and which a bad, or why one is good and another bad, until they have been informed by a professional critic ? So with the drama ; we are content to have false pronunciation instead of expression, and lots of scene-shifting instead

of acting. Our good plays must be interspersed with plenty of pantomime and circus-show. In France a good play is certain of success, simply because it is good ; the public can judge ; and the dramatist over there has never need to write essays to prove how exquisite his indifferent plays are. In their literature, too, what is well written will inevitably succeed ; more, what is badly written will fail ; there is not one of their popular authors who writes, or has written, badly. Can we say as much of ours ? Why not ? It is because we do not know what style is when we see it, and when we do know we do not care, and when we do care we cannot distinguish the merits from the faults. Can we say that our best men and best works succeed, while the worst fail ? No ; but the French can say that of theirs. How many an artist, musician, or author have we at the present day who is known to disapprove of his most popular productions, but who is aware that if he worked better the public would appreciate him less ! which is equivalent to admitting that we drive our artists into poor work. We have, indeed, driven them to be commonplace, because we rejoice in what is commonplace ; and all the reward a man has who refuses to be commonplace is the collection round him of a handful of enthusiasts who hardly secure him a bare notoriety, and who generally end in misunderstanding and misrepresenting all his intentions, and in rendering him exceedingly ridiculous. The result is that no one is encouraged to do his best ; for there is no guerdon. No wonder the beginner does not strive for progress, when, seeing the success achieved by banality and downright badness, he is bound to conclude that public esteem has nothing whatever to do with deserts. Such a condition of Philistinism, however, could never exist in France, where a man's measure of reward and praise is proportionate to his merit, and where the most shadowy promise of ability is straightway encouraged and helped on. Every prominent French artist and author is a proof of this ; the Comédie Française, the Académie, the Salon, are proofs. Going into no question more abstruse than one of newspapers, which always reflect public thought, can we say that those journals of ours, which are acknowledged to contain the soundest views upon art of all kinds, are also the most widely circulated ? The answer is No. Concerning France and its journals, the answer is Yes. We have not always the plea of artistic ignorance as the Hottentots have ; for when instruction is placed under our very eyes we yawn and turn to scrappy bits, personalities, and American jokes. Intellectuality, truth, refinement, love of development, are the bases of French art, for which things we, as a public, have no concern whatever.

Of course, the sun would rise, and the world turn round, without any art at all ; but it seems foolish to try to drag the French down to an artistic level with ourselves, who rejoice in the combined characteristics of the Goth, the Vandal, and the Philistine. Our grief about this, though, may be chastened by the reflection that, contrary to general belief, French calico is very poor stuff—and usually comes from Lancashire.

All Gaul still *in tres partes divisa est* ; but these three are not good, better, best ; nor are they bad, worse, worst. No doubt it is a pity, as well as inexpedient, to be so very wrong about a thing, and at the same time to be so very certain that we are right. But if we persist in believing that France is all vineyards, garlic, and cocks and hens, that *épergne* is a French word, that the French say *encore* when they want a song repeated, that they live on frogs and *eau sucrée*, why, then, it is no wonder that we are ready to revile them for the very folly which they do not commit, to laud them for the very wisdom they have never displayed, to upbraid them for every vice in which they have never indulged, and to extol them for every virtue they have not got.

GEORGE WIDDRINGTON.

*A CLEVER YOUNG MAN:**JOHN HALL, OF GRAY'S INN, 1627-1656.*

“**N**O man had ever done so great things at his age.” Such are the words of Thomas Hobbes, the Philosopher of Malmesbury, himself a giant in the doing of great things. The man to whom Hobbes refers is John Hall, described in the catalogue of the British Museum as “poet,” and in biographical dictionaries as “of Durham,” where he was born in 1627. He published his first book, “*Horæ Vacivæ*,” in 1646, at the age of nineteen. The little volume, a duodecimo, adorned with the frontispiece of the portrait of the youth, engraved by William Marshall, is rarely to be met with. It was ushered forth to the world with a preface by John Pawson, Hall’s tutor, at St. John’s College, Cambridge, and has commendatory verses prefixed, written by the poet and scholar Thomas Stanley (whose “*History of Philosophy*” was once so well known); the theologian, W. Hammond; the dramatist, James Shirley; and by Fellows of St. John’s, A. Holden and T. Goodwin. There are Greek elegiacs by Dr. Henry More, “the learned and pious,” as Richard Ward calls him. The Essays are dedicated to Mr. John Arrowsmith, Master of St. John’s College “in Cambridge.” James Howell, the writer of the chatty “*Familiar Letters*,” received a copy from young Hall, and his letter of acknowledgment can be read in the “*Letters*” (edited by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, 1890, vol. i., pp. 432-3). Howell says: “I found therein many choice and ripe notions.”

The Essays are on much the same sort of subjects as those of Bacon. Accordingly we have the inevitable Essay on Studies. Still, he has something of his own to say. For instance: “The Prescription of various methods hath arisen from this; some by the pureness of their Naturals have reached to good perfection in learning more compendiously, and suppose others may do the like, others having gone about, think at their journey’s end they can prescribe nearer paths. . . . But indeed some general directions can only be given, men’s means and ends being so various, some abounding in

leisure, others in means ; some happening on an excellent tutor, others being forced to hew out all for themselves ; some desiring to know much, others to know well."

Here is a passage, from the same essay, with something of the crispness and vigour of Bacon, and certainly on his model : "Some studies would be hugged as employments, others only dandled as sports ; the one ought not to trespass on the other ; for to be employed in needless things is half to be idle."

In the same year, 1646, John Hall issued his first batch of Poems, followed soon afterwards by a second series. Again, he is befriended by writers of commendatory poems, notably, again, by Dr. Henry More, and by his tutor, John Pawson, Fellow of St. John's. Mr. Pawson, enthusiastically, heads his poem, "To the no less knowing than ingenious Mr. Hall, on his Ignorant Detractors," and says :

Thou wast a Nestor in thine infancy ;
Should they live Nestor's years they'd infants die.
Whene'er they learn, what thou canst teach at ten,
The world in charity shall call them men.

The poems of John Hall are very unequal in merit. One is of personal interest in showing that, even at the age of nineteen, he had already given way to habits of self-indulgence :

Thou who alone
Canst give assistance, send me aid,
Else shall I in those depths be laid
And quickly thrown,
Whereof I am afraid :
Thou who canst stop the sea
In her mid rage, stop me ;
Lest from myself my own self-ruin be.

There is a quaint and interesting account of Hall given as an introduction to his translation of "Hierocles upon the Golden Verses of Pythagoras ; Teaching a Virtuous and Worthy Life. Englished by J. Hall, Esquire, 1656" (published posthumously, as Hall died earlier in that year). This account was written by John Davies (of Kidwelly)—who translated the curious "Lives of Certain Notorious Heretics"—which is added to Alex. Ross's well-known "Pansebeia : a View of All the Religions of the World." Davies there seeks to conceal the drunken habits of his hero, under such terms as the following : "He was not given to any exercise that required any violent motion of the body, insomuch that in the years 1650 and 1651, being inclined to pursiness and fatness . . ." &c., &c. His other habits of carelessness, not unknown in other young

men of the type of John Hall, are thus judiciously dealt with: "He was very careless of ornament, impatient of those dresses and effeminacy which some study so much, looking on a barber as a tedious torment. The very want of money could never raise in him any esteem of it, *seldom receiving or paying any himself*; whence," adds Davies apologetically, "haply it comes, that he is not unjustly taxed with a neglect and forgetfulness of his engagements." Anthony à Wood, in the "*Athenæ Oxonienses*," 1815, vol. ii., cols. 457-460, under the head of Robert Hegge, is more brusque in his treatment of Hall's shortcomings.

But with them we need not delay longer than to say that he also, to reverse the common phrase, had the qualities of his defects. "In point of conversation he was another Alcibiades, contemned no man, shook hands with any, which made him guilty of a familiarity many times with persons much below him. . . . Upon the very first acquaintance with anyone he would promise all courtesies and good offices that lay in his power; nay, many times would more earnestly endeavour it, than if he had to do with a person, whom particular acquaintance, haply services, or the recommendation of friends had directed to him."

We have seen that he had friends among the dons at Cambridge. It appears that Hall chafed considerably at the absence of academical rewards, which, in their good pleasure, perhaps in their sound judgment, the Universities forbore to allot to him. His Essays had not only amazed the University, but they had travelled over into France and had been translated there. Hall, in 1647, left Cambridge for London with ill-feeling towards the College authorities, as Davies so exquisitely puts it, "for denying those honorary advancements which are as it were the indulgence of the University where there is an excess of merit."

The young Bohemian then plunged into a literary career, for which the times well suited his temperament. He wrote a number of pamphlets, the nature of which may be guessed by such titles as: "The Grounds and Reasons of Monarchy, with an Epitome of Scottish Affairs." This, it should be noted, was in 1650, the year after Charles I.'s execution. Another pamphlet was: "A Gagg to Love's Advocate, or an Assertion of the Justice of the Parliament in the Execution of Mr. Love," 1651. A third, "A Treatise discovering the horrid Cruelties of the Dutch upon our People at Amboyna," 1651.

Professor Masson, in his great "*Life of Milton*," quotes from the Council Order Book of the Commonwealth, Wednesday, October 17

(1649), "That 500. copies of Mr. Hall his answer to Mr. Prynne be printed in Latin, and that the charge of it be defrayed by the Council." Professor Masson proceeds to say: "This was another piece of Mr. Hall's hack-work, but I have not seen it."

Of the above political pamphlets I have nothing to say, nor is it necessary to more than name Hall's translations:

1. Translation of "Longinus of the Height of Eloquence," 1652.
2. "Lusus Serius," from Michael Mayerus, 1654.
3. The above-mentioned "Hierocles upon the Golden Verses of Pythagoras."

Further, Hall edited the "Lectiones" of Robert Hegge in 1647, and wrote a very small book of "Paradoxes" in 1650. Davies informs us that at Cambridge he had begun a novel called "Leucania," and had added to it at Gray's Inn, before he could apply himself to the severe study of the Laws of the Nation. At his death he had begun a translation of Procopius's "Anecdota, or Arcana Historia."

What is of more interest is that Davies names, as a lost work, a translation which Hall had made of tractates of Comenius, "A Modell of a Christian Society," and "The Right Hand of Christian Love Offered." Another statement of Davies' arouses our interest. That is, that Hall was visited frequently by Hobbes, and that he corresponded with Samuel Hartlib.

Unfortunately, there are no letters extant of the correspondence between Hall and Hartlib, but the acquaintance is *primâ facie* evidence of Hall's care for education. Happily, we need not lay stress on indirect indications, for, undoubtedly, John Hall's chief production was: "An Humble Motion to the Parliament of England, concerning the Advancement of Learning: and Reformation of the Universities. By J. H., London, Printed for John Walker, at the Starre in Pope's Head Alley, 1649." 8vo.

I cannot forbear to quote from John Davies a remark which should draw our attention to this tractate of 45 pages. In it, he says, Hall "took occasion to court the then Rulers so handsomely that, that added to his former appearances for the Public, when it had so few friends of the pen, got him a present sum of money, and a pension of £100 per annum (say, of the value of £350 of our money) from the Council."

John Davies is an interesting biographer; he tells you the very points you want to know. Here is a case in point. This "Humble Motion" contains, as I have said, 45 octavo pages. How long did it take Hall to write it? Davies answers this very question. It was written *in four mornings*. Hall "would dictate" (he was too

lazy to write) "four or five hours together, beyond the speed of the readiest amanuensis, and that with so much choice and certainty that he seldom altered a word in anything he writ (? dictated), so that most of his works were in print before ever he saw them."

John Hall, then, in 1649, *i.e.* at the age of 22, wrote a treatise on the "Advancement of Learning." He did this in four mornings, and this work was principally instrumental in securing for him a pension equivalent to £350 a year! Oh golden times of the Commonwealth!

What, then, is the nature of this highly-rewarded pamphlet? Mr. A. H. Bullen speaks of it, in an article on Hall in the "Dictionary of National Biography," as a "well-written tract." I am inclined to go further, and to say that not only is it well written, but that it is a vigorous onslaught on the University teaching of the time, far more incisive and judicious, for instance, than that of John Webster's "Academiarum Examen," in 1654. Hall, of course, has been overshadowed by living in the age of Milton, Dury, and Hartlib. Moreover, his light was so manifestly, and indeed half-consciously (as the title-page shows), borrowed from Bacon. When the educational ideas of the age which had been already given voice to by others, and Bacon's influence, are discounted from Hall's value, it may well be asked, What is there left? Apparently, his vigour of statement, his enthusiasm, and his personality. Moreover, as a youthful production of power, Hall's tractate should probably rank high.

There can be little doubt that Hall meant his effort as a bid for a pension, and the utter lack of restraint in his praise of the Fathers of the Country, is a curious example of the boldness which pays. He says, with wrought-up indifference, "Let this humble Essay be as much neglected or reviled as may be, I shall sit down quiet with a conscience of the discharge of my duty, though it can reach no farther than the putting of those wishes upon the file and transmitting them to posterity."

The very words "sit down" stamp the declamatory nature of the tractate, and we can imagine Hall (from Marshall's portrait) with his "severe and melancholy look," striking an attitude as he dictated the words to his amanuensis. Despite his posturing, and his full-faced flattery, his "Advancement of Learning" is, as an editor would say, "good copy," in the history of education.

After congratulating the Parliament on having cleared our liberties, and removed the common oppression (the date is 1649), Hall points out to them that the best answer to the charge of being worse than

Goths and Vandals, which has been brought against them, "as the destroyers of all civility and literature," is that "of seriously composing yourselves to the design of cherishing of either," so that in the end foreigners shall be wanting in due civil accomplishments, if they have not come to perfect themselves in this country. Moreover, Hall bids them consider how well it would be to have the rising generation so trained as to be worthy followers to themselves. He points out that this is a great responsibility, and is not simply answered by saying, "Have we not Universities as famous as any under Heaven? Have not our ancestors been liberal beyond any in Europe?"

With regard to the Universities, no one wishes them to be turned to quite a different use. It is not another, but a *better* use, to which they should be devoted. The diversion of endowments is not robbery. All admit that to rescue a temple from the superstition wherewith it has been defiled, is, truly speaking, not sacrilege. As to the original givers of endowments:

"Were it possible that these happy souls could either return hither, or were it suitable to their blessedness to mind things that are done under the Moon, they could not but join with any that would undertake to serve them in so pious an engagement as to make their contributions more excellently serviceable to the ends they purposed . . . So long as human reason is weak and imperfect, it can never provide any laws against all circumstances of chance, length of time, fraud and weakness of mankind, but it will bring forth a necessity to repeal them, equal if not superior to that which first enacted them."

Such a paragraph as this shows how clearly Hall could both think and also express his thoughts. He has shown that when endowments could be devoted to a better use, antiquated wills and traditions need not block the way.

He proceeds to show that the time is ripe for a change: "For what more seasonable opportunity can we have than that we see the highest spirits, pregnant with great matters and in despite of these tumults and troubles which environ them on every side, labouring with somewhat the greatness of which they themselves cannot tell, and with a wonderful deal of courage, attempting the discovery of a new world of knowledge?"

Hall, I fully believe, was giving expression to the general feeling of the time when he uttered these words. They are the same in sentiment as we find in Milton, in Hartlib, in Dury, and they show how effective, in the minds of thinkers, had been the words of Bacon. It is worth noting that the famous translation of Bacon's "Advance-

ment of Learning" by Gilbert Wats was issued by the Oxford Press in 1640. In the intervening years there had been the Great Civil War, and it was by no means certain that the troubles were over. Hall, therefore, feels it necessary to combat the argument that a time of public danger was inopportune for educational effort. He says : "But put the case that your enemy were as visible and powerful as ever, yet I dare be known to think that it were much more honourable for you to assume these thoughts; nay, that they both were not inconsistent together. What can you imagine to do more worthy of memory or imitation than in the midst of your most urgent dangers to lay a model, and draw the lines of happiness and security for all posterity? How can you better demonstrate yourselves fearless and hearty, in what you go about, than by showing such a severity and composition of spirit; nay, such a contrary neglect of what opposition is set before you as to mind those vast designs of literal magnificence, or further acquisition?"

Hall has, then, he considers, a triple task before him :

1. To show how far the state of the Universities needed reformation.
2. How such a reformation could be brought about.
3. To particularise some ends which the Members of Parliament may set before their "noble piety."

In pursuance of his first subject, Hall draws the following picture of the Universities: "I could never yet make so bad an idea of a true University, as that it should serve for no nobler end than to nurture a few raw striplings, come out of some miserable country-school, with a few shreds of Latin, that is as unmusical to a polite ear as the gruntling of a sow, or the noise of a saw can be to one that is acquainted with the laws of harmony. And then, possibly before they have surveyed the Greek alphabet, to be racked and tortured with a sort of harsh abstracted logical notions, which their wits are no more able to endure than their bodies the strapado, and to be delivered over to a jejune barren peripatetic philosophy, suited only (as M. Descartes says) to wits that are seated below mediocrity, which will furnish them with those rare imaginations of *Materia prima*, Privation, *Universalia*, and such trumpery, which they understand no more than their tutors, and can no more make use of in the affairs of life, than if 3,000 years since they had run through all the hieroglyphical learning of the Egyptians, and had since that time slept in their mummy, and were now awoken. And then, as soon as they have done licking of this file, to be turned to graze in poor Ethics, which perhaps tell them as much in harder words, as they had heard

their mother talk by the fireside at home. Then are they turned loose, and with their paper-barks committed to the great Ocean of Learning; where, if they be not torn, they return back so full of desperation and contempt for their profession, and sad remembrance of their youth so trivially spent, that they hate all towardly engagements that way, and suffer themselves either to sink in a quagmire of idleness or to be snatched away in a whirlpool of vice. But in case some with much ado get ashore (for a long or a fat voyage upon these terms they cannot make), and by this foresaid means stilt themselves into some profession; what deplorable things (unless it be those few which Nature makes for ostentation to be jewels in this earth) prove they, in filling the world with detestable quacking empirics, lewd and contentious gown men, or ignorant, mercenary divines?"

Deficiencies of the Universities.—"Again, I have ever expected from an University, that though all men cannot learn all things, yet they should be able to teach all things to all men, and be able either to attract knowing men from abroad out of their own wealth, or at least be able to make an exchange. But how far short come we of this, though I acknowledge some difference between our Universities? We have hardly Professors for the three principal faculties, and these but lazily read, and carelessly followed. Where have we anything to do with chemistry, which hath snatched the keys of Nature from the other seats of Philosophy, by her multiplied experiences? Where have we constant reading upon either quick or dead anatomics, or ocular demonstration of herbs? Where any manual demonstrations of mathematical theorems or instruments? Where a promotion of their experiences, which if right carried on, would multiply even to astonishment? Where an examination of all the old tenets? Review of the old experiments and traditions which gull so many junior beliefs, and serve for nothing else but for idle priests, to make their sermons more gaudy? Where is there a solemn disquisition into history? A wise and severe calculation and emendment of the epochs of time? Where a survey of antiquities, and learned descants upon them? Where a ready and generous teaching of the tongues? Free from pedantism, and the impertinencies that that kind of learning hath been pestered with? And all this done not by some stripling youngster, who perhaps understands that which he professes as little as anything else, and mounts up into the chair twice or thrice a year, to mutter over some few stolen impertinencies, but by some stayed man, of tried and known abilities in his profession, allowed by a competent encouragement to stay in the University, who may at certain times read, at certain times attend the resolution of doubts,

offering directions at other times, and engaging them in sober and rational disputes, in which, being restrained from sophistry, they may chafe and polish their endowments, and whet one the other by praise or emulation."

Hall spares not the stinging goad to the Puritan Parliament, that the Universities had not yet arrived at the exactness of the Jesuit Colleges. He begins to feel that he is getting vituperative in his attacks, and stops himself, saying, "This would amount to a long rabble (to continue on the subject of the abuses in the Universities), and degenerate into some Satire or Pasquill, rather than an *Areopagitica*." This is the only direct reference to Milton, whose "*Areopagitica*" had appeared in 1644. "I will be content," continues Hall, "having a public business in hand, to lay aside all bitterness, though it might be advantageous to my purpose, and with due meekness and equanimity, draw to my last task, and then sit down with silent wishes and earnest expectation."

How such a Reformation could be brought about.

I. The "friar-like" list of fellowships must be reduced to include only the following :

1. Working fellows "to prosecute the hints and impetus of their own instructions."

2. More "patient heads" must be tried to instruct those several persons who "should make addresses" to them.

3. Those worn out with contemplations and those greater labours of the mind might "sit warm and know nothing less than Necessity in their honoured old age." Six of such fellows, Hall remarks, would be worth more than "six score at this present." The money thus saved could be applied to experiments and inventions, the relieving of strangers and the provoking some siderial and flaming souls to display themselves in their full and radiant meridian lustre.

II. A further reminiscence of the "*Areopagitica*." "Take off that hateful gag of licensing, which silences so many truths, and makes them abhor the public." Having thus favoured philosophical Radicalism, he compensates by a dash of Socialism. "Put such a gentle imposition upon books, that upon every impression two might go to the public library; and that foreign books brought over hither in any number might do the like, or at least at some reasonable rate."

III. "That all the medals, statues, ancient rings, and other antiquities, pictures of learned delight, or famous men, that either were the late king's, or any other person's whose estates stand confiscate to you, might be appropriated this way."

IV. "That you should be ready to cast all respect and honour upon learned foreigners, although you use no largess towards them."

This programme of practical reform is almost identical with that elaborated in much greater detail by Hartlib and Dury and their friends. Hall's ideas on science and method are borrowed light from Bacon, and no less his practical suggestions are the reflected light of Hartlib and his circle.

So, too, when he speaks of the School, we hear an echo from Comenius. "I fell to consider," says Hall, "that if Man were a creature both so excellent and active, it were but justice to him that the natural vergency of his genius should be found out and assisted ; and that surely could not be in any better time than in his infancy, at the dawning of his reason, when he could not be employed any other way, and his innocency made him most susceptible of any impression or figure. And if at such a time, then surely he was *to be assayed by most easy trials, and that by pleasant pastimes of sense, and not by any harsh distractions or rough discipline.*"

The Reformation is, in Hall's view, to be brought about by men set apart for knowledge—some to dispense it, some to augment it. There is to be endowment for Teaching, and endowment for Research. He states with definiteness some of his wishes as to the direction of research :

1. There should be a place in some University appointed for a collection of papers, letters, manuscripts, and relations, which should discover the "inner side" of negotiations and events, and the "true face" of things.

2. A catalogue of characters, collected from history, to include all types.

3. A description of the several countries, secret mysteries, and retired criticisms of state.

He advocates the—

1. Further development of Mathematics, a study which he warmly praises.

2. The determined investigation of Natural Science and the (Baconian) cataloguing of results.

3. The drawing up of a synopsis of Medicine.

Finally, the third part of his task he had named as the particularizing of some ends to set before the "noble piety" of Members of Parliament. This he does, in his last long paragraph, and as it is the cleverest and most characteristic piece of writing of this clever young man, I give it in full.

The Peroration.—"These things, as I have but briefly touched, so to particularize them had been extreme folly, your wisdoms being so able to direct you, in case God stir your hearts for to take in hand this task : which if you cheerfully go through, no doubt but that gale of divine favour, which hath constantly gone along with you, will not now leave you, but bring you to the end. And as your eyes have been blessed with many strange sights, and your mouths oftentimes filled, nay stricken dumb with wonder ; so there is no doubt, but if you do this one thing which now remains, you shall see the Taper of a learned Piety burn among us, I hope, like an immortal lamp, fed with refined and sublimest knowledge, whilst all those false lights of ignorance, human forgery, and superstition shall vanish away, or be put out, and the stubborn pervicacy of human reason turned into a gentle compliance to divine truth. You shall see Nature traced through all her turnings, to a clear demonstration of her first cause, and every day bring forth varieties of experiments, either to the relief, astonishment, or delight of men ; you shall then see us freed from all these fabulous illusions and impostures, which have hitherto beset either traditions or cures ; and Nature, which now disguises herself into so many shapes, forced into an open veracity and pure nakedness. You shall see the number of arts daily increased, and those we know already, wonderfully promoted. You shall then see schemes of commonwealths brought forth easy and natural and not varied into a multiplicity of crooked hypotheses. You shall then see policy reconciled to divinity, morality and itself, and yet better able to lay designs and prevent dangers. You will then have it in its native simplicity, and your posterity may at once learn to be both wise and innocent. You shall have the use of the Tongues daily increase, and that judgment of confusion, which hath so long and so heavily lain upon mankind, by degrees removed. You shall have the ways of education made smooth, and your children with a pleasant success possessed of all the treasures of real knowledge, ere they could have thought they had entered the gates.¹ So that when you have added these sights to the former, and witnessed, by a happy old age, the blessedness of this Land ; you may see the reins also prosper in the hands of those that shall be your successors, and melting away in a soft dissolution, find that crown above which is owing to fidelity, and that reward below, that the best Law-givers have ever met with ; that is, your names shall in-

¹ The term "Gates" is common at the time for elementary treatises. Cf. translation of Comenius's *Janua Linguarum Reserata* ("The Gate of Languages Unlocked"), 1633, and Hezekiah Woodward's *Gate to the Sciences*, 1641.

crease in the silent motion of Time, and all Posterity shall turn back upon you, with an eye of Piety and Adoration."

Whatever judgment we may pass on John Hall and his work, we must allow that such vigour and control of language rank him high among writers of the age of twenty-two. The words, "Your names shall increase in the silent motion of Time," have a flow and a dignity (Are they, we are obliged to wonder, his own?) almost Miltonic.

FOSTER WATSON.

LIFE IN THE SAGE-BRUSH LANDS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

"In the sad south-west, in the mystical sunlands."

AWAY to the east of the Sierra Nevada range, which intersects the State of California, lies a strange, little-known region of desert and mountain, sage-brush, waste, and borax lakes. Long deep valleys alternate with mountain chains from the Sierras to the Rockies. This is the home of the Puite and the Shoshonee, of the "side-winder" rattlesnake, and of the horned toad. The hills are rich in minerals, and the valleys fertile if irrigated. They are especially adapted for raising fruit and alfalfa—the Lucerne grass of Europe. Grapes, peaches, pears, apples, apricots and nectarines are equal to any grown elsewhere on the Pacific slope.

The particular portion of this great tract, which I would describe in the following pages, is "Owens Valley," in Inyo county, California, which was so called after a gold prospector—the first white man who visited it. I remember well my feelings of awe when I found myself one evening gazing at the tallest peak in the United States outside Alaska—Mount Whitney, 15,000 feet in height—rising up out of a great serrated wall of rock. This valley is over a hundred miles long by about fifteen wide. Owens Lake, situated in the southern half, is a small edition of the Great Salt Lake of Utah. It is filled with borax and other chemicals, and has no fish or animal life in its waters except a kind of worm, which supplies food to millions of duck. These worms are also gathered and used as food by the Puite and Manatche Indians, being mixed with the flour made of the nuts of the dwarf piñon pine of the foothills. Owens Lake is at present about twenty miles long by about twelve wide, but it is receding fast, and may in time be drained off altogether by borax companies. Never in any other part of the world have I seen so many birds—mainly of the duck family—resting on a sheet of water as here.

To the east the valley is walled in by the Inyo or White Mountains, which rise in places, it is said, to 12,000 feet, and contain many

valuable mines of gold, silver and lead. The famous and mysterious Death Valley, 200 feet below sea-level, and as hot as an oven, is away some sixty miles to the south-east. Only one man lives permanently there, and he is a regular hermit. Many a miner has died of thirst while prospecting along the edges of this awful place. It received its name from the fact that a train of emigrants to California lost their way there in "forty-nine" and all perished of thirst. The remains of their "prairie schooners" are yet to be seen sticking out of the sand. Dogs taken there feel the heat so much that they rush into the first water they come to. In a little time their hair falls off as if scalded and they die. It is by no means an uncommon occurrence to find the dried-up remains of prospector or tramp lying amongst the sage-brush in the desert. Owens Valley is very much higher than Death Valley, ranging from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above sea-level, but it is also very hot. Even in the fall I have seen the mercury at 110° in the shade. It is a strange fact that in this Inyo county the highest and the lowest points in the whole United States are to be found—Mount Whitney and Death Valley. More minerals are also said to exist here than perhaps anywhere else in America. The most serious earthquake that has occurred in California since it has been known to white men happened in Owens Valley in 1872, when the whole village of Lone Pine, composed of adobe houses was shaken down and twenty-six Mexicans killed. For four days after that quake the ground trembled and shook, and many suffered as if from sea-sickness. If you ask a man in Lone Pine when a certain sheriff was killed, or when some Indian fight took place, he will always answer, "Oh, before the earthquake," or, "That was after the earthquake, I reckon." For miles along the west side of the valley is a wall of red earth, showing how the adjoining land sank down a distance of ten or twelve feet. As an "oldtimer" remarked to me, "it shook the bottom out of her, and don't you forget."

Owens River, a rapid, deep stream, rises in the mountains to the east of the famous Yosemite Valley, and flows down some 150 miles into Owens Lake, which seems to swallow it, as there is no visible outlet. Along this river, and the streams which flow into it, are numerous ranches, and some fruit farms; but the greater portion of the valley is still sage-brush desert. Three or four villages, varying in size from two hundred to four hundred inhabitants, are strung in a line down the valley at intervals of twenty miles or so. Bishop, at the north end of the valley, is the largest, and is surrounded by more farms than the others. The country around is very swampy and wet, consequently malaria is rather prevalent, although it is unknown in

any other portion of Inyo county. Independence, in the centre of the valley, is the county town, and Lone Pine, sixteen miles south, is the last town to be met with until you come to Mojave, 150 miles away. On my first visit to Inyo I came from Reno on the Central Pacific Railroad to Carson City and Mound House, Nevada, and from there by the narrow-gauge railroad—the “Carson and Colorado”—down through the Nevada deserts and over the White Mountains into Inyo. This road was built principally to haul out ore from the mines and soda and borax from the desert. Three trains a week for passengers run from Mound House to Keeler, the terminus on Owens Lake. From Keeler a stage coach runs twice a week through the desert to Mojave in Southern California. On the “Carson and Colorado,” or the “C. & C.” as it is locally called, only half a car is reserved for passengers, and that has rarely more than a couple of occupants. More than once I have been the only traveller on the train. The other half of the coach is used as a baggage car. Trains are not run at night on this road, so that travellers have always to stop over at Belleville, once celebrated as “the wickedest town in Nevada. This was only a few years ago when it had two large quartz mills running, and, money being plentiful, gamblers and fast women flocked in, and every place was “wide open” all the time. Now, the hotel, kept by the Railroad Company, is about the only thing that shows signs of life in Belleville. Candalaria, a town eight miles away, enjoys the distinction of being “pretty tough” still, as are many of the mining camps in that “sage-brush country.” It takes about two days to get to Inyo from San Francisco, although in a direct line they are not more than 250 miles apart. However, the distance by rail is about 600 miles. The most interesting way to reach the valley is by stage from Mojave, 150 miles to the south. Mojave, pronounced “Moharvy,” is a miserable railroad town where the “Southern Pacific” and the “Sante Fé” meet. It is situated in the middle of the great Mojave Desert, and is about the windiest place I know. Only once in over a dozen visits that I have paid there did I find it unnecessary to tie on my hat. I remember in Auckland, New Zealand, the people used to sneer at the capital city of the colony, and say that they could always tell a Wellington man by his habit of holding on his hat on coming to every street corner. However, in Mojave, it is necessary to hold it on all the time. During one visit there I noticed a number of ants walking over my bed, and was rather disturbed on making some explorations to discover a nest of them under the pillow.

The stage takes about thirty hours to go up from Mojave to

Keeler. I had a rather exciting journey over this stage road last year. We left Mojave at seven in the evening, the driver seeing that I had a gun case, told me to take out my gun and "load up for Indians," as a fight had taken place the day before, in which two deputy sheriffs and three Indian "bucks" had been killed. He seemed to think we might drop across the Puites on the warpath. All through the night and next day we kept a sharp look-out, and the few people we passed at the places where horses were changed seemed nervous and were "packing guns" every man. We passed by the mouth of Sage Cañon where the fight had taken place. The Indians had all left the "rancheria" and gone into the mountains, first killing their fowl and "cachéing" or burning the rest of their belongings. Later on, we met a party of mounted "rangers" as they called themselves, more than half of whom were Indians or "half-breeds." They were scouring the desert looking for "tracks," and if they met the "murderers" would certainly have given them short shrift. During the second night as the horses were toiling along through the heavy sand, we saw a couple of figures coming out of the darkness ahead of us, and the driver and myself immediately "covered" them, until we found they were a couple of drunken prospectors who had got lost on the desert.

On this journey we saw some very curious and beautiful rock formations at a place called "Red Rock Cañon." Red terraces of rock, looking for all the world as if carved or quarried by the human hand, arose in all directions. In the centre ran the pass or cañon with perpendicular sides, and a track as level as a French road.

The people of Owens Valley are occupied mainly as miners, ranchers, traders, or packers. Half the nationalities of the globe seem to be represented. The miners are a mixed lot, Cornish, Danish, Irish, English, Swiss, Yankee, Canadian, Missourian and Californian. The ranchers are mostly of American stock. The store-keepers chiefly American-born Jews of German origin, and the "packers" or mule drivers mainly Mexican or half-breed Indian. Numerous sheep "outfits" or caravans pass through the valley, all composed of Basques from the Pyrenees. Many of these men are rich, owning thousands of sheep, but dress as roughly as their "herders," and live as rough lives. They hardly mix at all with the local people and are much disliked, as the sheep eat the grass that the ranchers want for their own cattle, and destroy the range. Again, as they never buy any land, or do anything to enhance the value of real estate, they are looked upon as being in every sense detrimental to the best interests of the country. All sheep that pass through

are taxed five cents a head. The sheep winter in the San Joaquin Valley and are then driven round the southern end of the Sierra Nevada through Walker's Pass, up the east slope into Inyo and Mono counties ; then across the Sierras again and down the west side to Kern and Tulare counties in southern California. Sheepmen and cattlemen are deadly enemies everywhere. Cattle do not eat where sheep have passed. All these Basques trade at one particular store in each town they come to. They never have any ready money, they always pay with cheques to avoid the risk of robbery in their lonely march. The owners of the "band" of sheep, with their wagons, pack-mules and donkeys or "curros," as they are called, travel ahead, and form camp near some water, while the sheep come along slowly in charge of a few "herders" with dogs. Some of these dogs are very clever. One is always left behind in the morning to wait for any sheep that may have dropped out on the march. In the afternoon this dog starts away after the band picking up all laggards. I have rarely met one of these Basques who could talk English. Of course they have little or no opportunity of learning, as they are constantly with the sheep and amongst their own compatriots. They occasionally get to a town, when they carouse heavily on Californian wine. Most of them return home to Europe after they have made some money. The "herders" are paid in sheep, not money, and in time they own a good-sized band. Then they generally separate and start off on their own account, getting a new recruit out from the Pyrenees to assist.

A lonely monotonous life it is walking all day, slowly over the rough foothills and desert. They usually carry their long poles across the shoulder blades, with both arms extended. These men are a surly-looking lot, and do not resemble either French or Spaniards. They are chiefly the cause of the forest fires that destroy so much of what is perhaps the most magnificent timber in the world on the west side of the Sierra Nevadas. They know that after a fire the grass grows more plentifully, and that their sheep will consequently have better pasturage. Horses and horned cattle are raised in considerable numbers in the valley, and are driven in large bands through the desert to Los Angeles and the southern counties. On the way down they exist on sage-brush, and an occasional tuft of bunch grass. Cattle in Owens Valley do not thrive well unless driven up into the "meadows" on the "High Sierra" during the summer months for change of air and food. In a few places in the valley the "loco weed" grows. Horses that eat this plant are said to become practically useless. They

are "locoed" or crazy, and are said to have the greatest aversion to cross water. All western men agree that this is the result.

Of all the villages in Inyo, Lone Pine perhaps is the most picturesque. Situated in the centre of Owens Valley, it lies between two great ranges of mountains. The highest peaks of the Sierra Nevada stand right over it to the west, while the Inyo mountains, almost as high, are about the same distance to the east. The great expanse of Owens Lake spreads out five miles to the south of the town. Small orchards lie around most of the detached wooden houses. It is almost entirely a Mexican village, four-fifths of the inhabitants being of Spanish-American origin, which is rather a curious fact, as this region had never been occupied by the Spanish Californians in the early days. These Mexicans came from the province of Sonora to work the Cerro Gordo mine, and afterwards settled in the vicinity. There are also some Chileños here, political refugees, but they are undistinguishable from the ordinary Mexican. A good many of these men have married Puite women or "mehalies," as they are called, and the race is getting very mixed indeed. Most of the men are "packers," and live by bringing down ore on mules or "burros" from the mines to the railroad, or firewood from the mountains to the towns. As no wood—excepting some small cottonwood trees—grows in the valley, and as there is no coal, all firewood has to be brought down in this manner, a distance of from ten to twenty miles. It fetches from eight to nine dollars a cord in the towns. In time the Eucalyptus tree—the Australian blue gum—will doubtless be planted, as in other parts of California, to raise fuel. The houses of Lone Pine were built of mud or "adobe," until the time of the earthquake; since that they are of wood. When an adobe house falls the inmates are usually buried alive, and killed in its ruins, while in a frame house they escape with a few scratches at the worst. As all timber has to be brought by rail from Carson City, Nevada, a distance of over 300 miles, it makes house-building a rather expensive operation. Red peppers are hung all over the outsides of these Mexican houses, and give them a gay appearance.

The great amusement of the men is gambling. I have frequently seen one ride twenty miles to some neighbouring town to play with a miner who was reported to have come in with a full purse. The game goes on day and night until one or other gets stone-broke—the losing player often even staking the horse on which he has ridden in. These Spanish-Americans are fond of all kinds of sport and amusement—especially of dancing. At Christmas they go in for

horse-racing. The usual distance is a dash of about 150 yards. Almost every Mexican rides well, and looks well in the saddle. Shooting with rifle and revolver at chickens is also another favourite sport, the man who kills the bird taking it as a prize. Once I remember a dozen or so of these fellows had been blazing away at one particular "rooster," at a distance of a couple of hundred yards, for about an hour. As they had been "celebrating" all the previous night, their nerves were anything but steady, and none of them seemed able to touch the bird. Finally, a tall young American appeared on the scene, carrying his '44 Winchester. He was a man who had broken down his constitution by exposure and every kind of hardship as a professional deer-hunter in the woods of Wisconsin and northern Minnesota. However, he could still shoot. Slowly he threw up his gun, pointing it at the sky, then lowering it gradually, and over went the chicken. The "Greasers" were disgusted at being beaten by a "Gringo." These Mexicans constantly make a "bluff" of fighting. They are always ready to draw their "guns," but generally have friends about, who rush in and interfere at the crucial moment. If they have any enmity to some poor Indian, they often take the opportunity on these festive occasions of clubbing him over the head with a heavy revolver. I was at a trial once where a half-breed Mexican was charged with killing and cutting up an Indian "mehali" with whom he had been living. The evidence was thought to be too circumstantial to hang him on and the man was acquitted. A couple of weeks later this same fellow was arrested for firing off his revolver half-a-dozen times on the main street of Lone Pine, in an indiscriminate sort of a way, considered undesirable, on a quiet Sunday afternoon. He managed to get clear of this too by the loss of three mules as a fee to the best lawyer in the county. As a rule, in the course of time, a "tough" of this description runs up against some man who has nerve enough to "fill him up with lead." A Mexican is always a dignified man. He loves to get on a horse and go for a "Pasear" through the village. He wears his straight-brimmed hat pulled down a little over his eyes, and sits very erect in his saddle, with his legs as straight out as possible from the horse's sides. His style is the direct opposite of the English. He always has his raw hide lariat, or lasso, coiled up on the front of his saddle. He wears his trousers pulled down outside his boots invariably, and has immense spurs. He may be compelled to live on one meal a day and an unlimited quantity of "cigareet" smoke, but he always has a mount of some description—if only a "burro." As a rule he is intensely ignorant, and knows and cares nothing for anything outside his immediate environment. He thinks that everybody who is "no

catholique " is on a bee line to the infernal regions. He still imagines the Indians to be as powerful and as numerous as of old, and has an idea that they may swoop down at any moment and massacre all whites. Mexicans are generally polite and courteous to everybody, although they may not be very sincere in their friendship. They are imbued with the idea that they are the only men on earth who can ride a horse properly, and certainly, as I have said, they are good riders and "vaqueros."

The Sixteenth of September, which is the anniversary of the independence of Mexico, is one of their festive occasions. Christmas is also a great time with them. Then they have their "cascaroni" and "campadre" balls. At the former the guests supply themselves with "cascaroni" eggs. The shells are coloured and filled with scraps of scented paper and dust. If you want to pay a compliment to anyone you break a "cascaroni" on his or her head. The belle of the ball is usually covered all over with powder and paper. Generally a few old Mexican señoras are in a corner of the room with baskets of these egg-shells, which they sell to the dancers. Almost all people of Spanish origin can dance well. Of course, in an American town like Lone Pine, a great many representatives of other nationalities drop in and take part in the entertainment. It is rather curious to see some graceful blonde girl—perhaps with the refined face and air of the Eastern States or of Europe—dancing amongst the very pronounced brunettes, some of whom differ very little in appearance from Indian squaws. At New Year the "campadre" ball comes off. Then the names of the guests are written on slips of paper and thrown into a hat. Señorita and señor as drawn together remain partners for the ensuing year. It is the gentleman's privilege (?) to make the lady a present and to act as her escort at all entertainments until the next annual drawing comes off. The señora or señorita, as the case may be, responds to the present with a bouquet. This drawing business is not always on the square, I am afraid, as lovers usually manage to get drawn together, and the Americans, as all who are not Mexicans are called, generally find themselves left in the cold or coupled with some very unsuitable and unprepossessing partner. Thus a friend of mine, an elderly Englishman, a civil engineer, found himself drawn with a very ancient Spanish lady, whose complexion would have made a Niger negress green with envy. This same señora happened to be the engineer's washerwoman. She never seemed able to get hold of his name, but, knowing that he was engaged in canal and ditch construction, always addressed him as "Señor Don Ditchman." A Mexican girl will on

no account go for a walk with a young man alone, as an English girl would, or for a "buggy ride," after the fashion of the American. She must always have a duenna along to chaperon her. In all Inyo county there is not a Catholic priest, so the people of Lone Pine have to be married by a "justice of the peace." One can always tell when a wedding is to take place by seeing the "justice," who on ordinary occasions wear "overalls" and a battered low hat, clothed in a frock coat and silk "stove-pipe." I have not known a silk hat to be worn at any other time in the Valley. In the matter of dress there is considerable latitude in the mountains. I have seen, at a ball in Lone Pine, a teamster sporting an old cloth cap all the evening, and smoking and chewing at a big cigar at the same time. He did not dance, however. He was naturally a bit "tough," being originally from the backwoods of Maine, and now what is known as a "squawman," the father of half-a-dozen half-breed youngsters. A good type of the old time "mountain man," and one you could rely upon in an emergency.

Here, as everywhere else, the Irishman shows up with his strong frame and stronger brogue, which he never seems to lose. He dances, drinks "40 rod" whisky, pays broad compliments to the ladies, and is ever ready for a fight, often rather heedless whether his opponent is "packing a gun" or a knife. Many of the Irish-American miners are looked upon as the most dangerous men in the country. One of them has a record in that county for shooting five persons. Of course it is well known that the first man who has the nerve to kill him will get off without any difficulty. This man is a successful miner and an inveterate gambler. He is nervous and quick tempered, and being rather fond of "whisky straight" is a very ugly customer to have an argument with. He owns a couple of silver mines, and his employés run considerable danger of getting "leaded," either from the fumes in the mine below or from their boss's revolver above. Some of these miners are rather addicted to what is known as a "big drunk" whenever they come to town. I have known one very intelligent man who would stay at his mine for a couple of months, and then ride to town, change his clothes, shave, get drunk and stay drunk for three weeks. That was about his limit. I have known him to keep it up longer, but after three weeks of a "bust" he generally pulled himself together and got away to the mountains. It is very uncommon in that country for a man who gets drunk one day to "sober up" the next. He keeps at it as long as he has any money or credit, or can get anyone to "set 'em up" for him. Gambling is prevalent among all classes. The Chinaman, who

never drinks, is always ready to take a hand at "poker." At one hotel where I frequently put up, the Chinaman cook invariably lost his month's wages the night after he received it, playing poker with his boss, a smart little German Jew. This Chinaman, like most of his race, was a smart, intelligent fellow, but the temptation to show the bar-room loafers that he "savvyed" the game "all same as Mellican man," was too great to be resisted by the culinary artist from Canton. His forty dollars a month wages seemed to have had a string attached, so that they invariably reverted to the pockets of his Hebrew employer.

Any description of Owens Valley would be incomplete without a reference to the great perpendicular wall of mountain which cuts it off from what the natives call the "other side," or the slope "from the Sierras to the sea." Only for a few months in the summer is it possible to cross the Sierra Nevada at all, and then only in a couple of places in the two hundred miles of mountain that lie between "Bloody Cañon"—which leads into the Yosemite Valley—and Walker's Pass at the southern end of the range. Having camped for some time up in one of these trails, I shall add a few words about the manner of life in the "High Sierra."

Away up in the Kearsage Cañon, 8,000 feet above sea level, we "batched" two of us. Our house was a deserted shanty, once used by the manager of the "Rex Montes" mine. The old mill house was still standing, but the houses occupied by the miners had been swept away by one of the "cloud bursts" common to these mountains. All through July and August my companion and myself stayed up there. We lived on game and trout principally. He did the fishing, I the shooting. It was hot, and no mistake. Sometimes we would get a fit of nervousness—perhaps from the amount of tea we drank—and a feeling of anxiety to find how things were going in the valley below, and even in the world outside the mountains, and we would tramp down to Independence. It was not so bad going down, and we generally stayed a night below; but the coming back up the grade—a nine-mile tramp over soft sand, rocks, and brush—was no "picnic." Our only neighbour was an old Dane, once a mine manager, now a hermit. He was well educated, and managed by studying the papers to keep himself posted in the affairs of the world, but his lonely life had turned him into what is known in America as a crank, so that his society was not much sought after. Our shanty was some distance above him in the cañon, and in my hurry to town on a couple of occasions I passed his place without calling to see him. This made him decidedly hostile, and at times

I half expected that I might receive a charge of quail shot when passing the place. However, we afterwards became very good friends. It was lonely up in that cañon, the only people who went over the trail being an odd Basque sheep man going down for supplies, or a packer from the saloons in the valley going up for snow. This is brought down in sacks on pack mules to be used in the composition of mixed drinks. Once I saw it used for another purpose. Everybody in town was attending a dance given in a large room over a livery stable. Suddenly the news came in that an old ex-judge had "passed in his checks," and had "gone over the range." He was the biggest man physically and socially in the town. The dance was stopped instantly, and three men pulled on "overalls," threw pack saddles on the backs of some mules, and started in the darkness up the trail for snow. They got back next afternoon. It was necessary—the weather was broiling, and as the deceased had been a leading member of the masonic brotherhood, the funeral had to be delayed for a couple of days to give all the "masons" in the county a chance of attending. Once we had a visit from two brothers—Germans, who had a ranch below, and had driven up their stock to the mountain meadows for summer. Good-natured fellows they were, but a little too fond of whisky and lager. A few months after I shook hands with the elder brother one day in Independence, and the next day I carried the news to the younger one, "Pete," that "Billy" had had his head kicked in by his horse. Yes, it was lonely after the sun went over the top of the Sierra. We could see the shadow gradually creeping across Owens Valley over to the Inyo range, up higher and higher, and then night; with the darkness every sound seemed intensified, and one fancied he heard strange noises. Only one man lived anywhere near, and he a mile down the mountain. The nearest village was eight miles below, and above and all around us arose the great jagged peaks and gloomy cañons of the giant Sierras. Plenty of rattlesnakes were all about us, under the house, amongst the stones that made the foundation, under all the large boulders, and in the scrub. It was trying to the nerves when, tramping with a gun through the brush, the sound of the rattle would break the stillness of the wilderness. Once my partner on going out to the creek with the tea kettle, found a big rattler before him also taking his evening drink.

Trout of small size but fine flavour were plentiful. Our chief difficulty was in getting bait. The ground was so hard and dried up there that worms were only to be got in one or two places in all the cañon. The largest trout I ever killed, strange to say, I shot in

some shallow water away up at an altitude of 10,000 or 11,000 feet. In the lakes above us a very large description of salmon trout was to be found. My chief work was in keeping the frying-pan supplied with "cotton tail" rabbits, mountain and valley quail. Hard, hot work it was, carrying a shot-gun over those ragged rocks and loose gravel and brush in that blazing sun. We had a dog, but he was almost useless ; the heat was too much for him, and he was always looking for the shadow of a great rock in that weary land. Lovely views were to be had, too, of Owens Lake and the mountains beyond. Beautiful pictures did those mountains give, clothed as they were in purple, dark blue, deep brown, yellow. How far away from home it seemed to us two Britishers in that lonely cañon ; and yet we liked it as a change from the monotonous life of the little settlements of the valley, where the saloon is the club and the general store the "stamping ground" of the entire community ! How a man values the magazines and papers of civilisation in an isolated region such as that ! Twelve miles or so across the range from us lay King's River Cañon, considered to be, if anything, grander than the far-famed Yosemite. The latter is seven miles long by a mile wide, with perpendicular walls rising to about 4,000 feet, while King's River Cañon is ten miles long by half a mile wide, with straight cliffs, 5,000 feet high. It has no such rock as El Capitan for massiveness, but has rocks higher, sharper, and more sculptured in appearance than anything in the Yosemite. Of the grandeur of its position and the magnificence of its scenery the ranchers and miners of Inyo, who visit it, never speak ; they only talk of the size and number of the fish they have caught, and the ferocity of the mosquitoes and gnats which inhabit it.

Up in the snow above us one old Englishman lived for years, and worked at his mine at an altitude of over 11,000 feet. Almost every other miner had given up the Sierra Nevada side, and had changed over to the more accessible Inyos, but "old man" Ward still stayed with his first love, and dug a precarious living out of that mighty mass of quartz. He stayed too long. One winter, after the snows began to melt, it was noticed in Independence that the old man had not come down. A search party went up and found that he had been a corpse for months away up in the eternal snow. The search party had to resolve itself into a coroner's jury, and then into an undertaking establishment before all was finished. Such is life in the "High Sierra."

THE GENESIS OF THE STEAMSHIP.

NO one man invented the steamship. Nor was it a joint production, like the Wheatstone and Cooke telegraph. But one man made one thing, and another improved upon it, and a third proceeded further, until the steamship was an assured and practical success.

Invention and improvement still continued, until now we have the splendid results of the triple-expansion engine, which, receiving the steam at enormous pressure from the boiler, uses it three times in succession, and sends immense vessels plunging through the ocean at the fine speed of some twenty-two miles an hour.

If we may trust royal records in Spain, a certain Blasco de Garay exhibited a steamer at Barcelona in 1543. He had a large cauldron of boiling water in the ship and a wheel on either side. The reports concerning it were favourable, and he was rewarded; the actual invention, however, was kept secret, and nothing came of it.

Then the Marquis of Worcester is said to have invented something like steam navigation in England about 1655. Later on Jonathan Hulls obtained a patent for a steamer, and other men in France and Britain and America also made experiments; while Patrick Miller is said to have patented paddle-wheels in 1787.

But Symington's efforts on the Forth and Clyde Canal in 1790, and afterwards under the patronage of Lord Dundas, were perhaps the most successful. He built a boat which, in 1802, drew two laden vessels nineteen-and-a-half miles in six hours against a strong wind ahead.

This vessel was called the *Charlotte Dundas*, and has been spoken of, as no doubt it really is, as the "first practically successful steam-boat ever built." If so, the credit of origination largely belongs to William Symington. He was an engineer at Wanlockhead Mines, though his success, and that which followed the labours of others, would have been impossible without the inventions and improvements of Watt.

The *Charlotte Dundas* had only one paddle-wheel, which was placed at the stern. It was whirled round by an engine of the type of Watt's double action, *i.e.*, steam was admitted on *both* sides of the piston instead of one only, and the piston turned a crank on the paddle-wheel shaft.

Curiously enough in a French gunboat, built on the Thames by Messrs. Yarrow in 1892, the stern-wheel method used in the *Charlotte Dundas* was reverted to. This gunboat, the *Opale*, was intended for use on lagoons and shallow rivers on the African West Coast, and the paddle-wheels were placed astern, as a screw-propeller would probably become fouled by weeds.

The *Charlotte Dundas* was undoubtedly successful for towing, and the owners of the canal were urged to adopt this method, but they refused, for a reason which seems very strange to us in these days, *viz.*, they feared the canal banks would be damaged because of the wash made by the wheels. So this first steamboat, forerunner of a long and illustrious list, was beached and broken up. Symington, thoroughly disappointed, occupied himself with other affairs.

Passing from experiment to more assured success, Great Britain and America may be said to have joined hands in the starting of the steamship. For if Fulton, after experimenting in France and conversing with Symington, put the *Clermont* on American waters in 1807, in conjunction with Livingstone, yet her engines were made by Boulton and Watt, at Birmingham, and men from their works assisted in mounting the machinery. She is regarded by some as the first practically successful passenger steamer put afloat. She ran from Albany to New York in 32 hours, and back again in 30 hours, an average speed of 5 miles an hour. Steamers now perform the journey in a quarter of the time.

The vessel was named the *Clermont* from Livingstone's residence, and no doubt on her trial trip there were many incredulous persons. Colden, the biographer of Fulton, describing it, says :—

“The minds of the most incredulous were changed in a few minutes—before the boat had made the progress of a quarter of a mile the greatest unbeliever must have been converted. The man who, while he looked on the expensive machine, thanked his stars that he had more wisdom than to waste his money on such idle schemes, changed the expression of his features as the boat moved from the wharf and gained her speed ; his complacent smile gradually stiffened into an expression of wonder ; the jeers of the ignorant, who had neither sense nor feeling enough to repress their contemptuous ridicule and rude jokes, were silenced for the moment by

a vulgar astonishment, which deprived them of the power of utterance, till the triumph of genius extorted from the incredulous multitude which crowded the shores shouts and acclamations of congratulations and applause."

The *Clermont* was not a very small size for those days. She measured 133 feet long, 18 feet beam, and about 9 feet deep, while her tonnage was 160, and her strength 18 horse-power. The piston of her engines had a 4-foot stroke. In a word, the *Clermont* proved that steam navigation was possible.

Five years later appeared a serviceable and successful steamer in Great Britain, viz., the *Comet*. Her home was the Clyde, of course, the birthplace of so many noble steamers since. She received her name because of the extraordinary comet which appeared that year—1812—and not because of her size and brilliance. Yet she was very successful for an early attempt, and gained a speed of seven and a-half miles an hour when circumstances were favourable.

She was a small boat compared to the *Clermont*, for she was only 40 feet long in the keel, 10½ feet beam, and 5 feet deep, while her tonnage was but 24, and her nominal horse-power 4. For some years she worked successfully on the Clyde, between Glasgow and Greenock, and was, no doubt, held to be a wonder and a convenience. Her fares were three shillings and four shillings. Steamers now plying on the Clyde and its estuary measure some 250 feet in length, and attain a speed of 20 or 21 miles an hour; while the *Koh-i-noor*, a Clyde-built boat, and lately put on the Thames and its estuary round to Harwich, has reached 23 miles an hour. She is reputed to be the fastest river boat in the United Kingdom.

According to Russell's narrative of steamships on the Clyde, Bell was a carpenter in Glasgow, and fond of schemes. In 1808 he became proprietor of a bathing establishment or hotel at Helensburgh, on the Clyde, opposite Greenock, and to increase the facility for reaching the place, and induce more people to visit it from Glasgow, Bell put on boats worked by paddles driven by hand—which reminds one, by-the-bye, that wheel-boats, worked by horses, or oxen, or men, were known to the Romans. Bell's experiment with manual labour failed, and he decided to try steam: hence the *Comet*.

From a letter of Bell's in the *Caledonian Mercury*, in 1816, we gather that Fulton wrote to him regarding some machinery, and asked him to send drawings and descriptions of Miller's boats. Bell did so, and subsequently Fulton wrote further, saying he had made a steamboat from the drawings, which was likely to answer, but needed some improvement. "This letter," writes Bell, "led me

to think of the absurdity of writing my opinion to other countries, and not putting it in practice myself in my own country ; and, from these considerations I was roused to set on foot a steamboat, for which I made a number of different models before I was satisfied. When I was convinced that they would answer the end, I contracted with Messrs. John Wood & Company, ship-builders, in Port Glasgow, to build me a steam vessel, according to my plans, 40 feet keel, &c."

The engines of the *Comet* were set up by Mr. John Robertson, who lived to place them, some time afterwards, in South Kensington Museum. The machinery was somewhat peculiar. The furnace was encased with brick-work, and the fire was not entirely surrounded by the boiler. This very necessary portion of the arrangements was placed at the side, instead of the centre of the ship, and the funnel was bent, to rise in the middle, where it was used as a mast to carry a sail. Indeed, some of the early steamboats were made with that object, viz., to make the smoky funnel appear as a mainmast. No doubt those early steamboats did emit a considerable quantity of thick smoke.

The engine was placed beside the boiler, the two occupying the width of the ship. There was but one cylinder, which worked a crank and axle, which in its turn revolved a large wheel with cogs. Into these cogs worked two other wheels, fixed on the paddle-wheel shaft, and causing them to work. There were two paddle-wheels on either side of the vessel—four in all. Each "wheel" at first consisted of four paddles like shovels, but afterwards they were abandoned, and paddle-wheels more worthy of that name adopted.

The *Elizabeth* followed the *Comet* about a year afterwards. She belonged to Mr. Hutchinson, and was built under the instructions of Mr. Thomson, who had been concerned in certain of Bell's experiments. The *Elizabeth* seems to have made nine miles an hour, and fares were four shillings and half-a-crown—about a third of the coach fares.

Before this date—in 1809—the *Accommodation* had been seen on the River St. Lawrence, and in 1811 a steamer had churned up the waters of the Mississippi; the great rivers of America afforded an excellent field for the development of the steamer.

In 1815 the *Richmond* was plying between London and Richmond, for hire, on the Thames ; and in 1816 the *Regent* was running between London and Margate. Both of these vessels were engined by Messrs. Maudslay and Field, of London.

The success and increase of steamers on British rivers was now

speedy. George Dodd—who did much to establish them on the Thames, but who, alas, shared the fate of some other pioneers and became poor—mentions in his work on the subject, dated 1818, that there were in that year eighteen steamers on the Clyde, two at Dundee, six on the Forth, two each on the Tay, the Trent, the Tyne, the Mersey, and at Cork ; while there were four on the Humber, three on the Yare, and one each on the Avon, the Severn, and the Orwell. Actually, also, there were two intended to ply between Dublin and Holyhead. As for those on the Thames, two—the *London* and the *Richmond*, both built under Dodd's supervision, and plying between London (London Bridge, we presume), Richmond, and Twickenham, had, he says, conveyed ten thousand passengers in the then last four months. Dodd also designed another vessel which went to Margate in about seven and a half hours. She made about ten miles an hour.

The next very important step was the crossing of the Atlantic by a steam vessel. This was the *Savannah*, and the man who determined to make the bold attempt was Mr. Scarborough, of that town. He bought a sailing ship, launched it at New York in 1818 to ply between that port and Savannah, and had it fitted with suitable machinery. A curious point about it was that its paddle-wheels were made to be folded up on deck when not used, the shaft also being jointed with that object. Then, in May 1819, she started on her voyage, and reached Liverpool in twenty-five days ; however, she only used steam eighteen out of the twenty-five. The fuel she burned was pitch-pine. The paddle-wheels were taken on deck several times during the journey, the operation lasting about half an hour. As a steamship she must be regarded as a failure ; for after voyaging to Russia, where an attempt to sell her came to nought, and touching at various ports, she eventually returned to Savannah, the machinery was taken out, and she pursued her way on the pathless waters by sails alone. Finally, she ended her career, as many ships do, by being wrecked.

It was the genius and daring of Brunel which first really made Transatlantic steamship traffic practicable. His vessel was the famous *Great Western*. In 1831 the *Royal William*, a Canadian steamer, had crossed from Quebec in twenty-six days, principally by means of steam ; but in 1838 two steamers—the *Great Western* and the *Sirius*—crossed in much less time.

The *Sirius*, which was built on the Thames, left Cork on April 5, 1838, and arrived at New York on the 23rd with seven passengers ; and scarcely had she come into port when the *Great*

Western, which had left Bristol three days after the *Sirius*, made her appearance. She had made the fastest on record, for she had crossed in fourteen and a half days.

Though the *Sirius* had started slightly the first, yet Brunel was first in the field for Transatlantic traffic. Coasting steamers had increased in number. Dodd had striven hard to establish steamers on the sea ; David Napier had put steamships on the Irish Channel ; then, in 1825, the *Enterprise* had steamed to Calcutta in 113 days ; while in 1835 Willcox and Anderson had begun to run steam vessels to Peninsular ports—an enterprise which blossomed out into the famous Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company.

The bold Brunel, the engineer of the Great Western Railway, wanted to know why the terminus of his line should not be New York, and therefore in 1836 he had been instrumental in founding the Great Western Steamship Company, and the *Great Western* steamship had been laid down. Others came into the field, and a company, of which the prime mover was Mr. J. Laird, of Birkenhead, bought the *Sirius*, and prepared it for voyaging to New York. So Brunel hastened his scheme, and though the *Sirius* was away first, Brunel's steamer was not far behind. The average speed of the *Sirius* was 161 miles a day, or but little less than seven miles per hour ; that of the *Great Western* was 208 miles per day, or between eight and nine miles per hour, and, returning, the speed was rather better, being 213 miles per day, or close on nine miles per hour. The fourteen and a half days' voyage of the *Great Western* has now been reduced to less than half that time.

These voyages mark an important point in ocean steam navigation. They showed that it was possible, and that vessels could be built which could carry sufficient coal to cross the Atlantic, and yet leave space for a remunerative quantity of goods and passengers.

The *Great Western* engines, which were built by Maudslay and Field, had a diameter of $73\frac{1}{2}$ inches for their cylinders, with a seven-foot stroke for the pistons. The vessel was fitted with four boilers, and the diameter of the wheels was 28 feet 9 inches. Messrs. Maudslay and Field rank among the most notable firms for building steamship engines. The first, of 17 horse-power, was built in 1815 for the *Richmond*. Between that date and 1835, they built 66 steamship engines, and to 1893 nearly 700. The engines for the *Great Western* were of 750 horse-power ; while within recent years the same firm has constructed screw-propeller engines for ironclads of 20,000 horse-power !

The *Great Western* made many voyages across the Atlantic, her

fastest passage eastward being 12 days 7½ hours. Her coal consumption varied very much ; on her first voyage she burnt 655 tons, but on returning only 392 tons, possibly because of the greater assistance she received from the wind. Finally she was sold, in 1847, to the West India Steam Packet Company, and ten years later was broken up.

Transatlantic steam navigation being now a proved success, both the proprietors of the *Sirius* and of the *Great Western* began to build other vessels. The owners of the *Sirius*—the British and American Steam Navigation Company—laid down the *British Queen*, and the Great Western Company began to build the *Great Britain*.

The *British Queen* was 275 feet long, 40 feet wide between the paddle-boxes, while the depth of the hold was 27 feet. Her engines were 500 horse-power, while her cylinders were 77½ inches in diameter, with a piston stroke of 7 feet, and drove paddle-wheels of 31 feet diameter. She crossed from Portsmouth to New York in 14 days 8 hours.

Builders did not at first grasp the idea of the feasibility and utility of altering the shape of the vessel for steamers. David Napier adopted a wedge-shaped bow instead of the rounded form usual in sailing vessels, and gradually the length of the vessels increased without the width being proportionately broadened. Gradually the idea came to be grasped that as a steam vessel was propelled by a power within it, and always along the line of its keel—whereas a sailing vessel was propelled by a power outside it, viz., the wind, which was exerted upon it in different directions, but rarely along the line of its keel—the shape of the vessel might or should be different.

Further, it would appear to be the fact that the best shapes for steaming are also the best for sailing ; yet it would seem to have been reserved for the celebrated White Star steamers to have pushed these principles to their logical issue. The gliding of the *Oceanic*—the pioneer vessel of the White Star fleet—into the Mersey showed her immense length, yacht-like form, and general symmetry of shape, and inaugurated a marked change in Atlantic liners. Russell says, “ the fastest schooners, cutters, smugglers, yachts, and slavers approach more nearly to the form of the best steamers than any other class of sailing vessels.”

The shape of the vessel, therefore, as well as the steam-power of the engines, has much to do with a steamer's speed.

Most people must be aware that the principle of the steam-engine is to admit steam into a cylinder, where it pushes a piston out, which in its turn communicates action to machinery ; as, for instance, it pulls round the crank of a shaft to which a wheel may be attached.

That is the principle in its simplicity. Watt introduced the double-acting engine—that is, the admission of steam to push the piston out, and then to push it back—a form of cylinder now universally adopted, and he also invented the condensation of steam in a separate receptacle after doing its work in the cylinder, by which the engine's efficiency was greatly increased. The introduction of the crank to change the in-and-out thrust of the piston into a rotary motion is also due to Watt. Another of his inventions of the greatest importance was the expansive use of steam, *i.e.*, to stop the steam when the piston had partly accomplished its stroke, permitting the remainder of the stroke to be driven by the steam's own expansion.

Now, the engines of the early steamboats were usually a kind of beam-engine—that is to say, a lever or beam working on a pivot at its centre, introduced between the direct thrust of the piston and the connecting-rod (which actually pulled the crank round), the piston-rod and the connecting-rod being attached to opposite sides of the beam. The engine of the *Comet* was thus a kind of beam-engine.

The side-lever was also a form of which steamship engineers were fond. In this form, the cylinder was placed upright, with the piston-rod working in and out at the top. A cross-piece was fixed to the head of the piston, and from each side of this cross-piece a rod led to a lever or beam, placed on each side of the machinery below. These levers worked on centres placed at about their middle, and their other ends were joined by a cross-piece united by a connecting-rod with the crank of the shaft above. Side-lever engines, which are now obsolete, seem to have been, in fact, double-beam engines.

Another form used was that in which the cylinder was placed directly beneath the crank shaft. Two piston-rods were worked from the cylinder, united by a cross-piece, which moved up and down in "guides," and was connected to the crank by a rod.

What are called direct-acting engines, however, are superseding other forms. A form of direct-acting engine, called the oscillating cylinder, was much used at one time for steamers. In this form the piston is attached directly to the crank of the shaft, and the cylinder itself oscillates on trunnions or hollow "gudgeons," to adapt its motion to the crank as it turns round. This form—with two cylinders pulling round cranks at opposite angles to each other—may be seen to-day. It is a form well suited for low-steam pressures. Now, the engines of the *Great Western* were of the side-lever type, and so, indeed, were the first vessels of the celebrated Cunard line.

Before this line came into existence, however, the Peninsular Company had been started. This is one of the oldest in existence,

another very old one being the General Steam Navigation Company, and the mail service was the corner-stone of the Peninsular undertaking.

It seems that the regularity of some steamers belonging to Messrs. Willcox & Anderson, plying to the Peninsula, attracted some attention, and the Government asked the owners to submit plans for carrying the mails. Willcox & Anderson had previously proposed to do so, but had been ignored. The upshot of the matter was that after some competition and delay the first mail contract with them was signed, dated August 22, 1837.

To carry out the contract, Willcox & Anderson and Captain Richard Bourne had founded the Peninsular Company, which three years later was widened into the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, incorporated by Royal Charter, and popularly known as the P. & O.

Its first steamer, the *William Fawcett*, was only of 206 gross tons and 60 horse-power. It was built in 1829, and was, of course, a paddle-wheel vessel; and thirteen years later the *Hindustan*, of 2,017 gross tonnage and 520 horse-power, also a paddle-wheel steamship, left Southampton to open the Indian Mail Service. The *Bentinck* was built about the same time, and the Company also bought the *Pre-cursor* for the same traffic. The opening of this service to India marks a point in the history and development of steam navigation, and was treated at the time as an enterprise of national moment. Now the Company own a magnificent fleet of something like fifty ships, two of their latest being of 7,000 tons and with 8,000 horse-power.

The starting of the famous Cunard line of steamers marks another step in steam navigation. The success of the *Great Western*, and perhaps also of the Peninsular steamers, showed the Government of that day the superiority of steamships for the transit of the mails, and circulars were issued asking for tenders for the conveyance of the mail to America by steamers.

One of the papers came into the hands of a Nova Scotian merchant named Samuel Cunard, an agent at Halifax for the East India Company, and a merchant of keen intelligence and striking energy. He had already thought of starting a line of steamships between England and America as far back as 1830, and now a suitable opportunity seemed to have presented itself.

Not being able to raise the necessary money in Nova Scotia he came to London, but met with little encouragement. He then went to Glasgow, with a letter of introduction to Mr. Robert Napier from the secretary of the East India Company, Mr. Melvill.

Napier was an eminent engineer and shipbuilder, and heartily received Mr. Cunard. He introduced his visitor to Mr. George Burns, who introduced him to Mr. David MacIver, partner of Mr. Burns in a coasting trade, and after due consideration the capital of £270,000 was subscribed—entirely, it is said, through Mr. Burns's instrumentality.

Thus aided, Mr. Cunard was able to make a good offer for the conveyance of the mails every fortnight to Boston and to Halifax ; and though another offer was made by the *Great Western* owners, the Cunard contract, being considered much more favourable, was accepted. It was for seven years, and signed on behalf of the Cunard Company by Samuel Cunard, George Burns, and David MacIver.

Now came the working-out of the scheme. Mr. Cunard made London his centre ; Mr. Burns governed at Glasgow ; and Mr. MacIver superintended the working of the vessels from Liverpool.

Four steamers were built of wood and with paddles, their names ending in "ia," as most since have done. Robert Napier supplied the engines, of the now obsolete side-lever kind, with four boilers and twelve furnaces. The form of the vessels, even with their upright funnels, much resembles that of the sailing ship. Side by side with the ocean liners of to-day they look something like old pictures of feminine dress—quite out of fashion.

But they were excellent vessels in their day. The *Britannia*, the pioneer of the fleet, was 207 feet long by $34\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad, and $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep. Her tonnage was 1,154 and indicated horse-power 740. She could carry 225 tons of cargo and 115 cabin passengers, but no others.

Her sister vessels closely resembled her, though dimensions slightly varied. They travelled at an average speed of $8\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, and consumed 38 tons of coal per day. Compare this with the *Campania*, one of the latest of the Company's fleet. She is a twin-screw vessel, 625 feet long, $65\frac{1}{4}$ feet broad, and 43 feet deep ; her gross tonnage is 12,950, indicated horse-power 30,000, and she can steam over 22 knots per hour ; her maximum speed was 23.50 knots per hour—equal to 27 land miles—on her trial trip. She can carry 600 first-class passengers, 300 second, and 700 steerage, while she can cross the Atlantic in between five and six days. Perhaps, before long, a company will possess a vessel that can cross in five days.

Well, the day came for the starting of the great ship, the *Britannia*. It was on a Friday, when, according to sailors' lore, it is unlucky to sail. But the mail-ship had to go, and away the *Britannia* went. Also it was the 4th of July—an auspicious day, as the Americans

regard it, being the Celebration Day of their national independence.

Perhaps this fact neutralised the other. At all events, the *Britannia* enjoyed a fast passage of 14 days 8 hours on her maiden trip; due, her owners thought, no doubt, to good ship-building, good engine-work, and good seamanship rather than to lucky or unlucky days of starting.

She received quite an ovation from the dwellers in Boston. A sumptuous banquet and complimentary speeches celebrated the occasion, and, later on, when the *Britannia* became ice-bound in their harbour, the good citizens showed their appreciation and goodwill in a very practical manner, for they cut a canal seven miles long, for her passage through the ice, at their own expense. The conveyance of the American mail by steamship thus became regularly established, and so successful was the Company that for ten years from 1840 it enjoyed a monopoly practically of the Transatlantic traffic. Steadily the white-winged clipper ships fought against these new rivals, but gradually they disappeared off the ocean.

From the first the Company determined to select its officers and crew with discrimination and care, and even its earliest vessels were adapted for the transport of stores and troops in war-time—an idea foreshadowing the principle more in vogue to-day of building ocean liners so as to form a naval reserve for the nation in time of need. Eight of the Cunarders were used as transports during the wearisome Russian War.

The Cunard Company began to run in 1840, the same year which saw the establishment of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. A short time since Mr. William Cunard referred to this early period of Transatlantic steamships, and related a significant incident of the ingenuity of one of the carpenters.

The bow of a vessel suffered severely from collision, and a bulk-head was put up to keep the water out; the carpenter, with the cleverness born of skill and of observation, put up a large chimney connected with the damaged part of the ship.

“What on earth is that for?” asked Mr. Cunard.

“Oh! that’s for her to blow,” replied the man.

“Sure enough,” said the narrator of the incident, “experience showed that he was right; for directly they got to sea, and the waves washed through the damaged bows, air and water spurted from the chimney just as from a spouting whale, and probably they would not have got safe through their voyage but for the carpenter’s foresight.”

A formidable rival to the Cunarders appeared in 1850 in the

shape of the Collins line. This enterprise was started by American merchants, and was largely helped by their Government. The Collins vessels were no doubt first class, and a keen competition arose between the two lines. Rates and fares were reduced, and the contest became very exciting.

The first four Cunarders had already been reinforced with superior vessels. It has always been a principle with their owners to eclipse their old ships in the new ones, and the *Hibernia*, in 1843, and *Cambria*, in 1845, showed larger dimensions and attained a little higher speed than their predecessors.

The new postal contract of 1847, while substantially raising the subsidy, also stipulated for a weekly service, and in the twelve years following 1840 the Company put on six new vessels to adequately carry out their new agreement. The subsidy from the Government was to be £173,340 per annum, at which it stood until 1867. The competition with the Collins line, therefore, did not find the Cunard Company unprepared in new ships or in resources.

Partisanship in the contest was governed largely by nationality. As a matter of fact, the Collins vessels were the faster of the two lines, crossing from America in an average time of 9 days 17 hours, but taking nearly two days more to return. Their shape was something new, their builder, W. H. Brown, actually discarding the bowsprit and adopting an upright stem. They formed a fleet of fine vessels, four in number, and they looked fit to fulfil the boast of their owners of "running the Cunarders off the Atlantic." But the British take a lot of beating, even by their own kindred in America, and the Cunarders are very much to the fore on the Atlantic to-day.

Disaster overtook the fine ships of the Collins line ; yet it was not disaster alone that took them off the ocean. The *Arctic* collided with a French steamer off Cape Race in a fog on September 21, 1854, and only forty-six persons out of 268 were saved. Then nearly two years later the *Pacific* was lost at sea, never being heard of afterwards. But it was extravagance and bad management which finally overcame the owners, together with these two losses, and although a new ship, the *Adriatic*, was put afloat, the line ceased to run. Bankruptcy overtook the Company, and their fine ships were actually sold as old iron.

Another line founded about the same time as the Collins had far better fortune, and runs in the first rank to-day. This was the Inman, so-called from the name of its founder, Mr. W. Inman. He was a native of Leicester, and a son of a partner in Pickford's firm. His line embodied two distinct ideas—viz., its ships were

built of iron, and propelled by a screw at the stern instead of by paddle-wheels at the sides. Its first steamer was the *City of Glasgow*, the forerunner of a famous line of "Cities," of which the *City of Paris* and *City of New York*—now called simply *Paris* and *New York*, while the Inman line is now known as the "American" line—are the most celebrated to-day.

The screw as a form of propulsion had been successfully applied in England by Ericsson, a Swede, in 1836, and he had shown its utility on the Thames in the *Francis B. Ogden*; but he met with more success in America than in England.

Sir Francis Pettit Smith, however, three years later, showed in the vessel appropriately named the *Archimedes*—a ship much larger than the *Ogden*—that it was practicable and valuable; and Brunel altered the machinery of the *Great Britain*, the first iron steamer, from paddle-wheels, for which she was first designed, to screw.

She was a marvel in her day, but the company owning her collapsed—a very unpleasant way which companies unfortunately have—and Messrs. Gibbs, Bright & Co. ran her, after some alterations, to Australia.

Like a human being, she experienced many vicissitudes, and at last coughed and wheezed her way to the Falkland Islands, where, we have seen somewhere, she serves as a hulk to-day—an ignoble ending to a promising start.

Why, we may ask in parenthesis, is the screw a more useful propeller than paddle-wheels?

The engines for the paddles occupy more room in proportion than for the screw, and are heavier—two very important points. But, further, there is a greater wear and tear, and paddle-wheel vessels are more expensive to run—two points even more important to shipowners. Moreover, the ship, as a ship, occupies more room; but, most important of all, the screw, being deeply immersed in water, is much more suitable for ocean passage. In the lumpy and heaving water of the sea, especially if sails be used to steady the ship or quicken speed, one wheel might be buried deep and the other high in the air and racing round finely, but not helping the vessel. Lastly, it is said the water from the wheels, flying by, retards the speed.

But, on the other hand, paddle-wheel vessels require less water to work in, and it is said they do not roll so much—a great desideratum to the sea-sick passengers—though this is disputed; further, they get more quickly into motion and are stopped sooner; so that for rivers and estuaries, and vessels plying to shallow-water ports, paddle-wheel vessels are the best. Whether the use of twin-screws,

which need not be so deep in water as one screw, will bring screw vessels into more favour for such traffic, remains to be seen.

The Inman, then, was the first line to introduce iron and screw steamers regularly on the Transatlantic traffic. It was also the first to carry emigrants across the ocean to America. Other companies cut in to endeavour to obtain a slice of the Transatlantic traffic cake, and among them may be mentioned the Anchor, the Allan, and the Guion lines.

The Guion has had its moment of pride in the ocean race. In July, 1879, the *Arizona* passed from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 7 days, 8 hours, which was then the fastest on record. Even this time was beaten three years later by the same line's *Alaska*, which performed the passage in 6 days, 18 hours, 37 minutes.

The North German Lloyd line appeared in 1858 with small beginnings, and it has now a splendid fleet. Its headquarters are at Bremerhaven, and if hitherto it has not introduced twin screws to propel its mighty vessels, the reason is said to be found in the fact that the docks at this port do not afford sufficient entrance width. If this be the case, it is evident to the far-seeing mind that the dock entrances will have to give way. The twin screws must come, and the entrance to the docks at Bremerhaven will have to be widened. The fittings to the North German Lloyds—which touch at Southampton on their way—are most luxurious. Many of the vessels of this fleet were built on the Clyde. One of the North German Lloyd line, the *Trave*, carried the largest European mail ever shipped from New York, viz., 1,002 bags, in December, 1889. This line, which is popularly termed the “German mail,” has also ships running to China, Japan, and Australia. Altogether the Company own more than seventy-five ocean steamers.

But in 1870 a new development occurred in Transatlantic steamers with the appearance of the White Star line. The flag that now flies over this famous fleet had once flown from the mastheads of a group of sailing clippers, dating from the days of the great rush to the Australian gold diggings.

In 1867, Mr. T. H. Ismay, a native of Cumberland, acquired the interest of the then managing owner of the White Star line, and began to introduce iron vessels instead of wooden clippers. Then, in 1869, he established the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, Limited, and later on he was joined by Mr. William Imrie. The Oceanic Company was started with so much good judgment and boldness that the £1,000 shares, fully paid, were at once privately taken up, principally by the managers and friends.

The first step was to order a fleet of new steamers expressly for the Atlantic passenger trade. The order was placed with Messrs Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, chiefly or wholly, it is believed because one of the influential shareholders had had satisfactory transactions with them before.

The result was a splendid success, and Messrs. Harland & Wolff's yard at Belfast has been the birthplace of all the famous White Stars ever since. The *Oceanic*, as the pioneer vessel was called, has become the type of many of the improvements in the Atlantic passenger ships since made, which has rendered them something like superb hotels. The first-class passenger accommodation was placed amidships, thereby reducing the discomfort of an ocean voyage to a minimum. The length of these vessels as compared with breadth was remarkable at that time.

As to speed, the earliest White Stars, which were fitted with compound engines, were notable for their uniformity in this respect, and brought the passage down to about $8\frac{1}{2}$ days.

But it was not until the *Germanic* and *Britannic*, in 1877, that a very marked advance was made in the Atlantic record. The *Britannic* sped from Queenstown to New York in 7 days, 10 hours, and 50 minutes, and since then she has beaten her own record by 2 hours and 35 minutes. This was in September 1890, her average speed being 16.08 knots, or nearly 19 statute miles, per hour. And when it is remembered that this was performed by a sixteen years old vessel, with her original compound engines and boilers, with a comparatively small coal consumption and large carrying capacity, the great excellence of her original construction and of her continued maintenance will be seen. Her sister ship, the *Germanic*, has also done as well, her record standing at 7 days, 7 hours, and 30 minutes New York to Queenstown.

The remarkable uniformity of speeds of these vessels indicates the sound and scientific principles on which they are constructed. The White Star, however, were to eclipse their own efforts. The Inmans and Cunards and others put forward very fine vessels, and it became evident that the White Star Company must build again if they were not to be distanced in the fierce race.

Designs for two magnificent "Greyhounds" had been prepared by Sir Edward Harland as far back as 1880, but the Company waited until 1886. Then negotiations were made with the Admiralty, and arrangements agreed upon for the now renowned *Teutonic* and *Majestic* to be specially built so as to become armed cruisers in time of need; and they are the first mercantile

steamers so constructed and retained under agreement with the Admiralty.

The *Teutonic* was launched on January 19, 1889, and in August of that year she delighted nautical critics at the famous Spithead review with her magnificent proportions. She made the fastest maiden trip then on record—viz., from Queenstown to New York in 6 days, 14 hours, and 20 minutes, though her sister ship, the *Majestic*, made a still faster maiden trip afterwards from Queenstown to New York in 6 days, 10 hours, and 30 minutes.

Since then the average of several trips for both vessels has been 5 days, 18 hours, 6 minutes, and the *Teutonic* having achieved the voyage in 5 days, 16 hours, 31 minutes, she held the proud position of being the fastest vessel on the Atlantic.

The White Star liners have earned laurels in various parts of the world. The *Oceanic* was, in her twenty-first year, the favourite passenger steamship between San Francisco, Yokohama, and Hong Kong, achieving, in October 1889, the fastest passage on record across the Pacific. The White Stars *Belgic* and the *Gaelic* are also popular ships in the same service.

Then three other White Stars, the *Ionic*, the *Doric*, and the *Coptic*, have been running in the Shaw, Savill, and Albion line, between London and New Zealand, each vessel capable of carrying 34,000 carcasses of frozen sheep, and rounding the world two or three times yearly.

The *Teutonic* and *Majestic* and the *Cities of New York* and of *Paris* (now called simply *New York* and *Paris*) were among the first, if not the first, merchant ships to adopt the twin screws. If more steam power than that of the then fastest ships was to be used, it was seen to be safer to use it in two shafts and two propellers. Since then other lines have followed suit.

Glancing now at some other noted lines, there are the Union, the Orient, the Castle, and the British India, owning no fewer than 165 vessels.

The Shaw, Savill, and Albion line possesses the *Arawa*, which has made the fastest passage between Plymouth and New Zealand, viz., in 38 days, while the return journey was accomplished in a little more than 35 days. The steamer *Scot*, belonging to the Union line, and built by Messrs. Denny, of Dumbarton, has come home from the Cape to Plymouth in between 13 days 23 hours net steaming time—an average speed of 17.58 knots per hour ; while the famous Castle liner, *Dunottar Castle*, built by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Co., of Glasgow, has proved herself a dangerous rival.

Now, what are the chief elements in this remarkable progress? Higher pressure of steam is one feature, but this would not have been possible without the extensive use of steel, whereby parts have been made stronger and yet lighter; another reason is to be found in the introduction of the surface-condenser; and yet a third in the use of compound triple expansion, and even quadruple expansion, engines.

The surface-condenser is a piece of apparatus whereby the steam, after doing its work in the cylinders, is passed through an air-tight box in which are a number of small tubes, through which cold sea water is constantly pumped. The steam is thus condensed by touching the cold tubes, and can be pumped back to a hot well. It thus can be used to feed the boiler as hot distilled water, and the wasting process of blowing off a quantity of matter that could not be turned to steam is avoided. In the old plan, as by the jet condenser, the steam was mixed with a quantity of sea water. In the surface-condensers of a big ocean liner, something like four thousand tons of water pass through every hour.

The compound engines have two cylinders through which the same steam is passed. The smaller is the high pressure, and into this the steam from the boiler is first introduced. When the piston is at about half its stroke the steam is cut off, and passed into the low-pressure cylinder, which is three to four times the size of the other. The pressure of the steam is less, but as it acts on a larger surface it performs as much work; thence it passes to the condenser to be reduced to water, and then returned to the boiler. In triple and quadruple expansion engines there are three and four cylinders respectively. The cranks on the same shaft attached to the pistons are placed at different angles, so that when the piston of one cylinder has completed its stroke that of another has but partially done so. With these engines steam is sometimes used at a pressure of 150 pounds to the square inch.

The economy in coal consumption, also, by the use of these engines is very remarkable. The triple expansion and the quadruple, and some other means, have brought it down from 4 lbs. per indicated horse-power to under $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.—an extraordinary saving.

Another improvement greatly adding to speed has been the introduction of the forced draught. In locomotives the steam from the cylinders is puffed through the funnels, and creates a quick draught and hotter fires; this plan being unavailable for steamers, other means had to be obtained. Warm air is now taken to the furnaces, causing them to roar away mightily, and send the steam hissing through the safety valves.

These two points, high pressure and surface condensation, have largely solved the great problem of coal-carrying capacity ; that is, we presume, of building steamers large enough to carry sufficient coal for their own wants a long distance, and yet leave ample room for passengers and cargo.

One great want now seems to be a mechanical stoker, to relieve the staff from their arduous work at the furnaces. The introduction of self-cleaning fire-grates, which, by the slight motion of some of the bars, sends the clinkers travelling to the back, has already greatly reduced their labour.

The genesis and development of the steamship presents a remarkable example of the enterprise, the ingenuity, and the industry of man. In little more than fifty years there has been astounding progress in the comfort, the speed, the safety, and the size of ocean steamers. Nor can we say that finality has been reached. If greater speeds are obtainable they will no doubt be gained.

F. M. HOLMES,

*FRANCES WRIGHT:
THE FIRST WOMAN LECTURER.*

FRANCES WRIGHT, the first woman who lectured in public, was born at Dundee, September 6, 1795, about two years before the death of Mary Wollstonecraft. The Wrights held property in Dundee as far back as 1500. Frances' father was the only son of a wealthy merchant, and when a young man had corresponded with Adam Smith and other distinguished persons ; he was an authority on coins and medals, and believed it possible to elucidate and rectify history by their means. He was in sincerest sympathy with the French Revolution, and circulated and largely promoted the publication of cheap editions of the works of Thomas Paine. Frances had the misfortune to lose both parents when she was only two and a half years old. She was taken to England, and there, under the care of a maternal aunt, surrounded by libraries, and at liberty to have what teachers she liked, she assiduously applied herself to many studies. It would seem that she early learned the melancholy fact that truth had still to be found, and that men's fear of it prevented them from seeking it with any enthusiasm. At the age of eighteen she returned to Scotland, and remained there for three years. Her sympathies had been roused for the suffering humanity she saw about her, and she determined to discover first the cause, and then the remedy. She was well acquainted with Bocca's "History of America," and thought that country would realise her ideal. Accordingly, in 1818, she set sail for America, and spent there the next three years of her life.

Before her departure she had written a little book entitled, "A Few Days in Athens : being the translation of a Greek MS. found in Herculaneum." It is dedicated to Jeremy Bentham, out of gratitude for his friendship. The book is a discourse on the merits of the Stoic and Epicurean philosophies. Epicurus himself is introduced, and takes a prominent part in the very excellent talk with which the greater part of the little volume is filled ; it is doubtless into his

mouth that Miss Wright puts her own views, and when we remember that it is a girl of nineteen who is writing, we must own that the wisdom contained in them is marvellous. She is of opinion that men should have confidence in themselves ; without confidence, Homer would never have written his Iliad. She is careful to add, however, that confidence will not make all men Homers ; but though all men cannot be poets or philosophers, they may all be virtuous. Wisdom and breadth of view appear in the counsel that we should acquaint ourselves with the methods of all schools. As no sect is without its prejudices and predilections, there is risk in following one particular sect, lest the mind become warped and the heart contracted. Her words, sufficiently remarkable when we remember that they came from a young girl in the beginning of the century, almost foreshadow the late Laureate's lines, though in a slightly different application :—

There is light in all,
And light, with more or less of shade, in all
Man-modes of worship.

We are also advised to think for ourselves, not to hold an opinion merely because the master said so. It is now the end of the century, and in most cases we are as far off as ever from thinking for ourselves ; we get our opinions, like our furniture and our clothes, cheap and ready-made. Of knowledge of all kinds Miss Wright has much to say ; knowledge of human life must be acquired by our passage through it, since time demonstrates many truths we never heard in schools, and a knowledge of men is only to be gained by our own study of them. Those who regard knowledge and book-learning as synonymous, and there are many such, even in these enlightened days, would do well to ponder the following :—" Knowledge is not erudition, learning is not wisdom, nor will books give understanding. Knowledge of the world is not knowledge of man. Real, sterling knowledge is that which goes to make us better and happier men, and which fits us to assert the virtue and happiness of others. All learning is useful, all the sciences are curious, all the arts are beautiful ; but more useful, more curious, and more beautiful is the perfect knowledge and perfect government of ourselves." The whole shows no mean classical learning, and proves that Frances Wright was a girl of no ordinary ability. The little volume was published in 1822.

She next tried her hand at drama in blank verse. "Altorf" was performed at New York, February 19, 1819. The subject is liberty, and the play opens just after the victory of Morgarten. The story is interesting and well sustained, but it must be confessed

that although there are occasional touches of poetry, the sentiments savour of impetuous and eager youth, and lack permanence and reality.

Miss Wright's impressions of America are to be found in a volume published on her return to England in 1821, entitled, "Views of Society and Manners in America." At the present time we are accustomed to regard the United States as the paradise of women. Indeed, we have lately been told on competent authority that should the men of Washington be suddenly called away, no legitimate business would be left without a votary, and no profession would fall into decline ; but in 1819 things were very different, and the position of women in America was even worse than it was in Great Britain. Miss Wright, while acknowledging the advanced civilisation of the States, declared that it would be doubly accelerated if the education of women was equally a national concern with that of the other sex. She held that "The condition of women affords, in all countries, the best criterion by which to judge of the character of men." She has much that is very sensible and temperate to say about the negroes. Her description of Niagara is very fine, and its eloquence is a foretaste of that eloquence which was later to electrify the audiences at her lectures. The book, of which this brief account must suffice, was translated into several continental languages, and the writer was thus brought into relation with most of the reformers of Europe.

In 1821 Miss Wright paid her first visit to Paris, and it was then that her intimacy with General Lafayette began. She remained in France until 1824. In that year she returned to the United States and adopted America as her country. She now turned her attention to negro slavery, and, indeed, may claim to have acted as pioneer in its suppression. But, like so many pioneers in great causes, her efforts have fallen into oblivion, or have been obscured by the more popular successes of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Miss Wright sought to gain information on the subject, and, for that purpose, filled with a scheme of her own, she visited the German Colony of Harmonie, on the River Wabash, Indiana. It was afterwards purchased by Mr. Owen, and the name changed to New Harmony.

Miss Wright believed that the slaves could, in a few years, by their own labour, work out their emancipation. She determined to try the experiment herself, and to put into practice what had often been advocated in theory. She bought two thousand acres in Western Tennessee, fourteen miles from Memphis, and called it Nashoba. In December 1826 the land was conveyed "in perpetual trust for the benefit of the negro race." Thither she removed nine slaves, intending them to prove that they could in a few years work

out their liberty. She fully expected that the better intentioned of the Southern planters would follow her example. Moreover, Miss Wright proposed to collect at Nashoba a few kindred spirits from the cultivated classes of England and America. They were to live on the principle of community of property and labour, but they were to have small separate dwellings, and those unable to work were to contribute to a common fund for their support, a sum fixed at two hundred dollars a year. To be admitted by the trustees, they must have lived six months on the estate, and must receive a unanimous vote. Once admitted, they were not liable to expulsion, and were entitled to attention during sickness and to protection in old age. Until the age of fourteen children were to be educated at the expense of the institution. The school was to include coloured children, and no distinction whatever was to be made on the score of colour. Miss Wright held most pronounced views on the independence of women, both married and single. For example, the admission of a husband or wife to the colony did not necessarily include that of their respective spouses. Each was voted for as an individual. Miss Wright was fully aware of the difficulties of enfranchising the slaves, and was not altogether without sympathy for the masters. She wrote : "In facing the subject of slavery, it is necessary to bear in mind the position of the master as well as that of the slave, bred in the prejudice of colour, untaught to labour, and viewing it as a degradation. We must come to the slave-holder, therefore, not in anger, but in kindness ; and when we ask him to change his whole mode of life, we must show him the means by which he must do so, without complete compromise of his ease and his interests."

Nashoba, then, was the attempt of an enthusiast to realise her dream. Miss Wright believed, from study and consideration, that men are virtuous in proportion as they are happy, and happy in proportion as they are free ; that liberty without equality is impossible, and that to exercise equal rights, human beings must possess equal advantages, equal means of improvement and enjoyment. Therefore, methods of developing the intellectual and physical powers of all human beings, without regard to sex, condition, class, race, nation, or colour, must be sought. Men must consider themselves members of one great family. Miss Wright knew society and its general apathy on those subjects too well to look for the conversion of the existing generation to her views, or even for its sympathy with them. The utmost she dared hope was the co-operation of a certain number of persons holding the same opinions, and possessing the same interest as herself in the improvement

of mankind. Life at Nashoba was full of exertion and privation. It is sad to record that Miss Wright sacrificed her fortune and her health to her Utopia, and, like most schemes of the sort since ever the world began, it turned out a failure. Yet when a great change like the abolition of slavery has become an accomplished fact, we only too easily forget such sacrifices, utopian as they may be ; for that reason Miss Wright's attempt deserves to be remembered. An unattainable ideal is not to be condemned, but rather to be revered.

What hand and brain went ever paired ?

What heart alike conceived and dared ?

What act proved all its thought had been ?

Several visitors to Nashoba have left us their impressions of the colony. Mr. Robert Dale Owen tells us that the land of Nashoba was all second-rate, and that scarcely a hundred and ten acres were cleared. There were three or four squared log-houses, and a few small cabins for the slaves. He also noticed that the slaves, released from the fear of the lash, worked indolently. Mrs. Trollope declared that desolation was the only feeling ; that each building consisted of two large rooms, furnished in the most simple manner ; that the climate was bad, and the surrounding scenery without beauty.

Miss Wright now went to Mr. Owen's colony of New Harmony. It was situated on the Wabash River, fifteen miles from Mount Vernon, in Ohio. The colony contained a school of a hundred and thirty children, who were boarded, educated, and clothed at the public expense. The inhabitants received a weekly credit on the public store to the amount their services were deemed worth by the committee of management. There was a good band of music, and the inhabitants met three evenings a week : (1) to discuss subjects connected with the welfare of the society ; (2) for a concert, and (3) for a public ball. Fanny Imlay described Robert Owen's plans of social regeneration thus : "No human being shall work more than two or three hours every day ; that they shall be all equal ; that no one shall dress but after the plainest and simplest manner ; that they be allowed to follow any religion, or no religion, as they please, and that their studies shall be mechanics and chemistry." Miss Wright assumed the proprietorship of, and finally helped to edit, the society's periodical, the *New Harmony Gazette*. Her name appears for the first time as co-editor with William Owen on June 11, 1828. The journal commenced existence on October 1, 1825, and seems to have ended on October 29, 1828. Its articles deal mainly with the utopian views of its proprietors. The remaining space is chiefly

filled with cuttings from other newspapers. At the head of the school was M. Phiquepal Darusmont, a well-informed man of original ideas, but so extravagant, wilful, and conceited that his school was a failure. But to prove, perhaps, how mysterious are the ways of woman, it was that man who, in 1838, became Frances Wright's husband, at the close, so the story runs, of a course of lectures delivered by her against the institution of marriage. The union was not happy, and a separation resulted. In later life Frances Wright, for it is by her maiden name she will be remembered, came but little before the public. She died at Cincinnati, December 2, 1852.

It is, however, with Frances Wright, the lecturer, that we are most concerned here. Of her extraordinary success in that line at a period when women lecturers were unknown, we have ample testimony. She possessed two physical qualities that help as much to the success of a lecturer as to that of an actor—a handsome person, and a rich, thrilling voice of marvellous power ; in addition, she had a quite extraordinary natural gift of eloquence, and an almost unequalled command of words. Her figure was tall, slender, and graceful. Her face was of a somewhat masculine type of beauty, with a broad, low forehead, chestnut hair, curling naturally all over a classic head, large, clear, and earnest blue eyes. At that time it was an unheard-of thing for a lady of family, fortune, and education to appear on a public platform anywhere ; but “in America, where,” Mrs. Trollope tells us, “women are guarded by a seven-fold shield of habitual insignificance, it caused an effect that can hardly be described.” To quote Mrs. Trollope further : “Her tall and majestic figure, the deep and almost solemn expression of her eyes, the simple contour of her finely formed head, unadorned, excepting by its own natural ringlets ; her garment of plain white muslin, which hung around her in folds that recalled the drapery of a Grecian statue, all contributed to produce an effect unlike anything I had ever seen before, or ever expect to see again.” Mary Shelley's son is reported to have said of Miss Wright, that she was like Minerva. Together with her intense enthusiasm, her personal attractions doubtless served to increase the effect of her bold and startling theories. Let us now briefly examine those theories. It must be borne in mind that she is throughout addressing Americans. Her first lecture was delivered in New York in the winter of 1828, and called forth the greatest excitement. Afterwards she lectured in Cincinnati, Baltimore, and Philadelphia ; some persons even went as far as to form “Fanny Wright” Societies. The lectures were always free to all. She believed, first,

in the magical effects of a rightly directed State education. In 1829 she said, "The industrious (working) classes have been called the bone and marrow of the nation ; but they are in fact the nation itself. The fruits of their industry are the nation's wealth ; their moral integrity and physical health are the nation's strength ; their ease and independence are the nation's prosperity ; their intellectual intelligence is the nation's hope. Where the producing labourer and useful artisan eat well, sleep well, live comfortably, think correctly, speak fearlessly, and act uprightly, the nation is happy, free, and wise." She advises the labouring classes, therefore, to seek before all, "national, rational, republican education ; free for all at the expense of all." And she sketched out a plan of the sort of national education required. The State legislatures were to organise at suitable distances, in convenient and healthy situations, establishments for the reception of all children resident within the said school district. There were to be different schools for different ages, for children between the ages of two and four, of four and eight, of eight and twelve, and of twelve and sixteen. Each establishment was to be provided with teachers in every branch of knowledge, with the necessary apparatus, land, &c., for its best development. The teaching was always to be calculated to the age and strength of the pupils, who would pass on from one establishment to the other in regular succession. In the establishments for the older children the labour of the pupil would suffice for his support, and the surplus would be devoted to the maintenance of the infant establishments. A moderate tax per head for every child would be laid on the parents conjointly or divided between them. A second tax would be levied on property—for Miss Wright did not contemplate a socialist community—increasing in percentage with the wealth of the individual. Thus the rich would contribute to the support of the poor. Parents would be permitted to visit their children in the schools at suitable hours. In these nurseries of a free nation there could be no sort of inequality. All the children would feed at a common board, be clothed in a common garb, and would exercise common duties. Miss Wright believed that all human errors had their source in ignorance, and that, therefore, knowledge was their only panacea—"the spread and increase of knowledge alone can enable man to distinguish that the true interests of each point to the equal liberties, equal duties, and equal enjoyments of all."

In the particular sort of knowledge to be aimed at, and the means of obtaining it, Miss Wright followed most of the ideal schemes of education that have been put forward from the time of Plato down to to-day. Mental and physical training were to go hand-in-hand.

She lamented that with women so little attention was paid to the exercise of the bodily organs. A full acquaintance with ourselves, our bodies, and minds, was to be sought. Anatomy and physiology, the natural history of man, must form part of our studies. Physical science is the best road to accurate reasoning, and it was only through physical science, through chemistry, natural philosophy, natural history, that superstition could be corrected. Men should, therefore, organise a society for the promotion of just knowledge, should provide good instructors, museums, public libraries, and a school of industry.

Maintaining, then, that the amelioration of the human race could only be brought about by the just informing of the human mind, she declared that two great reforms were needed. First, the neglected state of the female mind, and the consequent dependence of the female sex must be changed; and second, the state of the public press must be improved. Its condition was one of ineptness and corruption, because it was in the hands of persons too ignorant to distinguish truth, or too timid to venture its utterance.

Miss Wright's views about women coincide almost entirely with those held by Mary Wollstonecraft. Miss Wright had an immense admiration for Mary Wollstonecraft, and, on the strength of it, thinking that the daughter would share the opinions of her father and mother, wrote to Mary Shelley from Paris, in 1827, describing the Nashoba attempt. In one of the letters she says: "Many, of course, think me mad, and if to be mad mean to be one of a minority, I am so, and very mad indeed, for our minority is very small." But Mary Shelley lacked the enthusiasm that filled the lives of her parents and husband. She acknowledged her respect for the passion of reforming humanity, since those nearest her possessed it, but at the same time distinctly expressed her dislike of violent extremes "which only bring on an injurious reaction." Neither did she set much store by woman's intellect. "My belief is," she writes, "whether there be sex in souls or not, that the sex of our material mechanism makes us quite different creatures, better, though weaker, but wanting in the higher grades of intellect." But in this Miss Wright did not agree. Truth, she asserted, has no sex, and therefore the influence of women over the destinies of the race counts for nothing, for something, or for everything. Nevertheless, the two women met on several occasions, and Miss Wright, least egoistical of mortals, expressed no dissatisfaction. She noted with delight the increasing number of women who attended her lectures. She considered that the ignorance of women was no matter for surprise when efforts were everywhere made for its continuance. She made an

eloquent appeal to fathers and husbands, crying, "in the mental bondage of your wives and fair companions ye yourselves are bound." In another lecture occurs the following eloquent passage that almost foreshadows some familiar sentences in Mr. Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olive." "However novel it may appear," said Miss Wright, "I shall venture the assertion that, until women assume the place in society which good sense and good feeling alike assign to men, human improvement must advance but feebly. It is in vain that we would circumscribe the power of one-half of our race, and that half by far the most important and influential. If they exert it not for good, they will for evil ; if they advance not knowledge, they will perpetuate ignorance. Let women stand where they may in the scale of improvement, their position decides that of the race. Are they cultivated ? So is society polished and enlightened. Are they ignorant ? So is it gross and insipid. Are they wise ? So is the human condition prosperous. Are they foolish ? So is it unstable and unpromising. Are they free ? So is the human character elevated. Are they enslaved ? So is the whole race degraded." It is instructive to remember that in 1792 Mary Wollstonecraft wrote : "An affection for the whole human race leads me earnestly to wish to see woman placed in a station in which she would advance, instead of retard, the progress of those glorious principles that give a substance to morality. If she be not prepared by education to become the companion of man, she will stop the progress of knowledge and virtue ; for truth must be common to all, or it will be inefficacious, with respect to its influence on general practice." And again, in 1869, Mr. John Stuart Mill put forward exactly the same argument : "The principle which regulates the existing social relations between the two sexes—the legal subordination of one sex to the other—is wrong in itself, and now one of the chief hindrances to human improvement ; it ought to be replaced by a principle of perfect equality, admitting no power or privilege on the one side, nor disability on the other." It is said that when the rising walls of the London University were pointed out to her, Miss Wright observed : "Raise such an edifice for your young women, and ye have enlightened the nation." That wish has since been realised, at least, as far as the action of the London University is concerned.

In regard to the condition of the public press, Miss Wright thought that our teachers, political, scientific, moral, or religious, our writers grave or gay, were compelled to administer to our prejudices, and to perpetuate our ignorance. They dared not speak that which, by endangering their popularity, would endanger their

fortunes. They had to discover, not what is true, but what is palatable ; for, to be popular, a man must avoid speaking truths.

Miss Wright was a woman of such great reserve that the most careful study of her writings yields little about herself. It has been a matter of no small difficulty to glean the few biographical facts here set down. That she was ready to make great sacrifices, both personal and pecuniary, for her opinions is not to be doubted. In the preface to a course of popular lectures published in New York in 1829, she said : " The motives which led me to step forward in a manner ill-suited to my taste and habits, which are rather those of a quiet observer and reflecting writer than of a popular reformer or public speaker, will appear sufficiently in the discourses themselves." At all times she called herself an enquirer, not a teacher. We also learn from her own statement that pity for the actual condition of man assailed her in very early youth, and that she then determined to apply herself to the discovery of the causes and the means of remedy.

We should like before concluding to add one more outside reference. In a letter sent by Mrs. Trollope to Miss Mitford, from Cincinnati, January 20, 1829, she thus refers to Miss Wright's lectures : " She is now devoting all the energy of her extraordinary mind to the giving of public lectures through all the cities of the Union. Her subject is just knowledge, and in strains of the highest eloquence she assures the assembled multitudes that throng to hear her that man was made for happiness, and enjoyed it till religion snatched it from him, leaving him fantastic hopes and substantial fears instead. I am told that she means to repeat her lectures through England and France. Wild, and often mischievous, as her doctrines are, she is a thing to wonder at, and you must hear her, if you can." She was hated by the clergy and by the Tory party in American politics, and during the great excitement roused by her lectures, she complains of the violence, persecution, endless intrigues, hunting from house to house, personal intimidation, threats to her life, she was forced to undergo. The daily papers supported the clergy, who during the period of her addresses circulated inflammatory placards and pamphlets, pointing out the terrible danger of her theories.

It has been our purpose here to deal with Frances Wright as a lecturer, but, at the same time, we fully acknowledge that her greatest claim to be remembered by posterity rests on the fact that she was a pioneer in the cause of the abolition of slavery. In addition, she forms one more link in the chain of writers who, from the eccentric

and pretty Duchess of Newcastle in the seventeenth century, to Mr. John Stuart Mill in the nineteenth, have advocated the improvement of the condition of women. Had Miss Wright's prudence and foresight equalled her enthusiasm, she would have accomplished more ; but, even so, her personality could scarcely have been more fascinating and attractive. Moreover, honour is always due to those who have attempted in any way, however small, to aid the progress of humanity.

ELIZABETH LEE.

IN THE HEART OF THE COTSWOLDS.

WITH that uncompromising directness for which the Romans were so celebrated, the ancient road, known as Ermine Street, reaches from Gloucester to the great military centre of those days at Cirencester, the straight line being broken only by the intervening ridge of the Cotswolds, to scale which one or two bold zigzags were a physical necessity. Even they could not carry a road direct up a hill as steep as a house, and as a matter of fact the gradients of Napoleon's great Simplon route and all the Swiss Alpine passes are calculated upon the same principles as the Roman mountain roads of old ; modern engineering science, in this respect, copies from the ancient examples.

Some five miles from Gloucester we find ourselves at the base of the oolite hills which flank the Severn valley for many a long mile ; and then commences the mountain road in miniature, a few bold zigzags leading upwards to the village of Birdlip, situated on the very crest of the Cotswold ridge, one of the most charming spots in the western shires. Reaching the heights above, the wonderful straightness of the white road stretching across the plain to Gloucester, or Glevum, is at once apparent. The garden valley extends far as the eye can reach, bounded on the opposite side of the Severn by the undulating woodlands of Dean Forest, and May Hill crowned with a circle of pine-trees visible from many counties. In the far distance lie the black mountains of Wales, the purple Malverns, and the Clee Hills of Shropshire. The Severn widens into the estuary seawards, and the entire vale is orchard-clad. The old military road to Cirencester is intersected at Birdlip by another road running at right angles along the plateau of the turf-covered Cotswolds ; in the one direction it passes to Cheltenham by the bare hills and quarries innumerable ; and in the opposite direction, through interminable beechwoods to Cranham, Painswick Beacon, and Horse-pools, above Stroud. Go where you will, the views are superb ; and

the fine, bracing air should always be attractive to those who dwell in the more enervating valley below.

Standing amid these high beacons, it is easy to picture days far back in geological history when an arm of the sea covered the valley at our feet, penetrating far into the Midlands through what has been called the Straits of Malvern. A very slight alteration in existing levels, such as a depression of the estuarine sediments, and the river valley would once more become sea. No land or water area, certainly that within the influence of a coast line, is immutable on this planet of ours. Greenland is rising in the present epoch, it is calculated, at the rate of three feet in a century ; the Channel Islands are sinking by infinitely slow degrees. No mountain range or river course is permanent, for subtle changes are constantly at work destroying and reconstructing the surface of our earth.

The cap of these very hills, for example, lies in the valley now as river gravels, transmitted solely through water agency in the lapse of untold ages. Curious collections of the bones of extinct animals are unearthed from time to time as drainage works or excavations are made in the river terraces. The remains tell of marked climatic changes, and land connections with the Continent of Europe long since severed by sea channels. There was most surely a period when the hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and elephant roamed in the Severn vale ; and a cold age when the hills were ice-capped, and reindeer, northern bears, and the like, found a congenial habitat in Britain. Both in the Avon and Severn valleys these bones remain, as the following table, compiled from specimens I have examined, tends to prove, the animals undoubtedly having existed where the bones are fossilized :—

EXTINCT MAMMALIA FROM THE RIVER TERRACES.

Elephas Primigenius :	Rhinoceros (sp.) :
Humerus, Fladbury.	Teeth, Fladbury.
Tusk, ditto.	Equus (sp.) :
Lower jaw and teeth, Crophorne.	Atlas, Upton Snodsbury.
Femur, Eckington.	Lower jaw and teeth, Fladbury.
Elephas Antiquus :	Femur, Crophorne.
Molar, Crophorne.	Cervus Elephas :
Hippopotamus Major :	Antler, Chadbury.
Vertebra, Little Comberton.	Do., Tewkesbury.
Tusk, ditto.	Cervus Tarandus (Reindeer) :
Tibia, Crophorne.	Antler, Upton Snodsbury.
Humerus, Eckington.	Bos Longifrons :
Atlas, Fladbury.	Skull, Eckington.
Rhinoceros (sp.) :	Bos Primigenius :
Teeth, Fleet Bank.	Skull, Eckington.

All the above have been discovered at depths beneath the surface ranging from four feet to twenty-five feet in the river gravels.

I have known the bones of reindeer found in such a position that it is clear several animals must have sought higher ground to be beyond the reach of the flood; in this situation they died, the remains finally being buried in alluvial deposits. Corn-grinding stone implements in the same stratum prove the presence of a prehistoric man contemporary with the extinct animals.

Returning to the high ground, the exposed sections of the oolite quarries, where the horizontal stratification is beautifully marked, the rock is found to be crowded with fossil shells, corals, and, more rarely, the scales and fragments of sea fishes. One genus of cockle-like shell has a special interest. It is called the *Trigonia*, being known by the peculiar construction of the hinges of the two valves. It reached a maximum distribution in the Jurassic epoch, a number of species attaining to the greatest perfection. Gradually the type died out of existence, until at the present day two or three diminutive species only linger in the South Pacific. I have dredged a single specimen in Sydney Harbour wonderfully like the fossil kind at Birdlip, but many times smaller in size. The fossil corals, also, swarm as fossil fragments in the Birdlip quarries as the living representatives do in the semi-tropical ocean to-day; but the skeletons, alas! are shorn of all their intense living colours.

From the investigation of the fossil mollusca to a search after living terrestrial shells is an easy transition. The woods immediately below Birdlip are admirable hunting-grounds for all manner of plants and creatures. The edible snail (*Helix pomatia*) occurs in great abundance, another evidence of the Roman occupation. The greenish coloured animal inhabits a shell of straw colour, varying to brown, being double the size of our ordinary garden snail. It occurs in England, it is stated, only in localities where Roman stations existed. This particular species of snail was introduced by the invaders wherever they penetrated. Special propagating houses were erected for the succulent mollusc, the animal being fattened on meal saturated in white wine. Flavour and delicacy of colour were thus imparted to an esteemed article of diet. When the Romans abandoned the Birdlip outpost, the snails apparently remained; the local environment proved suitable, and in the course of centuries they have multiplied exceedingly, running riot, so to speak, and simply awaiting the collector's notice. We in England hardly hanker after snails as food, but in the Continental markets they may be seen any day by those curious in such matters. The bodies are chopped up with

green herbs and replaced as a kind of *purée* within the ample shell. *Chacun a son goût*, as the French proverb truly says ; the taste for snails is doubtless but an acquired one.

The calcareous nature of the soil suits some kinds of plant development as well as snails. The jaded brain-worker might do far worse than seek recuperative force on the Cotswolds, collecting the orchids which grow on the springy turf, amid the woods, or the valleys penetrating between the hills. In due season the curious Bee Orchis unfolds its sepals, the inflated lip assuming a truly insect form. The fragrant Butterfly Orchis lurks in shady places in close proximity to the withered-looking brown Bird's-nest Orchis, with parasitic roots entwined like the fibres of a bird's-nest. The large white *Cephalanthera* grows freely beneath the beech-trees, and I have the rose-coloured species (*C. rubra*) from one spot, perhaps the only British station for the plant. It is dwarf in size, barely a third of the height that the same red *Cephalanthera* attains in Switzerland. The Frog Orchis, having the spur modified into an inflated ball, grows freely on the highest expanse of turf, with a rare species known as the Musk Orchis. The discovery of the plants affords a slight occupation, but it is the glorious air, the scenery, and above all, the freedom from business care, which constitute the recreation.

One day after the exploration of an outlying spur of the main ridge of hills, I sat to rest upon the green sward ; the ground fell away in a broken confusion of rock and woodland ; some fifty feet lower there was another oasis of green turf. Suddenly a head came forth from a hole in that lower plateau. A comprehensive look round showed the coast clear, and then the long low body of a fox crept stealthily from its lair. The wind was behind me, blowing directly down towards the fox, but I lay perfectly still, in the hope that scent would be carried far overhead. His brush waved to and fro as he crept slowly along. Presently another head appeared, and the vixen came above ground quietly, followed by two charming little cubs. She lay down extended at full length, whilst the little ones sat up to spar on their hind legs, fell down in a heap and scrambled over the mother fox. The scene was too delightful ; without the slightest indication of fear, the gambols continued for fully a quarter of an hour ; then, as I gave a cry and sprang up, the entire family bolted to earth with incredible speed : the vulpine sports had ended.

The unusual incident set me thinking concerning the contradictions and dual nature of a man. On the one hand, I have a great sympathy with all the beasts and birds, and would unhesitatingly protect their lives. Yet, on the other hand, the sporting instinct

is keen. In the vale below I have witnessed many a rattling burst with the hounds, when horses, men, and dogs—some would say the fox also—have enjoyed the excitement of the chase. The music of the hounds in full cry tends to quicken the pulsation of the blood; restraint is cast to the winds and away we go, striving in spite of obstacles to be in at the death. In cold blood I would regard the same events with shame. How can such opposing inclinations dwell in the same mind? I cannot tell; but perhaps the example serves somewhat to illustrate that dualism which exists more or less in every man, woman, or child. The motive of to-day is antagonistic to the action of to-morrow, and the perfect harmony, I suppose, shall never in this world be revealed again. But, excited or no, I would never have my special colony of foxes in the Cotswolds disturbed; and, to speak the truth, I think they are safe, from the rugged nature of their surroundings.

On another occasion I was attracted by the proceedings of some sand wasps which had separate cells in a bank of red marl. Mr. Bates, in his work on the Amazon, relates his experiences of the carnivorous sand wasps in South America, almost the counterpart of which exist in our western counties. The female burrows within the bank in order to found a subterranean cell ready for the deposition of each larval grub. The male wasp, meanwhile, forages around in search of insect food. Let us watch the performances hourly enacted throughout the summer days—the unwary fly is captured to be at once partially paralysed by the puncture of a sharp sting inserted deftly in the thorax. With unerring instinct the prisoner is carried to the right cell; no error in this respect seems possible. The fly can still struggle just sufficiently to gratify its tormentor's instinct, as it is placed with exceeding care upon the ground at the mouth of the cell. The orifice is not big enough for the male wasp to turn his body inside, so it is necessary to crawl through the tunnel tail first; that is why the insect is placed upon the ground. Struggling weakly, it remains a prisoner, held by the antennæ of the captor, who deliberately dallies with his victim in pure enjoyment before stocking the inside larder. Whether the dead carcass is eventually used by the female wasp as a receptacle for the next lot of eggs, as in the case of the South American species, I am unable to say; otherwise the performances are singularly alike. The desire to slay is common apparently to all living things; the strong prey upon the weak throughout the universe. It is not only mankind that wishes to kill the fox or shoot his game. The instinct of the dog is to kill the rat, and the wasp is positively vindictive over the fly. Perhaps this is partly the meaning of "all creation groaning."

Not so far away from Birdlip are the seven springs which constitute one of the chief sources of the Thames, sparkling rills of the purest water, beloved by the new-born dragon-flies, of turquoise, blood-red, bronze, yellow, and green. Throughout the dreary winter months the strange and repulsive hammer-headed larvæ have been creeping about in the bed of some congenial brook. In May the great metamorphoses occur. The ugly grubs give place to the full-winged insect with diaphanous wings, four in number, and most exquisitely nerved. The intense colours are only matched by the beauty of the eyes. In spite of the popular superstition, dragon-flies are utterly destitute of a sting, and they may be safely handled. May is the merry month when the perfect insects rise by thousands from the waters, usually a month before the true Ephemeridæ.

Some time ago rumour had it in our parts that during a heavy storm *it had rained shell-fish*, a not uncommon country tradition. In this case I was able to investigate the circumstances. There was abundant evidence to prove that in a limited area, after a drenching storm of rain, enormous quantities of shells, with living animals within, appeared amongst the herbage, where not a single shell could be seen before the storm. Numbers of intelligent persons testified to the sudden appearance of the creatures; no one, however, had seen them fall. I saw a handful gathered from a single tuft of grass, all of which belonged to a minute spiral species of the land Testacea. The shell is common enough in damp lands, and without doubt lurks beneath dry hedgerows and the meadow grass, ready to come forth at the approach of rain. This is precisely what had happened. It was after a dry spring, and the swarm of molluscs had simply crawled forth in remarkable numbers from hybernation, tempted, doubtless, by the rain. The country folk, adopting a deeply-rooted tradition, vowed, without having seen the fall, that it had rained snails.

My last experience of Birdlip itself was during night-time, in the silent woods, when the heat of July rendered the cool darkness a delightful change after the oppression of the day. The absolute dryness of everything was uncommon enough in our English clime. The night-flying moths came out in hundreds, flitting through the open drives like winged ghosts to their accustomed haunts. That is the time to smear the trees with fragrant and sticky decoctions in order to attract many a rare specimen to meet its destiny in the collector's box. The creatures settle on the nectar sweet, unfold the long proboscis, and sip at leisure, whilst the facets of the eyes shine like phosphorescent crystals as the lantern is flashed on the tree.

C. PARKINSON.

TABLE TALK.

CHANGE IN THE TASTE OF BOOK-BUYERS.

MORE than one of our recent periodicals has dealt with the curious changes that come over the taste of book-buyers. A fancy for a certain class of books rarely lasts longer than a generation, or a generation and a half, and the works most prized and most in demand become once more drugs in the market. Really rare and magnificent books keep, of course, their prices. A man anxious for a genuine First Folio Shakespeare had best not wait for a fall in price, nor will he find a Mazarin Bible lurking in a second-hand box. A change has none the less come over the incunables. I have bought myself, in splendid condition, in a fine binding with gaufred edges, a fifteenth century Aldine, an *editio princeps*, which forty years ago would have made the mouth of a collector water. Elzevirs, too, with a few exceptions, are well-nigh a drug in the market, and a collector now is rarely seen pulling out a measure to learn the number of millimètres in a 1642 Cicero or 1636 Virgil, though I own that if an uncut copy of either of these works were in the market there would be a flutter among the booksellers in Piccadilly, the Haymarket, or Pall Mall. Still, the fact remains that books which had a strange fascination for our grandfathers are lightly esteemed of ourselves. A genuine lover of first editions of classics would find it difficult to obtain an important collection, but if he can meet with the books, he will get them at a far more reasonable price than he would have paid in the first half of the expiring century.

BOOKS NOW SOUGHT AFTER.

THE books which have been most in demand among average English book-buyers have been early editions of authors still living or recently dead. Early books by Dickens and Thackeray have long been sought after, and have at times commanded a price wholly disproportionate to their rarity. These have somewhat sunk in public estimation, though no later than June last a copy of "Great Expectations," with special illustrations, sold for sixty-seven pounds. The works of Ruskin, Browning, Morris, and Swinburne are still eagerly

sought, and a copy of the very beautiful first edition of "Atalanta in Calydon" causes excitement and buzz in a sale-room. This is comprehensible enough. What is scarcely comprehensible is that a copy of "Poems and Ballads" with the name of Moxon on the title-page is still sought after, though it is, as I am in a position to state, *verbatim et literatim* the same book as that which bears the name of John Camden Hotten or Chatto & Windus. I am not aware of any change having been made in any subsequent work that renders an early copy preferable to a later. Some of Browning's poems are extremely rare, and the possession of a copy of "Pauline" is very generally coveted. Cruikshank's works stand on a different footing, as it is illustrations rather than letter-press that is sought. A complete collection of Cruikshank is not to be hoped for, and any considerable collection would cost a large sum of money. A strange fancy exists for Alpine books, as any reader of booksellers' catalogues must know; and large-paper copies of some special works on sport are in marvellous demand.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE FIRST-EDITION "CRAZE."

THE search after first editions of modern writers leads to curious results. A book is now not seldom out of print or exhausted before a score copies are sold. The booksellers buy up the entire edition, and trust to realise an extra profit upon it. Wholly legitimate trading is this, and authors and publishers alike profit by it. I remember a noted and very popular Royal Academician telling me he would rather sell to a dealer than a private purchaser, since whatever price the latter would offer the former would pay, and the profit he naturally exacted kept up in the market the price of the works. The same holds true about books; and though the demand is not seldom more apparent than real, the plan may be commended. It is otherwise with a plan occasionally adopted by second-hand booksellers of converting into nominal rarities books which may yet be had from the publishers at the normal price. To such an extent is this practised that living authors have been roused to protest. It is needless for me to put book-buyers on their guard. The general collector is cautious enough, and though I have known men, with some idea of benefiting the author, to pay published price for a three-volume novel, such cases are not so common as to call for interference. The unreadiness of an Englishman who is not a collector to buy a book, and the moderation of his estimate of what constitutes a library, are subjects with which I have already dealt.

THE HUMES OF POLWARTH.

TALK about book-buyers leads me naturally to the Earls of Marchmont, three in all, each one of whom was a book-collector. The great library at Hemel Hempstead, collected by the third Lord Marchmont, passed at his death into the hands of George Rose, his executor, was bought back by Lord Polwarth, and is now at the Polwarth family seat, Mertoun House, St. Boswell's, Berwickshire. The remainder of his books are still at Marchmont, and constitute a happy hunting-ground for those privileged to look through them. I am not precisely prepared to say that the Earls of Marchmont were so enthusiastic collectors that their names are the first which spring to the memory upon the mention of books or of aristocratic patrons of learning. It happens, however, that my own library has been enriched with a book concerning the same Earls which deserves to rank with the most valued volume at either Mertoun or Marchmont. This is "*Marchmont and the Humes of Polwarth, by one of their Descendants.*"¹ The descendant in question is Miss Margaret Warrender, in whom the family blood flows in direct stream, and the interest of her work extends far beyond Scotch genealogists and touches all concerned with the literature and history of England. The deeds of the first Earl of Marchmont are closely associated with the vindication of our liberties; the surroundings of the third render his figure familiar to all close students of the last century.

THE FIRST EARL OF MARCHMONT.

THE families of Humes of Marchmont and Polwarth have been prolific in heroes, and especially in women of interest and worth. One of the most famous among them was Lady Grisell Baillie, the authoress of the song, "*And werena my heart licht I wad dee.*" It is in Patrick, first Earl of Marchmont, originally Sir Patrick Hume, that interest centres. Few stories more romantic than that of his hiding, at the time of the Rye House Plot, in the vault beneath Polwarth Church, are to be found in fact or fiction. That his life, had he been taken, would have been sacrificed, like that of his friend, Baillie of Jerviswoode, does not admit of a doubt. For a month he had to live in this dark and ghastly home. Two persons only, his wife and his daughter Grisell, a girl of eighteen, knew of his hiding-place, and the girl it was who, despising the terrors of the place and risk of detection, carried him his food every night. In order to avoid suspicion from

¹ W. Blackwood & Sons.

the servants she had to convey the meats off her own plate into her lap. Her apparent appetite provoked the admiration of her brother Sandy, afterwards second Earl of Marchmont, who, turning in consternation to his mother, exclaimed, "Mother, will ye look at Grisell ; while we have been eating our broth, she has eaten up the whole sheep's head !" When a less gloomy hiding-place was sought, the patient Grisell dug with her hands, the nails of which were worn to the stumps, a hole under the floor of one of the rooms, carrying out the earth and spreading it over the garden. Sir Patrick escaped at length to Utrecht, where his wife and family joined him. His estate was confiscated, and he was treated as dead. He joined Argyle's ill-fated expedition to Scotland to create, in 1685, a diversion in favour of Monmouth, and narrowly escaped with his life. After the revolution the estates were restored by William III., by whom Sir Patrick was created Earl of Marchmont, right being given him to bear on his coat of arms "an orange proper, ensigned with an imperial crown," as a "lasting mark of his Majesty's royal favour to the family of Polwarth, and in commemoration of his lordship's great affection to his said Majesty."

THE LAST EARL OF MARCHMONT.

THE diplomatic career of Alexander, second Earl of Marchmont, has some interest, but his career is unimportant beside those of his predecessor, and his successor, Hugh, the third Earl and the best known of the three. He was Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, and was the closest and most intimate friend and correspondent of Bolingbroke. How high was Bolingbroke's estimate of him is shown in his letter to Pope: "What a star has our Minister ! (Sir Robert Walpole). Wyndham dead—Marchmont disabled ! The loss of Marchmont and Wyndham to our country ! I take it for granted that you have a correspondence with Lord Marchmont. I writ to him the other day, but do you write to him. I wish the event of Wyndham's death may not determine him to settle in Scotland. God forbid. Do not fail, when you write, to tell him how much I honour his virtue and his talents, and love his person. He, you, and I are, by different causes, in much the same situation ; lovers of our country, grieved at her present state, and unable to help her." Walpole himself, hostile as he was, bore witness to the worth of Marchmont, and said to his sons, when they praised the speeches of Pulteney, Pitt, or Lyttelton, "You may cry up their speeches if you please, but when I have answered Sir John Barnard and Lord Polwarth (Marchmont's second title),

I think I have concluded the debate." These things are known, but they are worth repeating. Miss Warrender's delightful book reproduces in a very attractive guise many family portraits of extreme interest.

A NEGLECTED POINT IN POPULAR EDUCATION.

ALMOST the first moral lesson that the boy learns from the carefully selected axioms of the Eton Syntax is that "Faithfully to have learned the arts softens manners and does not permit them to remain rude." I would that the influence of the systematic training now afforded youth at the Board Schools exercised a similarly desirable influence. Whether it is that the practical prohibition in these days of the only kind of punishment to which the boy is strongly adverse, and by which he is strongly moved, leads to the effects predicted by Solomon of spoiling the child I know not, but the fact remains that there never was a time when boys were more turbulent, more mischievous, or more irrepressible. They come from school in flocks to commit unheard-of ravages; and are far beyond the reach of control or remonstrance. I am no pessimist, and no praiser of past times. I would not rashly check those qualities of the boy which lead to heroism and contempt of danger in the man. Still, I wonder whether into the Board School curriculum might not be introduced some form of teaching as to the obligations of courtesy or propriety. The time is now near at hand when suburban gardens will be ravaged remorselessly by young gentlemen whose very elementary instruction in morals does not now reach the point of knowing the difference between *meum* and *tuum*.

THE ASPIRATE IN SCHOOLS.

ANOTHER point seems to me to demand the attention it does not receive. I will mention this, and my growl shall then cease. Might not the school exercise include some lessons on correct speech, and furnish even some slight knowledge of the use of the aspirate? A School Board maiden of some twelve or thirteen years, issuing from the porch with younger companions, called out with marvellous energy and power of lung, "Old er and." Now, I am quite aware that this is a practical age, and that aspirates in a certain world may be a luxury and a superfluity. They will not even help a youth forward at the School of Design, and they are not of the least assistance in felling an oak or driving a team. In the last named, indeed, I can fancy them being a positive disadvantage. A cart-horse

addressed with well-adjusted aspirates might doubt the earnestness or even the competency, of his guider, and might be stirred to neglect or contempt. Still, there would be some gain if such phrases as "old er and" could be banished from our streets. In America, I am told, "for I vow I never was there," the misuse of the aspirate is unknown. I have myself, in the case of a girl educated in America, seen her fogged by the speech addressed to her, and unable to guess at its meaning. What can be done in America can surely be done here; or is it possible that our Arry and Arriet are destined to be immortal?

"HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD."

SELDOM, indeed, has the affectation which underlies much modern art and literature incurred a rebuke so grim, terrible, and, in a cruel sense, appropriate, as that which has befallen M. Tailhade, the *décadent* poet. With an affectation of heartlessness, which is the sure sign of a nature pitifully weak morally and intellectually, he pretended to justify the action of Vaillant, the Anarchist, by asking, "What matters the death of vague humanities, provided the deed is nobly and artistically executed?" The action of hurling a bomb must be splendid, and the suffering it inflicts is, he holds, a matter of no consequence. "Hoist" is he indeed "with his own petard." It is true that the assassin did not hurl the missile with Titanic strength into the room in which the poet was consuming his absinthe, or what not. He simply placed it on the window-sill and ran away. Not specially heroic this, nor calculated to satisfy the artistic aspirations of the poor, affected, evil-minded writer. The salve, however, is the same. It is not often that rash words are taken cognisance of by the Powers, or that our imprecations provoke anything but pity or laughter from the Gods. In this case, however, the answer has been accorded, and the drivel of the versifier has met with an appalling response. Surely, still, as in Shakespeare's time, man

"like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1894.

A CHANGE OF NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANCIS AND FRANCES."

CHAPTER I.

IT was early on Christmas Day in London, and it was snowing. The streets were deserted, and the long lines of glittering lamps seemed lit to no purpose save to emphasise the universal quiet. It was a time when even the least imaginative could feel the truth of Wordsworth's lines :

Dear God ! The very houses seem asleep !
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

Even in the sleep of an individual there is, to a thoughtful mind, something mysterious, solemn. And in the sleep of a mighty city !

One may learn something of the vastness of London by day, but more—far more—by night. By day the eye and ear obtain impressions of a part. At night the imagination is carried away captive by the ideas called up by the miles of lighted streets, the myriad houses all so much alike, containing myriads of human beings all so different.

There are regions, it is true, that are seldom at peace, for London is the "mighty heart" through which circulates the nation's blood. There are always arrivals, always departures ; but small are the changes compared with the vast whole, and in many parts of the great city night is as undisturbed as in a country town.

So it was in the neighbourhood of Edwin Street. Though Christmas had come, Edwin Street knew it not, nor would know for hours. Whatever joy that day was to bring to its inhabitants still lay in the future. However eagerly looked forward to, its early hours had come and gone unwelcomed.

The sleepers would awake to a white world. Snow was falling in
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large flakes, with none of the haste and whirl of a storm, but steadily, as if with deliberate intention to cover everything old and ugly with its pure mantle, and make it fit for the sun to shine on ; and, were it but the dream of an hour, to give to everything an appearance of freshness and beauty on Christmas morning.

Divers clocks, muffled in their tones by the fallen snow, had just struck four when occurred the first sign of wakefulness in Edwin Street. A door opened, and a man well wrapped up came forth. He closed the door gently, went slowly down the steps, and paused, irresolutely gazing up and down the street, and up at the house he had just left. Was it to make sure of it in his memory ? Scarcely, for the number 12 stood out in brazen relief upon the door. Or was it the farewell look a man usually bestows upon an object he may be beholding for the last time ?

He goes up the steps ; again assures himself that the door is shut, again looks up and down the street seen through the falling snow, suddenly decides, and strides away to the right.

His feet are the first to print their impression in the snow. Once he looks back and discerns this—shivers, wraps his cloak the closer about him (he, too, is becoming white like everything around), and turns the corner, looking back no more.

The hours draw on, but sound is the sleep of Edwin Street. And the snow all this time comes steadily down, till the solitary wayfarer's steps become fainter. Another hour and they are gone. To the next passer-by the snowy surface will appear untrodden.

The kindly snow had done its best to make all that it fell upon new. How had it been with the man who had set out so early and alone ?

CHAPTER II.

It was the night before the storm of Delhi. Over rebellious city and British camp alike reigned a calm, but a calm as ominous as that before the burst of a hurricane at sea.

Delhi had been like unto Sebastopol. It had never been invested because of the immense extent of its walls, and because the besieged by far outnumbered the besiegers. Supplies could always be poured into the city, whereas the British were constantly attacked, and with difficulty held their positions. And, just as in the Crimea the cold was more fatal to the besiegers of Sebastopol than the Russians, so at Delhi the deadliest foe had been the heat.

But British tenacity had held on. At last gaps had been torn

in the massive granite walls, and through those gaps the assault was to be made on the morrow. The last act in the tremendous Tragedy of the Siege was to begin at dawn.

Strange at such times is the difference of temperament in men. Some are merry, others serious ; some sleep as calmly as if the morrow were to be a field-day at home ; others, maybe not less brave, are too highly strung with the excitement, and long for the time of action to arrive.

"How *can* you take it so coolly, Lambert?" asked a private of another who was sitting up with crossed arms, smoking a short pipe.

"I've served long enough to take most things cool—leastways as cool as things can be took in this hell's climate. And why can't you?"

"I *can't*."

"You're a rum chap, Wild. There isn't a braver in Delhi, nor out of it neither for that matter, and here you are as nervous as a boy before he's smelt powder. If so be as there's summat on your mind, may be it'll ease your conscience to tell it me. I'll be mum as a priest."

"Lambert, I will! But for God's sake only whisper ; it's something I can tell to no one but you."

"Take it easy. It ain't as bad as murder, come now?"

A groan was the only reply.

"*What?*" exclaimed Lambert excitedly as he caught him by the arm. "You don't mean——?"

"Yes, I do."

Lambert let go his arm, and his pipe fell unheeded from his lips.

"I've done it now. You needn't tell anyone, because I've made up my mind to die to-morrow, and it will be some satisfaction to die fighting."

"I won't," said Lambert hoarsely. "But it's a crusher to me—you that I've chummed with and fought by, to turn out a——!"

"Murderer! Still, it's hard. Years of remorse for one moment's passion! God knows it wasn't intentional."

"Then it wasn't murder!" So saying, Lambert reached across for Wild's hand, but he drew back.

"It's no use talking like that. I killed her, and it's murder to *me*, whatever anyone else may call it."

"Her?"

"Yes—my wife."

"Ah!"

"I had been drinking that evening and she reproached me : told me I was a worse man than when she married me—it was true, that was the sting of it—and—and it was our first real quarrel, and I struck her. She fell—she was dead. Why, why does drink turn a man into a brute? I who never hurt woman nor child before ! Can God forgive me when I cannot forgive myself?

"Well, I got away ; I enlisted and came to India, and have been miserable ever since. God ! to think of the misery one moment may do—has done ! To-morrow ends it. I'm glad I've told you. I don't feel quite so weighed down now that some one else knows. And, Lambert, don't shun me ! There are only a few more hours left, and if fighting *can* wipe it out, let me fight by you."

"You shall," was all Lambert said. But when shortly afterwards Wild sank into a deep sleep of exhaustion, Lambert drew a cloak gently over him—for the nights were chilly—and resuming his forgotten pipe, sat still and watched him.

"Poor beggar, he's had hard lines !" was his muttered comment.

The dawn is here. Wild and Lambert are together in the column whose task is to storm the Cashmere Gate, as soon as it has been blown open by the powder-bags which a devoted few are even now laying at its base. Exposed as they are to the fire from the walls, it is incredible that a man of them should survive. It is a miracle of daring. One after another they fall, but the task is accomplished. The bags are laid !

A not less daring band essay to fire the charge, but they, too, fall fast. Is it to fail at the last moment of all? No, the slow-match is laid and burns ! There is a brief interval of strained suspense, a mighty explosion, and what was the Cashmere Gate is gone !

Thrice the bugles sound : then the torrent of avenging British with their loyal Goorkhas and Punjabees pours into the city.

But not so speedily is it won. An opposing torrent of desperate Sepoys dashes against the assailants, presses them back, back, by weight of numbers, till it almost sweeps them whence they came. But the supports are at hand ; the rush is beaten back, and now at last the arms of fanaticism and despair meet those of revenge and valour on equal terms.

Can there ever have been a fiercer fight than that in Delhi from dawn of the 14th till far into the 19th September? Not till the 19th was the city taken, although three out of the four attacking columns gained a footing within the walls on the 14th.

Wild and Lambert were abreast as they rushed over the smoking

ruins with a shout. Then it was every man for himself, and Wild never quite knew when it was he first missed his comrade.

During those six days—well-nigh a *week*—of fighting, when scenes not to be surpassed in horror were enacted in that supreme struggle for existence, Wild courted the death he had made sure would be his. Daily his comrades fell, and night by night he wondered how it was they should meet their fate and he be spared. And he wondered yet more when the end came and he was unhurt.

Little know those who live in a land of peace, who perchance seldom see a hand raised in anger, of the dread capabilities of man. It was the despair of the mutineers that made them fight to the last gasp. They who had crucified and tortured English women and children, now slew their own, thinking to save them from a similar fate. No quarter was given.

What wonder that, when all was over, some of the victors, maddened with heat and bloodshed, drank—maybe to drown the recollections of the fiery furnace they had passed through—and drank to excess? Even to be alive was enough to stagger the imagination : alive, when the dead lay everywhere in heaps and heaps, dead in all ghastly ways and postures ! He that has lived through and been a part of such scenes has beheld depths of man's nature unfathomed by philosophers.

Wild survived the siege, survived the Mutiny, saw the East India Company abolished, and transferred his allegiance to the Queen. But before the suppression of the Mutiny he, like many more, fell a victim to the necessities of campaigning under a burning sun. He recovered from the stroke, but his memory was practically gone. Yes, he had fought at Delhi, but all before that and much after it was to him a blank.

As a quiet, unassuming, but thoroughly reliable soldier, Wild went on living a soldier's life, seeing occasional service in different parts of the world, till in his twentieth year's service he was invalided, and obtained his discharge and a pension.

CHAPTER III.

WILD began the world anew with a certificate of good character, some medals, and a pension ; and found that to all appearances the world did not want him. He was therefore only too glad to become a signalman, with a very "detached" cottage for residence in the neighbourhood of his box.

When somewhat accustomed to his duties, and with the first keen

sense of responsibility dulled by repetition, he admitted it was not a difficult position to fill. His box stood midway between two rather distant stations, and there were neither junctions of lines nor sidings to complicate his work and add to the levers and signals under his control. Twelve hours on and twelve off duty was the rule, but on Sundays the box was closed and the traffic worked from station to station. Wild and his comrade took the day and night-work in alternate weeks. In the day Wild did not find it particularly lonely, although many men would find it intolerable to be alone for twelve hours in the same place. And by day there was so much to occupy the eye that the mind could find interest in other things.

But in winter, in the long winter nights, when snow lay deep upon the ground, and the wind made of the clustering wires a mighty harp on which it played the livelong night, and the firelight threw a ruddy stain upon the white wastes without—that was the time when loneliness became real. To be in the signal-box then was to be, for the time, as isolated as a keeper in a lightship or lighthouse. More, for the keeper has companions. Yet it was not total isolation. A few miles away, on this side and on that, were other watchers of the throbbing nerves that regulate a railway's life.

True that at night there are levers to move and bells to hearken to—bells that sound startlingly out of the silence, warnings of what is to come—bells to be sounded in those other cabins to signify that here all is ready : and then again silence. It lengthens out, till from afar comes the first faint sound. Momentarily it grows in volume, until the glittering eyes flash into sight : the earth trembles at its approach : IT is here—and gone, swallowing space in its impetuous career, coming and going with the roar of a hurricane, and gazing back with fiery eyes at the scene lately filled with its tumult !

Wild felt a fascination in watching these meteors, that no repetition could destroy. He felt of what little account he was, when he reflected that the slightest deviation from those unending parallels of iron, and himself and cabin would be annihilated. Who would care ? His fellow-signalmen might—a little ; but no one else.

Sometimes two meteors would flash past his box at the same moment, and then this fancy was doubled in intensity. What if *both* should deviate from their parallels and converge upon his trembling shelter that stood so temptingly near their paths ! It never happened, but it might. The curve is accounted more natural than the straight line.

After this fashion did the loneliness of the long night-watches begin to act upon his imagination. If a man be young, he can

endure solitude, because it is sure to be brightened by ambitious dreams and hopes. But when a man is past his prime, and unaccustomed solitude comes upon him, he finds few attractions in the future. The shadow of the past lies athwart too large a part of the landscape to allow the sunshine to play freely over the whole. There may be heights of ambition unattained that still sparkle in the radiant light above ; but how deep and how gloomy are the valleys that lie between ! And the eyes of the man who broods over the past are seldom uplifted from the valleys.

Wild was always endeavouring to penetrate the veil of forgetfulness that hid his past. He could remember the great fight at Delhi, and besides had read of what happened there. But before that ? He thought and thought, till weariness compelled him to desist. But presently he began anew.

How long he would have persevered in this baffling search for his past self cannot be said. What warned him to desist was the dread of madness. The idea would never have come from within : it was a remark made by his colleague, who, finding him continually puzzling over something he could not recollect, counselled him to "give it up." "If you don't," said this friendly monitor, "one of two things is bound to happen sooner or later. Either there'll be a smash on the line, or you'll go off your head. One of the two things *must* happen, and both *may* !"

The idea of madness is more terrible than that of death : the latter is daily faced and braved, but madness is appalling to all. Of himself, Wild would never have suspected such a fate to be in store for him ; but his colleague—he argued—must have *some* reason for warning him thus. Had he been watching him for months past and detected some infallible sign of impending madness ?

The terror once admitted could not be banished. Wild began to imagine himself a doomed man. The words "sooner or later" constantly recurred to his mind. How soon would it come ? When the wind sang in the wires, it said "sooner or later" ; when the bells rang in his cabin, their sudden clang startled him, accustomed as he was to their imperious summons. Would it come like that, swiftly and without warning ? Or would it come like a train—expected, then heard, then seen and felt ?

As was inevitable, his health broke down ; and, when he recovered, he had too great a horror for a signalman's life to resume it. Once more he was a free man.

During his illness the curtain that had hung so heavily over the earlier scenes of his life had partially lifted and revealed things long

lost in oblivion; and pre-eminent over all memories of places, even over India and the long agony of Delhi, rose the memory of *London*.

But coupled with this awakening of memory came the doubt—How much of this was his own? Some things he remembered seemed to belong to another man's life: to have been told him, perhaps. He could not be sure. What had become distinct in his past stood out from much more that was shadowy and blurred. Would the sight of one familiar scene bring out their meaning?

He would go to London and try.

CHAPTER IV.

"It should be here," said Wild aloud, as he stood at the edge of the crossing towards Morcar Street, and stared at the name that stood in dingy letters on the wall of the corner house,

"Remember the sweeper, sir!"

Wild looked down and found at his elbow a ragged boy, flourishing a broom as the sign of his office.

"Can you tell me where *Edwin* Street is, my boy?"

"No, sir. It's the governor's crossin', you see, but he's a-lyin' up ill, and I'm a-keepin' it goin' till he come back. If I didn't, some other chap 'd collar it straight off, you bet."

"Then you don't know the neighbourhood yourself?"

"No, sir. Remember the sweeper, sir!" He raised his voice into a piercing cry as he saw this expected customer pass on without paying toll.

Wild mechanically put his hand in his pocket, drew out some coins, and gave the boy one, without looking at it. It was a florin, and the lad's hand closed over it greedily.

But as he watched the man's retreating figure, the perception forced itself on him that he was not able to afford so much, that his clothes were shabby, and that his steps were uncertain. He watched till the man was about to disappear at the next corner, then ran full tilt after him.

"Here you are, sir," he panted, holding out the florin. "You've made a horror, sir!"

"Keep it, boy!" said Wild sternly, as if annoyed at the attention directed towards him. "It should be here, it *must* be here!"

"He might 'a said Thank you," commented the boy, staring. "Never mind, Bill's in luck. If so be as how a few more comes

down 'andsome like that, it 'll run to a new broom fust and a new pair o' bags" (looking at his tattered trousers) "second. Coppers it is ginerally : and some on 'em says '*Thank you,*' as if *that* was what a chap keeps a crossin' for. Bless 'em !"

Meanwhile Wild had accosted an artisan with the same question as he had put to the boy.

"Edwin Street?" said the man, taking off his hat to scratch his head. "Of course I can't. Why? 'Cos there ain't such a street."

"But there was, surely?"

"I know. It was Edwin and now it's Morcar. See? I'll tell you all about it. You see there was a bloody murder there—it's years ago, now—and folks got the Vestry to change the name—the fools—as if it wasn't the same street ! What's the matter? You do look uncommon bad, to be sure !"

"It's true after all. I *knew* it was."

And disregarding the man's offer to show the way, and his inquiries whether he felt ill, Wild walked on with the one set purpose of giving himself up to the first policeman he met, as the Edwin Street murderer.

It is, unhappily, not a very unusual thing in London for a man to accuse himself of murder ; for the number of undiscovered murders is alarmingly large, and a certain type of men are apt to take these crimes upon themselves when drunk. For this reason Wild's self-accusation might not have been taken quite seriously but for the fact that he was evidently sober and spoke with earnestness.

He was taken to the station, the charge set down in writing, and he was asked if he wished to make a statement, but warned that it would be used against him.

"I understand," said the inspector on duty, "you confess to the murder of the woman ——?"

"Of my *wife*," interrupted Wild.

The inspector shrugged his shoulders and went on—"who was found with her throat cut——"

"No such thing ! Murderer as I am, it was not so bad as that. It was a blow given in passion that killed her."

"You had better tell it in your own way."

"My name is George Wild. I wish to confess to having murdered my wife in Edwin Street many, many years ago. I don't know how many. Then I went to India as a soldier. I fought at Delhi—you can see my medals. I had sunstroke, and lost my memory. I came back to England, and was a signalman till lately.

My memory of many things has gradually come back, and I make this confession, well knowing the consequences."

The inspector wrote this down, and Wild signed it.

"What was the number of the house in Edwin Street?" asked the inspector, after referring again to the confession.

"Twelve."

He was detained while inquiries were being made and the records of the crime consulted.

Later in the day Wild was brought before the inspector again. Several other officers were present. All eyed him curiously, and perhaps for the first time he felt the *disgrace* of his position, as a thing quite apart from the crime itself.

"Some questions will be put to you, Wild, but you need not reply to them unless you like."

"I am quite willing—that is, as far as I can remember clearly."

"Very well. What was your name before you enlisted?"

"I've tried to think if I had another name—I half think at times I had—but it's completely gone."

"Do you remember in what year you went to India?"

"No."

"Could you point out the house where this happened?"

"I had rather not. But I have told you the number—number 12."

"But you could point it out, if you chose?"

"Yes."

"Whose house was it?"

"My wife's."

"This happened in a bedroom on the first floor?"

"The *second* floor."

"Are you sure?"

"My God, yes! Why do you ask such questions?"

"Now, Mr. Wild," said the inspector, rising, "was your name before you enlisted—now think!—was your name George *Wheatley*?"

"*That's* it—Wheatley—Wheatley! I should never have remembered it, though. Yes, that's it, sure enough. George Wheatley! How strange it sounds after all these years!"

"Now, Mr. Wheatley, I want you to go with one of my men to point out the house. He will be in plain clothes, so you need not be afraid of attracting notice."

"Is it necessary? I have told you the number."

"You will find it best for you."

The officer considerably kept silence until he and Wild, or Wheatley, were opposite number 12 Morcar Street. Then he stopped and asked, "Is that the house?"

Wild passed his hand over his eyes. "No," he said presently. "I can't make it out at all. It's number 12, sure enough, but it isn't the house."

"See if you can recognise it as we go along."

They walked on slowly till at a lamp-post Wild stopped so suddenly that the officer went on a step or two further without him.

"That's it," he cried, pointing to the house immediately opposite. "That's it! It isn't 33 at all, it's number 12. Take me away from it quickly!"

"I've got to obey orders, and the house can't be identified without seeing the inside. It's all for your good, Mr. Wheatley, so come along."

How could anything be for his good? Wheatley wondered. But he made no resistance, no protest. They entered the house, and then the ordeal proved too much for him. He sat down on the stairs and sobbed like a child.

Indistinctly he heard voices: people came, he thought, to look at him. Then the voices began again.

"Mrs. Wheatley, this man can, I think, tell you news of your husband."

Then whispering, a startled shriek, a woman's trembling hands upon his shoulders, and a woman's breath upon his face!

Amazed and confused, he opened the eyes he had shut in horror of what they might see in his old home.

"It is! George, George, come back to life! Don't you know me, George?" Trembling arms were about his neck, warm tears were raining down his face, passionate kisses sought his lips.

"I thought——"

"I know, I know! You thought I was dead—it was wicked of you to strike me, but you didn't mean it. Oh, I know, I know! And you went away. And I prayed every day, every night to God to bring you home again—and He *has*, George! And Annie prayed too."

"Little Annie?"

"Yes, little Annie, your own little Annie. But she is little no longer."

"Let me think—I *can't* understand. Where is the policeman?"

"Gone—gone—gone, George, and you are free. What should

he stay for when he had brought you back to me? Oh, you must never, never leave me again! It has been *so* long."

"Tell me—are you *really* my Mary? No, you can't be. I killed her, wretch that I am!"

"Never say that again. I'm older, George, and have lost what you used to call my 'roses,' but I am your Mary still."

"And who—who is this?"

"Annie—little Annie!"

"Why, child, you've grown a woman!"

"Ah, George, you shouldn't have stayed so long away!"

"I really did think at first," said the inspector on hearing the officer's report, "that we had caught that incarnate demon who cut that poor woman's throat at number 18. That was ten years ago, and the neighbours made such a fuss about it that they changed the name to Morcar. But when this fellow talked of the Mutiny and of having murdered his wife—well, you see it couldn't be. It's twenty years ago, or more."

"But how did you guess he was Wheatley, sir?"

"Well, the Mutiny gives the date from which to start backwards, and a few years before that, among the people reported here as missing was George Wheatley, of 12 Edwin Street. Strange thing, though, that the wife should stay in the same house all these years. Was she glad to see him?"

"She was so!"

A PILGRIMAGE TO A FAMOUS ABBEY.

NO spot lying within a radius of twenty miles from the metropolis of England is invested with deeper interest by reason of its manifold associations with the past than the ancient city of St. Albans. Situated on the great North road, it has from the remotest ages, until the introduction of locomotive propulsion by steam, been a city set on an hill which cannot be hid. There the masters of the world found a local habitation and a name. There the protomartyr of the ancient British Church laid down his life for the Christian faith, and gave the spot its present designation. There, in studious retirement, the only Englishman whose brow was ever graced by the Papal tiara, passed his novitiate. There, during that momentous period of European history which witnessed the rise and wane of Catholicism, literature and learning found a home which bade fair to rival in its pretensions and its achievements the more ancient foundations by the banks of the Cam and the Isis. In common with Exeter, Lincoln, Chester, and Colchester, St. Albans can boast of massive stone walls, which it is probable were standing when the conquering legions of Julius Cæsar landed on our shores, and gazed for the first time in their lives upon the inhabitants of that island of which they heard and read such contradictory accounts.

For the past thirty years St. Albans has been connected with London by the Midland Railway. Yet it is a town which impresses its age insensibly upon every visitor, and from end to end savours of a hoary antiquity. "Soldiers," cried Napoleon in his Egyptian campaign, "forty centuries look down upon you from the top of the Pyramids." "Visitors," St. Albans might say, "the memories of eighteen centuries of British history here confront you." Like Chichester, the ancient city of the South, and Bristol, the ancient city of the West, St. Albans, to the careful eye of the observer, reveals its ground plan to be cruciform ; and though many of the houses are new, by far the greater proportion are ancient. But high above all else, crowning the

hill, towers the noble abbey church which has recently been restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, chiefly at the expense of Lord Grimthorpe, Chancellor of the Diocese of York. Of all the religious houses of Great Britain, this Hertfordshire one of St. Albans was the most wealthy, the most famous, and the most brilliant, as its annals, which have been edited with great industry by one of the greatest antiquaries of the nineteenth century incontestably prove.¹

In as clear and attractive a form as the subject will permit, we shall proceed to limn the main features in the chronicles of St. Albans Abbey, and to lay hold of the thread of the historical development of the Hertfordshire See. Concerning the very earliest days of St. Albans little can be established with absolute certainty. At the foot of the hill on which the abbey church rears its proud front, runs a river which goes by the name of the Ver, a branch of the Colne; and it is probably from this river that the settlement, which the Roman historians believed was established by the ancient Britons at an earlier period even than London, took its name Verulam, or, as it is sometimes written, Verulamium. In the age of that monster of iniquity, Nero, Verulam became a "municipium" or free city, enjoying the privileges of Roman citizenship, but it was surprised and sacked by the haughty Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, in the reign of Claudius, when, to use the language of Cowper, in fulfilment of the bard's prophecy, stung to madness by her wrongs,

She with all a monarch's pride
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush'd to battle, fought and died;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

Boadicea having been vanquished, Verulam was once more fortified. The Romans were again the masters of Great Britain, and everything fell before their impregnable forces. The subjugation of England was speedily accomplished, and Verulam became a flourishing town. Wherever the Roman legions succeeded in penetrating, the missionaries of the Christian Gospel succeeded in penetrating, and in erecting the triumphant banner of the Cross. Hence, at an early date, Verulam was visited by the emissaries of that faith which was to overthrow the base objects of heathen superstition, and to turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. Soon the vigorous crusade provoked persecution. Under Diocletian the pent-up rage at the success of the new preachers broke forth in all its fury,

¹ Vide *Gesta Abbatum Monasterii Sancti Albani* a Thoma Walsingham compilata; *Annales Mon. S. Albani*; and *Registrum Abbatias Johannis Whet-hampsted*. All ed. H. T. Riley.

and raged in every direction. Nor did Britain escape. In Verulam some of the citizens had abjured the Roman deities for the pure faith of Christ. They were summoned before the tribunal to give an account of their stewardship, and those who refused to recant were given over to the sword of the executioner. Among the citizens of Verulam was one Albanus. Horrified at the cruelties which the powers that were, were perpetrating on the Christians, Albanus gave shelter to Amphibalus, a Christian preacher, who had fled to his villa for protection. Struck with the faith and piety of Amphibalus, Albanus embraced Christianity, and when the soldiers came to arrest his guest, changed clothes with him and assisted him to escape. Haled before the judge, the brave Albanus was commanded to sacrifice to the gods, and on his deliberate refusal to do so was ordered to be scourged and executed. On a hill just outside the town, Albanus was beheaded pursuant to this sentence. Numbers of the bystanders, we are told, were converted on the spot, and followed Amphibalus into Wales, where, however, they were hewn down by their merciless pursuers.¹ So fell the first British martyr, and soon events conspired to point the truth of the observation: *Sanguis martyrum est semen ecclesiæ*. On the spot where Albanus had been martyred a church arose when the sword of Diocletian's persecutors had been put into its sheath again, and many worshippers were found within its walls. Soon the heretic Pelagius began to disturb the orthodox by his denial of the doctrine of original sin, and the heresy becoming rampant in all directions travelled to Britain, where many professed Christians embraced it. In 429 a provincial synod was convened at St. Albans to confute the pernicious heresy, and it was by the tomb of the protomartyr that Lupus, Bishop of Prague, and Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, the opponents of Pelagius, harangued their hearers, and paid their devotions.

After a sojourn of many years the Roman invaders at length withdrew. Britain was speedily plunged into anarchy and ruin. Verulam soon fell into the hands of the Saxons. From the Saxons it was recaptured by the Britons, from whom it passed again into the enemy's hands. At length, however, the tide turned. Offa, King of Mercia, murdered Ethelbert, King of East Anglia, in order to obtain his kingdom. Offa got what he wanted, but remorse for the way in which he had got it left him no peace of mind. How he could lull the still small voice of conscience to sleep—how he could atone for the crime of which he had been guilty—these were the questions that harassed his waking hours and his midnight

¹ Bede, *Historia Ecclesiastica*, lib. i. c. 7. See also Haddan and Stubbs's *Concilia*, i. 5, where this story is examined in full.

slumbers. At length, we are told, in a dream Offa was informed of the conditions on which his guilt could be expiated. Pardon would be granted, he was assured, only on the discovery of the bones of St. Alban, and by the erection of a religious house in honour of the Saint of Verulam. The monkish chroniclers tell us that the long-lost bones were discovered in a miraculous manner in August 793, that they were enshrined in a gold box, taken by Offa to Rome, where, before the successor of St. Peter, he solemnly confessed his guilt, that absolution was soon granted, that Albanus was canonised, and that Offa returned home to atone for the murder of Ethelbert by erecting a stately abbey in honour of St. Alban.

Nor was it long before the walls of the new foundation rose into view, and monks to the number of a hundred, professing adherence to the Benedictine rule, took up their abode within the pile, and performed the daily rounds and common tasks of monastic life.

For a period of nearly three centuries—that is to say, from the year 793 until after the Norman Conquest—the Saxon monastery founded by Offa remained. But during the latter part of that long period the brethren often entertained the idea of rearing a far grander structure in honour of God and of the British protomartyr. In 1077, eleven years after the Norman invasion, Paul of Caen, a kinsman of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, was appointed Abbot of St. Albans. It was under the presidency of this great and good man that the new St. Albans Abbey was commenced.

Abbot Paul was, as his name implies, a Norman. His tastes, his ideas, his views were essentially Norman. The poverty, the baldness, of Saxon architecture, so conspicuous in the great house to the oversight of which he had been appointed, were naturally an eyesore to him. William of Walsingham, the chronicler of the abbey, and one of its inmates, tells us that Abbot Paul, unlike some of those who had gone before him, was a man of piety and culture. “The monastic discipline, which had been forgotten both by rulers and ruled in the seduction of pleasure, he determinately and yet prudently restored. He was content to work by degrees, lest too sudden changes should lead to mutiny; but so well he succeeded that under him St. Albans Abbey became a school of religious observance for all England.” William the Conqueror looked approvingly on the building operations, and Archbishop Lanfranc readily lent his aid. The abbey rose in all its splendour. But from various causes the dedication was deferred until the year 1115, when the good Abbot Paul had been gathered to his fathers, and when Richard d’Aubeney was abbot. The dedication ceremony took place

at Christmas, 1115, Henry I. and his consort Matilda, and innumerable lords temporal, lords spiritual, and ladies gracing the ceremony with their presence. The abbey in every part bore witness to the invasion of England by the Normans.

The Norman Conquest was the means of bringing the good brethren of St. Albans to their right senses. Offa, the builder of the house, had induced the Roman pontiff to exempt the foundation from episcopal jurisdiction. This favour was attended, naturally enough, with results which may be safely left to the imagination. The pen can only faintly describe the evils which the abuse of this privilege had engendered previous to the coming of the Normans. Now all was changed. The good brethren, like the expelled demon in the New Testament parable, now found their former habitation swept and garnished. Abbot Paul was not the man to tolerate the presence of lazy drones who neither toiled nor spun, nor gathered into barns, and devoted themselves to that mode of living which gave such satisfaction to the Friar of Orders Grey in the old familiar ballad. The very reverse. He made a noble attempt to remove a mass of abuses and corruptions which had been permitted to spring up under the presidency of his less conscientious predecessor, to clean out an Augean stable, or, to apply a more savoury metaphor, his efforts resembled those of the prince in the fairy tale, who came to disenchant the spell-bound land. So effectually did Paul awaken the sleeping beauty of monastic life, that we might almost literally apply the verses of the poet :

The charm was snapt.
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs and crowing cocks ;
A fuller light illuminèd all,
A breeze through all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

All things began to fall into their proper places. The monks began to teach, the scholars to learn, the lay brethren to dig, to sow, and to plant. Soon one department after another broke the spell. It was useless to hark back to the old system of sleep and ignorance, nepotism and jobbery. The salutary doctrine that if a man would not work neither should he eat was a doctrine more in accordance with Paul's views and those of his immediate successor, Abbot Richard, D'Aubeney, or D'Albini. And so for some generations St. Albans Abbey became more and more pervaded by the odour of sanctity, and less and less pervaded by the presence of scandalous abuses.

The most remarkable of Abbot Paul's successors was John de Cella, the twenty-first abbot. This ecclesiastic derived his name from the cell of Wallingford, over which he had presided previously to his elevation to the abbey, and it may serve as a corrective to a popular misapprehension if we here explain that in the palmy ages of monasticism in England, as Dr. Jessopp has conclusively shown, the dominions of abbots in most cases extended over a very extensive district indeed, and in many cases over several minor monasteries to which the designation of cells was applied. It was in this way that the abbot of St. Albans exercised a dominion over the cell of Tynemouth in Northumberland, and over those of Binham and Wymondham in Norfolk. John of Wallingford began the transformation of the west front of the abbey church of St. Albans from the Norman to that style of architecture which meets the eye at the present time; but in the prosecution of this labour of love—for such it unquestionably was—he met with many obstacles, and did not live long enough to superintend its completion. In the time of his magistracy the throne of England was occupied by King John, by whose misgovernment England regained her political independence, and in whose reign, as every school-boy knows, Pope Innocent III. laid the country under what is known in ecclesiastical phraseology as an Interdict—a suspension of the rites and ceremonies of the Church—and at St. Albans, as elsewhere, divine service was temporarily suspended at the bidding of a foreign potentate who has no jurisdiction in this realm, and legally never had. Shakespeare, writing more than three centuries later, expressed the feelings of many Englishmen in that trying period of our civil history, when he put into the mouth of King John those memorable words in reply to Cardinal Pandulph, the Papal Legate :

What earthly name to interrogatories
 Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the Pope
 Tell him this tale ; and from the mouth of England,
 Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions.

In England, as elsewhere, the fourteenth century was an epoch of ferment and contention. Wickliffe rose and preached against the corruptions of Rome, and fulminated against the evil works of the friars. His teachings struck their roots widely and deeply. In the South of England John Ball, a priest, became the popular exponent of the new doctrines. The common people, like those of old, heard him gladly and welcomed the new gospel which he preached. By-and-by the

gathering discontent grew to a head. Wat Tyler and Jack Straw appeared in Kent at the head of a vast multitude, sworn enemies of all tyranny and oppression. Richard II. saw his throne menaced and the rod of empire likely to be snatched from his grasp. In Hertfordshire, as in other counties, loud murmurs of discontent were heard. The rich were grinding the faces of the poor. Serfdom and villanage were still established, and generally the cry arose :

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman ?

At this epoch the Abbot of St. Albans was Thomas de la Mare, or Mere, who had stood high in the favour of Edward III., who had constituted him President of the General Chapter of Benedictines throughout England. To him also had been confided the custodianship of the French King John, who had been taken prisoner by Edward the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers in 1356. Between the abbot and the townsfolk of St. Albans the relations had become a little strained, and so when a band of victorious insurgents, who had left their brethren, headed by Wat Tyler, to sack London, arrived at St. Albans they were received with open arms by the populace. A mob ripe for any species of mischief, headed by a burgess named William Grindecobbe, appeared before the abbey, forced its way into the presence of the abbot, and demanded with menaces absolute surrender of all his rights over wood and meadow, over corn mill and fulling mill. Under compulsion this was done. The monks were powerless in the presence of so great a force, and submitted to all their exactions, putting the best face on the matter. The prior, who was universally detested in the town, took French leave. So complete was the awe which the rebels had inspired, that they might have razed the monastery to the ground and divided its treasures and spoils among themselves. For this, however, the time was, as yet, far distant. The insurgents in London were soon quelled. Wat Tyler was laid low by Walworth, the mayor. John Ball turned tail and fled. The king was soon in possession of the field. Scant mercy was shown to the insurgents at St. Albans as elsewhere. Fifteen of the ringleaders were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to execution. The abbot naturally incurred the popular opprobrium. "A wail of indignant lamentation," says Froude, "rose from the town ; execrations were heaped upon the abbot, the women especially being eloquent in their fury ; and the soldiers who had come with the king, and had little love for churchmen, were suspected of being seduced by the women's arts to

listen. Stake and gallows were threatened freely to silence their slanderous tongues. But the abbot was his own worst accuser. What deeper condemnation could be pronounced against a house of religion than to have inspired all its dependants with so deadly hatred?" The prime leader in this significant movement, John Ball, who had probably seen his leader trodden down by Walworth, fled to the midland counties, but was eventually captured at Coventry—according to Froissart, hidden in an old ruin. He was led back to St. Albans, where the king was visiting the abbot. His sentence was harsh and arbitrary. He was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered as a traitor. This was done at St. Albans in the presence of the king on July 15, 1381, and the four quarters were despatched to four different towns, for exhibition *coram publico*, after the barbarous fashion of the age.¹

Passing rapidly onwards we reach the fifteenth century. We find England—we find the north of England especially—taking sides in those fierce contentions which were beginning between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster. It was at St. Albans, on the 22nd of May, 1455, that the first blow was struck. In a field known as Key Feld, on the south-east of the town, the two armies drew up in battle array. The townsfolk fled for their lives. The clang of arms, the tramp of horses, the din of opposing forces were terrific, and startled the calm of the monastic cloisters. When evening closed over the scene the Yorkists were victorious, and the King of England, Henry VI., was a helpless captive in their hands. But five years elapsed, and St. Albans was again the scene of a fierce sanguinary conflict. This time the rival armies met on Bernard Heath, a spot on the north of the town. At the head of a vast force, Queen Margaret advanced against the Earl of Warwick and compelled him to retreat with heavy losses. Once again the person of the king fell into the hands of his own party. On the 3rd of February, 1461, the day after this memorable fight, St. Albans abbey church was the scene of a great thanksgiving service, and before the high altar, the king, the queen, and the Prince of Wales offered up prayers and supplications to Him who had given them the victory over all their enemies. Before the close of the fifteenth century William Caxton introduced the art of printing into England, and it was at St. Albans that the third English printing-press was erected. The earliest book which was produced from the types cut and set at St. Albans was the "*Rhetorica Nova Fratris Laurencii Gulielmi de Saona*," which was issued in 1480. About six years

¹ Walsingham's *Historia Anglicana*, ii. 32-34.

later, the first treatise on hunting, in the English tongue, was printed at St. Albans. This treatise was composed by Dame Juliana Barnes, the prioress of the neighbouring convent of Sopwell. Abbot Simon, who was *librorum specialis amator*, caused many books to be written, and placed in a painted book-press. By the reign of John, a monk of St. Albans had stepped into the proud position of an historian. This was Roger of Wendover, who commenced the composition of that great work which is known as the "Chronica Magna," or "Majora," "St. Albani." The next historian whom St. Albans Abbey produced was a monk, Matthew of Paris, who augmented and continued the Chronicles of Roger of Wendover. Subsequent histories were composed by Thomas of Walsingham, by William of Rishanger, and by John of Trokelowe. All these works were written in Latin, and not always in the best Latin, and all have been published. Wendover's Chronicle was published by the English Historical Society. Matthew Paris's Chronicles appeared in the Master of the Rolls Series. Eleven volumes, entitled "Chronica Monasterii S. Albani," have appeared in the same series. None of these performances are of equal merit. Much that is true is blended with much that is false. The most entertaining is, beyond all question, that of Matthew of Paris, who enjoyed the favour of Henry III., and was intimate with many persons whose position and knowledge were of inestimable service to him in his historical labours. From what we know of him, he was accomplished in all the learning, the art, and the science, theoretical as well as practical, of the age in which he lived. At St. Albans he died in 1259, leaving behind him a reputation which the world will not willingly permit to pass into oblivion.

We do not happen to possess any records of the Scriptorium of St. Albans, but, as was the case in all mediæval monasteries, it held a very conspicuous position. "In the absence of the printing press," says Dr. Jessopp, "the demand for skilled writers and copyists throughout the country was enormous. In the Scriptorium all the business now transacted by half a dozen agents and their clerks was carried on. The land of the country in those days was subdivided to an extent that it is now almost impossible for us to realise, and the tenure under which the small patches of arable or meadow land were held was sometimes very complex and intricate. The small patches were perpetually changing hands, being bought or sold, settled upon trustees, or let out for a term of years, and every transaction would be registered in the books of the monastery interested. For such an abbey" (as St. Albans) "a small army of writers must have been constantly employed in the business department of

the Scriptorium alone. Obviously it became a great writing school, where the copyists, consciously or unconsciously, wrote according to the prevailing fashion of the place; and there have been, and there are, experts who could tell whether this or that document was or was not written in this or that monastic Scriptorium. Paper was very little used, and the vellum and parchment required constituted a heavy item of expense. Add to this the production of school-books and all materials used for carrying on the education work, the constant replacement of church service books, the great demand for music, and we get a rather serious list of the charges upon the stationery department of a great abbey.”¹

The dignitaries of the Church had called in the aid of the printer in disseminating knowledge, and this step produced in process of time consequences of which they had little dreamed. To educate the people was to undermine, and ultimately to destroy, the power of ecclesiasticism. Nine years after the dawn of the sixteenth century, the most despotic and arbitrary of the Tudor Sovereigns, Henry VIII., ascended the throne. A series of events familiar enough to all who are read in the political chronicles of their country soon produced a rupture between this prince and the Vatican. The divorce of Catharine of Aragon sealed the fate of the temporal power of the Church. To emphasise his contempt for the Roman See, its polity, its ceremonies, its doctrines, and its pontiffs, Henry VIII. resolved on the spoliation of the English monasteries, and the consequent enrichment of himself and his favourites with their revenues. St. Albans was not spared. Like the apostate church of Ephesus, it had left its first love and had ceased to do the first works. It had long been a by-word among men for all that is opposed to true religion. So notorious had the abbey become for profligacy and immorality by the time of Henry VII., that in 1490 Cardinal Morton was advised to visit it at the instance of the then Pope Innocent VIII. And what did he find? Abuses thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. William of Wallingford, the thirty-sixth abbot, had been guilty of the most culpable negligence. The monks had been suffered to lead lascivious lives, and, what is the more horrible to be told, had converted the church of God into a common stews. The adjoining nunneries of Sopwell and Cray were nests of debauchery. The abbot himself had been guilty of simony, and had suffered all sorts of peculation to go unrebuked. The various cells which were dependent on the abbey had been suffered to fall into dilapidation. The trees in the adjoining woods and groves had been hewn down

¹ *The Coming of the Friars*, pp. 129-130.

and sold for firewood or building purposes. Neither correction nor reformation had been attempted. In short, as Cardinal Morton declared in his indignant letter to Abbot William, the glorious abbey of St. Albans "pervertitur in infamiam, ac sancta religio ibidem ferme periit internis, et res exteriores, tam mobiles quam immobiles, notorie tendunt in desolationem, in divinae majestatis offensam, religionis opprobrium, malumque exemplum, et scandalum plurimorum."¹

And now the axe was to be laid to the root of the tree. Monasticism had been a failure, a grievous failure, throughout Christendom, and throughout England. The soul of it had long fled. The rotten carcass still lay behind, a melancholy spectacle for gods and men. On December 5, 1539, Richard Boreman, the last abbot of St. Albans, surrendered his abbey to "our Sovèreyn lorde Kyng Henry the eyght," and deposited the conventual seal in the hands of the visitors selected by the Crown. Boreman retired on an annual pension of £266, and various monks of the abbey received allowances. Boreman and only twenty of his brethren survived to witness the re-establishment of Popery in the reign of Bloody Mary.

What was done with the abbey buildings, and what was their ultimate fate? The answer is short. They were divided among the interested courtiers who had espoused their master's tenets, and of these there were not a few. The manuscript treasures of the Scriptorium were rapidly dispersed. Some went to enrich the Bodleian, others the Laudian Library at Oxford, the best places for them. The monastic buildings, with all the ground which stood around the abbey church, as well as the parish church of St. Andrew, which stood on the north side, were granted to Sir Richard Lee in 1540. The worthy knight had scarcely entered into possession before he proceeded, like a true Vandal, to destroy the entire block.²

When Edward VI. ascended the throne St. Albans received a charter of incorporation, and a Grammar School bearing his name was opened in the abbey church. The lady chapel, with the antechapel or eastern aisle, having been detached from the great body of the church, was purchased by the mayor and burgesses for £400, and was converted into the parish church of the borough for the inhabitants of the late parish of St. Andrew.

In lonely and melancholy grandeur the ruins of the once great

¹ Wilkins's *Concilia Magnæ Britanniae*, 1540-1545, iii. fol. 632, 633; ed 1737.

² Nicholson's *History of St. Albans*, p. 32.

abbey buildings of St. Albans remained, instructive emblems—to employ the impressive words of Mr. Froude—“of the fate of noble institutions which survive the spirit which gave them meaning and utility. They preach with a silent force more eloquent than the tongues of a thousand orators, that the most saintly professions are not safe from the grossest corruptions, and that the more ambitious the pretensions to piety, the more austere is the vengeance on the neglect of it.”

Three centuries rolled away. The Victorian age dawned. The Church of England commenced to put forth new energy. An earnest cry arose for the extension of the Episcopate, a cry of which we may with reason question the propriety. In 1874 an Act of Parliament was passed constituting St. Albans an Episcopal See. The new diocese was taken from those of London and Rochester, and embraced the whole of Hertfordshire and a portion of Essex. Some thirty years previously the question of restoring St. Albans had been raised. In 1856 a meeting was held at St. Albans, under the presidency of the Earl of Verulam, the Lord Lieutenant of the county. At this meeting, “the best means of restoring and upholding the abbey church, and of obtaining for it the dignity of a cathedral,” were discussed. Subscriptions were then invited for the work of restoration, which was entrusted to Mr., afterwards Sir Gilbert, Scott. By 1870, however, the fabric was found to be in a precarious condition. Sir Gilbert Scott, on a personal inspection, discovered that at some period later than the Dissolution of the Monasteries, an attempt had been made to destroy the great tower. “A curve or hole,” we are told, “sufficiently large for a man to creep into, had been worked into the foundation of the south-east pier,” and in other directions speedy restoration was needed. By the aid of subscriptions Sir Gilbert Scott was enabled to effect a faithful and satisfactory restoration of the great abbey church. Of all this wondrous monastic pile, how much is standing in the present year of grace? Nothing more than the great church, which is now the cathedral of the diocese of St. Albans, and the great gateway, which stands a short distance below the west front of the church, and within recent years did duty as a prison.

Until quite lately antiquaries were in the habit of asserting that, with the exception of St. Peter's at Rome, the church of St. Albans monastery is the longest in England, and, consequently, in the world. It remained for the most erudite of the historians of English cathedrals, Richard John King, to disprove this assertion. The total exterior length of St. Albans, including the buttresses of the western porch and those of the lady chapel, is not more than 548 feet,

and as Winchester Cathedral exceeds this length by 18 feet 8 inches, it occupies the position of the longest mediæval church in Christendom. We cannot enter into any minute examination of this wonderful church. Externally, and viewed from a distance, it presents the appearance of a cross. From the ancient site of Verulam, on the outskirts of the town, the finest view of the structure may be gained. The huge minster is seen crowning a ridge, and prominent in sight are the long ranges of clerestory windows, and the massive tower of Roman bricks which rises with majesty and strikes the eye of all who approach St. Albans by road from the east or from the west.

Nor should we forget that it was this very tower which in the Middle Ages greeted the eyes of pilgrim bands from far and near as they journeyed to the spot to pay their devotions at St. Alban's shrine. We must ask the attention of our readers while we speak of this shrine. As everyone knows, or may reasonably be supposed to know, shrines were profitable investments until the time of the Reformation, and the shrine of St. Alban was no exception to the rule. Only as late as 1876 was the base of St. Alban's shrine discovered and restored. It resembles most closely the shrine of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey. In the mediæval era the shrine occupied the centre of the chapel of St. Alban, and the relics were protected by a covering.¹ St. Alban's shrine was a double one. The inner shrine or "theca," as it was called, was begun in 1124, and some years later was adorned with "gold and silver and precious stones" by one of the abbots, Robert of Gorham. The outer case was constructed before the close of the twelfth century, and was as handsome as the inner one. The shrine, as a whole, required four persons to carry it, and in this way it was frequently borne in solemn procession round the church on high days and holidays. In a watching tower, which is still standing, a monk was always stationed, and it was his duty to rivet his attention on the shrine, the metals and precious stones of which, as may be supposed, proving an irresistible attraction for those persons who were unable to recognise the important distinction which exists between *meum* and *tuum*.

No object detains the attention of the visitor to St. Albans longer than the lady chapel, which dates from the fourteenth century, consists of three bays, and contains side windows of four lights each. Before the Reformation the altar of the Transfiguration and two rows of oaken stalls occupied this chapel, and in its centre three great nobles of the House of Lancaster were interred

¹ King's *St. Albans*, p. 147.

after the first battle of St. Albans, in May 1455. Their names were Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset; Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland; and Lord Clifford—all of whom were slain in the street hard by the church of St. Peter. For some hours no one dared to touch the three corpses. At length the abbot approached the conquering hero, the Duke of York, and requested that he might be permitted to give them sepulture. The request was granted, but with great reluctance, and the three lifeless bodies found a last resting-place beneath the pavement of the lady chapel.

The only other object of interest of which we can speak is the chantry tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. Duke Humphrey was the fourth and youngest son of Henry IV., and to his hands was confided the protection of the kingdom during the minority of his nephew, Henry VI. During the Parliament which was held at Bury St. Edmunds in 1446, the Duke was arrested, and a few days later he was found dead in his bed. Historians have surmised that he was murdered by the orders of Queen Margaret and the Earl of Suffolk. Within the abbey church of St. Albans, while he was still alive and prosperous, he had caused his stone tabernacle to be erected, and in this he was interred. By the care of his friend, Abbot John of Wheathampstead, a handsome monument was erected to the Duke's memory, and the abbot's device of wheat-ears, a punning allusion to Wheathampstead, in Hertfordshire, the place of his nativity, is still visible sculptured on the tomb. It would be only by the aid of that wondrous art,

whose subtle power can stay
The cloud and fix it in a glorious shape;
Nor will permit the thin smoke to escape,
Nor the bright sunbeams to forsake the day—

only by the aid of photography, that we could convey just ideas of what Sir Gilbert Scott succeeded in accomplishing at St. Albans. His work, it has been well said, was the opening to us of what was practically a sealed book. Besides the shrine of St. Amphibalus, he discovered a perpendicular doorway and stone screen in the south presbytery aisle, the grand fourteenth century choir ceiling, the foundations of the old choir stalls, and the ancient paintings on the ceiling of the choir. These paintings consisted of "a splendid series of thirty-two heraldic shields (date *circa* 1370), showing the mediæval arms assigned to the Saints Alban, Edward the Confessor, Edmund, Oswyn, George, and Louis, and other potentates, British and foreign. There were also several sacred devices, including the coronation of Christ and Mary, and in addition nearly the whole of

the *Te Deum* in Latin, and a number of quotations from the antiphons at matins and laud from the 'Antiphoner' of Sarum Cathedral." Among lesser "finds" may be mentioned the two pits for heart burial, one in the lady chapel and the other in the north transept, both of which have been carefully preserved. Viewing the restoration as a whole, we cannot but do so with feelings of pride and satisfaction. Mr. Ridgway Lloyd, the most eminent of all the local antiquaries of St. Albans, wrote to Sir Gilbert Scott in 1873 expressing his hearty approval of the manner in which that eminent architect had effected the restoration of the cathedral, which to him had been his chief delight for a long period of time, and citing indubitable instances of the conservative character of his work. It is undoubtedly true that conservatism has not been a characteristic of the restorers of ecclesiastical architecture as a rule, but this rule, like every other, will admit of exceptions. It is impossible to view the architecture of the Georgian era without an involuntary shudder. Architecture was then at its very worst. Panelling, whitewash, high square pews, three-decker pulpits, such were the chief features of the ecclesiastical architecture of England during the last century, and for a very considerable portion of the present. St. Albans suffered in common with other churches, as old prints and sketches indisputably prove. In its restored condition, St. Albans may well lift up its head, and elicit from every visitor endowed with the artistic sense those grand lines of Wordsworth :

Tax not the founder with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned,
Albeit labouring for a scanty band.

. . . this immense

And glorious work of fine intelligence !
Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more ;
So desired the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loath to die ;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

There is little which claims the attention of an interested pilgrim in the immediate vicinity of St. Albans. On the right bank of the river Ver are the ruins of Sopwell Nunnery, where it is traditionally said Anna Boleyn was married to that pattern of domestic virtue, Henry VIII.¹ Close by the church of St. Stephen, the ancient

¹ Camden in his *Britannia* and Stukeley in his *Itinerarium Curiosum* both credited this tradition.

Watling Street of the Romans passes, and the line of road carries the eye on to the right past the remnants of the Roman walls and foss of the ancient Verulam, in a plantation of firs, to Gorhambury, the residence of the Earl of Verulam. Here a vestige is still to be seen of the mansion which was built in the time of Robert de Gorham, and the ruins of that inhabited by the great Lord Bacon, the author of those incomparable and imperishable essays, who as the disgraced Chancellor found a last resting-place within St. Michael's Church, St. Albans, in 1626, leaving his "name and memory to men's charitable speeches and to foreign nations and the next ages."

It is a curious and interesting fact that during the sixteenth century there was a spell hovering over the vestiges of the ancient Verulam, vestiges more abundant then than now, which led the poet and the philosopher to wander over its site and to repose within its view. Edmund Spenser, in his "Ruins of Time," assumed the character of its presiding genius to sing its departed grandeur and melancholy glory :

I was that city, which the garland wore
Of Britain's pride delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore,
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in my own ashes, as ye see.
Verlame I was : what boots it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and wasteful grass ?

It was the wish of Sir Thomas More to live and die in the neighbourhood of Verulam ; and the sole reason why Francis Bacon, the mightiest philosophical genius of the sixteenth century, chose its little church of St. Michael to lay his bones in, was because the fane rose within the precincts of its ancient walls.

WILLIAM CONNOR SYDNEY.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

THERE were six Russian princes who bore the name of Ivan, or John, as we should translate it. The family of the first four of these was of Hungarian origin, and the surname Beala. I believe the line is traced back to Rurik, who founded the huge Russian Empire in the year 862, not long after Egbert had put an end to our own Heptarchy, and founded the England of the future.

The first of these Ivans was the second son of Daniel, the fourth son of Alexander Nevskoi, the latter being the priest-soldier who received his surname from a famous victory he gained on the banks of the Neva. Ivan I. was named Kalita, from the purse he always wore at his girdle, the object of carrying this purse being explained by historians in diametrically opposite senses. He confirmed Moscow in being the capital of the country, or possibly initiated the change. He died in 1340, and was succeeded by Ivan II. This prince reigned about six years, and he seems to have been a mere cypher. The third Ivan began his reign in 1462, and died in 1505. He was the son of Vasili the Blind, and is generally known as Ivan Veliki, that is, Ivan the Good ; but he bore for a short time the title of Ivan the Terrible. He married as his second wife Sophia Paleologus, and with her Byzantine culture entered Russia, and through her Ivan IV. laid claim to descent from the Roman Emperors. Ivan Veliki added considerably to the empire, and he broke the power of the rulers of Kazan, getting in the thin end of the wedge which his grandson was destined to drive home with such awful force. In this reign the conquest of Siberia was thought of.

Absolute monarchy was rising on the ruins of feudalism. The throne could be bequeathed to whomsoever the reigning prince liked, and Ivan passed over his grandson, and left it to his second son, Basil, who, in his turn, married Helen Glinska, and by her had several children, Ivan IV., surnamed the Terrible, being one of them. He had a long reign, beginning nominally on his father's death in 1533, and ending in 1584. He had, therefore, for contemporaneous Sovereigns, among others, Philip II. of Spain, Charles IX. of France,

Ferdinand of Germany, Sigismund Augustus of Poland, and Elizabeth of England.

Ivan the Terrible is supposed to have been the first to take the name of Tsar, and this title is generally considered equivalent to the Roman Cæsar ; but, according to Karamsin, it is really a Russian or Tartar word, meaning "the throne," and is found as a terminal syllable to many Russian words. When the Grand Duke Basil died Ivan was about four years of age. His mother died about five years later and he was then left to the tender mercies of the Boyars, whose mode, of bringing up a prince was almost everything it ought not to have been, and scarcely anything of what it should have been. When about seventeen years of age he began to reign in earnest, that is, he was formally crowned, and shortly afterwards he married Anastasia Romanoff. It is both usual and convenient to divide the reign of Ivan the Terrible into three periods, the first period ending with his marriage to Anastasia. He seems to have been not only neglected by the Boyars, but cruelly ill-treated by them, and, as a natural consequence, he behaved badly to others. Sometime before he actually ascended the throne he shook off the yoke of the Boyars, and had one of them torn to pieces by dogs. This noble was not the only one on whom this terrible punishment was inflicted, and Ivan's mode of carrying it out was to dress the culprits in bearskins, and turn the bearhounds in on them. On another occasion he granted an interview to some delegates, and not liking their appearance, he had their hair and beards saturated with spirits of wine and set fire to. These were instances of that grim humour which in after years he sometimes mixed with his cruelties.

The second period of his reign covers the space from his majority to the death of Anastasia. There were signs of revolt among the people, and incendiary fires in Moscow, which alarmed him, and coming, too, under the influence of his amiable wife, he "changes into a dignified ruler." This period lasted thirteen years, and had Ivan only died then his early cruelties would have been forgotten, and he would have been known as one of the best monarchs Russia ever had, perhaps would have been surnamed Ivan the Good instead of Ivan the Terrible. To this division of his reign belongs, in the year 1552, the capture of Kazan, and shortly afterwards Astrakan was added to the empire, together with immense tracts of land on the banks of the Volga. In 1550 he published his book of laws, which was founded on the code left by his grandfather Ivan Veliki. In the following year he again appeared as an author with his "Book of the Hundred Chapters," a work which deals almost

entirely with Church matters, but which, Monfill says, was the cause of a beginning being made with national education.

The first printing press in Moscow was set up in the year 1553; but the first book, part of the New Testament, known to have emanated from that press, bears date 1564. About this time Ivan conquered the Teutonic knights. His victory over them, however, was not complete, and they turned his flank by placing themselves under the protection of Poland.

The commercial treaty with England followed the landing of Richard Chancellor on the shores of the White Sea on August 24, 1553. The departure of Chancellor and his companions from the Thames, the ill-fate which befell two of the vessels under Willoughby, the dropping of Chancellor's anchor near the mouth of the Dwina, his long sledge drive to Moscow, his reception by Ivan, and his impressions of Russia are most interesting reading, and would form a grand foundation for an historical novel.

On August 7, 1560, Anastasia died, and then began the second alteration in Ivan's character, and the third period of his reign. Karamsin says that the good days for Russia ended with Anastasia's death, for when Ivan lost his wife he lost also all the sentiments of virtue. The cruelties he had practised when a boy were revived and intensified to a degree unique, perhaps, in the annals of any age in any country. His minister Adashev and the priest Sylester, who had aided Anastasia in keeping him in the straight course, were banished from Moscow, and Ivan, free and untrammelled, began his long list of crimes. In December 1564, Ivan left Moscow for Slobida. He was now confirmed in his evil ways, and his features were so changed by his ferocity, that he was scarcely recognisable.

He soon established the Opritchniki, and in February 1565 he issued his proscription of supposed traitors, which was followed by execution after execution. No rank was spared; no merit saved from death. His cousins, Vladimer and Eudoxia, were among the victims, and Prince Volkowski was imprisoned, tortured, and starved. Standing out even among these crimes was the murder of Prince Alexander Gorbati and his son, a youth of eighteen. To the prince Ivan had been indebted for brilliant services in the capture of Kazan, and there was no suspicion of treachery. These horrors being over, Ivan began to organise his body-guard. Three hundred of the most depraved men he could find were enrolled, and given the title of "Abbe!" These were dressed like monks.

The Ambassadors from Holstein say that Ivan discovered, or

pretended to discover, a treasonable correspondence between the inhabitants of Novogorod and the King of Poland ; but, according to Karamsin, the correspondence in question, purporting to originate with the Archbishop of Novogorod, was forged by a criminal named Peter, Ivan accepting it as true without a single inquiry. The punishment he inflicted for this supposed treason was frightful. In December 1569 Ivan, with his eldest son, left Slobida, and marched towards Klin. Iver was destroyed, and so were Mednoie and Torjek. Indeed, the whole country as far as Lake Ilmer was devastated. It is reported that in Novogorod the number of his victims was so great, that the river, choked with the dead bodies, overflowed its banks, causing a terrible pestilence.

Supplies of provisions could not be brought into the town, and the people, goaded by starvation, resorted to the last possible means of sustaining life. Ivan used this as an excuse for further cruelties, and the butchery began again. The Archbishop, who had escaped the first instalment of this veritable reign of terror, invited Ivan to a banquet, probably thinking he could thereby appease the wrath of his Sovereign.

Ivan accepted the invitation, and, when the festivities were going on, his guards plundered the churches and sacked the palace. When everything was gone, Ivan coolly told the Archbishop he could no longer wear his priestly robes, but that henceforth he must earn his living by leading a bear about the streets and playing the bagpipes. One account says that the Archbishop was tied to a horse and turned adrift.

The number slain in the raid on Novogorod is variously given up to 60,000, but none of these can be accepted as accurate ; it is only necessary to remember that the number slain was very large. The massacre began on January 8, 1570, and lasted five weeks, ending in a general pillage, led by Ivan in person. Great as the slaughter was it did not quench the terrible Tsar's thirst for blood, and he marched on Pskof, with the intention of repeating his horrors.

Here Ivan was met by the monks, who touched his religious side by chanting the funeral service, and one of their number, supposed to be insane, threatened to bring down the vengeance of Heaven on Ivan if he molested any of the inhabitants. The happy result was that the Tsar led his army away from the town, and soon after turned his attention to Moscow, where he made preparations for executions and tortures on a grand scale. The people hid themselves in terror, but Ivan insisted they should attend day after day in the Red Square to witness the awful spectacles. It was in this year that Ivan seemed

to reach the height of his fiendish cruelty, and he killed with his own hand a hundred of his prisoners.—(Karamsin.)

To carry on his various exploits much money was needed, and Ivan shrank from no means which enabled him to replenish his coffers. He cast envious glances on the possessions of a rich man named Sircon, and he had him sent to the camp at Novogorod. A rope was placed around Sircon's waist, and he was dragged from one side of the river to the other. When half-drowned he was pulled out, placed in a bath of hot oil, and hewn to pieces. As might be expected, Ivan lived in constant dread of assassination and of treachery, and it was this dread which caused many of his crimes. Nobles were put to death on the mere suspicion of disloyalty, and no revolution could have more greedily devoured its own children than did this despotic monarchy.

With the rank and file it was even worse, for no suspicion was required. In some cases a man signed his own death-warrant by looking at the Tsar. "To shewe his soveraintee," as Giles Fletcher quaintly puts it, "over the lives of his subjects, Ivan in his walkes or progresses, if hee had misliked the face or person of any man whom hee met by the way, or that looked at him, would command his head to be strooke off, and this was presently done, and the head cast before him."

Some of the nobility held estates by right of inheritance, and, like our own feudal nobles, had jurisdiction therein, deciding every question arising among the people living on the estates.

An absolute monarch like Ivan could ill brook any power of this kind, and we are not much surprised to find he soon put an end to it, and the power was "wrung clean" from the nobles.

This merely meant that Ivan would have no tyrant in Russia but himself, for we hear of his saying "his people were like his beard, the oftener shaved, the thicker it would grow; or like sheepe, that must needes be shorne once a yeare at least to keep them from being over-laden with their wooll."—(Fletcher.) The Diacks used to fleece the people whenever they had a chance, and Ivan did not mind making an example of one now and then, provided he could thereby cloak or apparently mitigate his own extortions. On one occasion a Diack had taken a goose ready dressed and stuffed with money, whether as a bribe or as an extortion does not appear. Ivan had him taken to the Square in Moscow, and made a nice little oration to the people, telling them these were the men who would eat them like bread. He then called for the executioner who could best carve a goose, and the unfortunate Diack had his arms cut off

above his elbows, and his legs above his knees, so that he might resemble a goose ready dressed. Whilst this torture was going on, Ivan jeered the victim, asking him if he were fond of the flesh of a goose. Finally, to make the resemblance closer, his head was struck off. Fletcher thinks this was "a tollerable piece of justice, as justice goeth in Russia."

Among other expedients to raise money, Ivan resigned the Crown in favour of a Tartar Khan, who was baptized under the name of Simeon. Ivan feigned to withdraw himself from public affairs, but in reality he held on to them, and made the new Tsar call in all the charters formerly granted to the monasteries and bishoprics, and all the charters were cancelled. This curious interregnum, or by whatever name it should be designated, lasted nearly a year, and then Ivan declared he did not like the new *régime*, and, dismissing the baptized heathen, again took up the sceptre which, as a matter of fact, he had never really discarded. He issued fresh charters to the monasteries, but was careful to keep back several fine slices of the revenues, extorting from some of them fifty thousand and from others a hundred thousand roubles annually. We shall see, as Ivan's character is unfolded, that this spoliation of the monasteries was not the only thing in which he resembled our own merry monarch, Henry VIII. He would send his agents into the various provinces, there to buy up at low prices the whole of some particular commodity for which the province was noted. After retaining the monopoly for a while, he would sell for a high rate, and even compel merchants to buy at the prices he named. He followed a similar course with foreign imports, creating a monopoly, and forbidding others to sell their stocks until he had disposed of his own. By these means he cleared two hundred thousand roubles in a year.

In addition to these not particularly creditable expedients to raise money, he started public-houses or kabacks in every great town in his dominions. For these he received rents varying from eight hundred to two thousand roubles—high rents, indeed, if we remember the value of money in these days. The people were thus encouraged to become drunkards, and often spent everything they possessed in these dens. Nor were they allowed to be removed from them as long as they had any money, because the Tsar's income would have been interfered with.

Another sublime idea was to compel the nobles of Moscow to declare their houses had been broken into and robbed. When the governors of the city appeared before him, Ivan insisted that the

robbers should be found. This being impossible, the city was requisitioned to the tune of ten thousand roubles. "This is many times practised," says Fletcher.

It is related of Ivan, that on the completion of the church of St. Basil, he had the architect's eyes put out, lest he should build another like it. Similar stories have been told of other despots, and, of all men, Ivan need not be painted blacker than he really was. If the story can be fathered upon him at all, which is doubtful, it refers to the castle of Ivangorod, built opposite Narve, in Liefland, and at that time thought to be impregnable.

In 1571 the Great Khan led an army of two hundred thousand men as far as Moscow. Ivan was never particularly courageous as a general, and by this time he had lost any real courage he possessed. Afraid, too, that his own officers might seize the opportunity and revolt in the presence of the foreign enemy, he led his army by a wrong route, and instead of giving battle to the Tartar, left him to lay waste and burn the suburbs of the city. The flames spread until the city itself was involved, and the houses being of wood were quickly ablaze, many of the people perishing in the flames or attempting to leave the city with their treasure. Some of the English residents, who had taken refuge in a beer-cellar, were stifled. The Khan viewed the fire from the Simonoff Monastery, where he had taken up his quarters, and where he intercepted anyone who tried to escape in that direction. He did not need to follow up his victory, but he must have had a fine sense of humour, for he sent Ivan a knife with which to commit suicide, or, as Fletcher has it, "to sticke himselfe withall."

To wade through Ivan's gory actions would be unnecessary, as it would be repulsive. Enough, perhaps more than enough, has been given to show how well he earned his surname; but I can hardly refrain from mentioning one more instance of the way he meted out justice. How simple the process seems! In the year 1575 a famine followed close on the heels of a pestilence which then, as now, attacks periodically the lower classes in Russia and other countries. The towns and "waies" swarmed with "rogs," beggars, and counterfeit "crippells," and the authorities then, as now, were powerless to stamp them out. Ivan had a short way with them—a successful way too—whatever judgment we may pass on its morality. He proclaimed that on a certain day, at Slobida, alms would be distributed among the beggars. Some thousands turned up to partake of Ivan's hospitality, and about seven hundred of the worst impostors were knocked on the head and thrown into the

lake "for the fish to receive their doll ther." Horsey calls this "a deed of charitie."

Ivan's oldest son, also named Ivan, was in many ways much like his father ; indeed, according to Karamsin the resemblance was almost complete, and it was soon recognised by the people that no hope for release from tyranny was to be looked for when the day came for Ivan the younger to succeed to the throne. He often accompanied his father upon his raids and cruel persecutions, and, like his father, he did not hesitate to raise his own hand against the prisoners. With all this he seems to have loved his country in a vague sort of a way, and was jealous of its honour.

This love or jealousy was the cause of his early death. The enemy was advancing against Pskof, and the son begged his father to allow him to lead an army against the invader. On hearing this proposal the Tsar flew into an ungovernable passion, accused his son of the intention to use the army to depose him, and in the altercation he struck his son with his iron-shod staff, inflicting a wound which caused death in four days. Fletcher describes it in the following language : "Ivan's son died of a blowe given him by his father upon the head in his furie with his walking staffe, or of a thrust with a prong of it driven deepe into his head." This murder was committed on November 19, 1582, and after it Ivan was seized with remorse, and seems to have completely, if temporarily, lost his reason.

Horsey tells us that "he tore his haire and byrdd like a madd man, lamentinge and morninge for the loss of his sonn." Possibly Ivan was at times actually insane, and certainly many of his actions were strangely like the outbursts of epileptic *furor*. The son was buried in the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, and had £50,000 worth of jewels put into his coffin, a statement which strikes most of us Westerns as a fearful exaggeration, but which does not seem incredible to those who have even peeped into Russia and seen the profusion of jewels with which everything sacred, and much that is not sacred, is decorated. Count Tolstoi, in his romance of the Terrible Tsar (translated by Captain Felmore), has given us pictures of Ivan's inner life, of his cruelties, and of his grandeur ; and Anthony Jenkinson, an eye-witness, has described for us the magnificence of his banquets. On one occasion two thousand six hundred people sat down in the same hall to dine with him, and golden bowls and dishes were used in such profusion that the description reads more like a chapter from an Eastern story than of an actual occurrence.

"Ivan grew up comely in person, imbued with great witt, excellent gifts and graces fit for the government of so great a monarchy." Such is Horsey's opinion of him, and all other writers of the time agree with him. It is also universal to find that Ivan was kind and courteous in his manner to all strangers. In this particular he seems to have lived up to the injunctions left by one of his predecessors on the Russian throne. "He was a goodlie man of person and presence, well favoured, high forehead, shrill voice, a right Sithian full of readie wisdom, cruell, bloudye, merciless."

In a certain meaning of the word, Ivan was a very religious man. He knew his Bible well, and was fond of quoting it. He delighted in religious exercises, and often conducted long services himself—reading, singing, and praying with great fervour. During his residence at Slobida, his usual custom was to rise at 3 o'clock in the morning and sound the bell for matins. The service lasted for six or seven hours, and everyone in the palace or in attendance had to be present or submit to eight days' imprisonment. Ivan's Bible is still preserved in the British Museum, and on the fly-leaf is an inscription in Sir Jerome Horsey's hand, which may mean either that the Tsar gave him his Bible or that he borrowed it. He spent much time in inventing instruments of torture, and in seeing them tried on the unfortunate creatures lying in his dungeons. Like Henry VIII. he was fond of religious controversy, and he would argue with the Romish priests or Protestant merchants; but no one seemed to have been able to induce him to swerve from the Greek ritual. He established one confession of faith for the whole of Russia, and he built about forty churches; with all this he was strangely superstitious, superstitious even for his age and country. He believed implicitly in the virtues supposed to reside in precious stones, and magicians and soothsayers were among his familiar spirits.

In the number of his wives, Ivan beat Henry VIII. by one, and in the matter of mistresses only Solomon could be compared with him. His first wife, as already said, was Anastasia Romanoff, and if we look forward a little we shall see that this marriage gave a new dynasty to Russia. On the death of Anastasia she was canonised as a saint, and is worshipped to this day. The poor people of Moscow were inconsolable, and had called her "Mother"; while the Metropolitan said no one could divine all that Anastasia carried to the tomb. In reading of the influence possessed over Ivan by Anastasia, and of the change which took place in him consequent on her death, we are naturally reminded of a similar influence used by Josephine with Napoleon, and of the ill-luck which followed the Emperor after

his separation from her. In 1561 Ivan married Maria, daughter of Prince Tangrod, or Temgruk, and in 1571, two years after her death, he married Marfa Sabakina. Here there was a sort of competition, and two thousand girls were collected from various parts of the Empire for the Tsar to choose from. Poor Marfa died a few months afterwards, and in this death Ivan saw the hand of witchcraft, with the result that the Red Square was once more deluged with blood. He sent his next wife to a monastery in 1577, and she was followed in rather quick succession by Anna Vasilichova and Vassilissa, and finally by Mary Nagor, the mother of the young Dimitri.

Ivan's second son Feodor married Irene, sister of Boris Godonof, and there being no children by this marriage, Dimitri was the heir apparent to the throne. There was a doubt whether Dimitri, son of a seventh wife, could legally ascend the throne—that is, legally, according to the rules of the Greek Church; but this doubt did not prevent Boris Godonof wanting to be rid of him, and so clearing the way for his own usurpation of the throne. The young prince was murdered most likely through the instrumentation of Boris, and this murder is one of the most touching things in Russian history. Probably more tears have been shed and more acts of devotion performed at his tomb than at all the others in the Cathedral of the Archangel put together. To this day it is visited by myriads of people, who reverently kiss the lid of the coffin and look at the case said to contain the clothing worn by the boy when he was murdered.

Although Siberia has been thought of as early as the reign of Ivan Veliki, it was not until his grandson's reign that it was annexed to Russia. Yermak, the outlaw, was the invader and conqueror, and Ivan pardoned him in consideration of his success.

In the latter part of his reign Ivan was anxious to draw the bonds between England and Russia closer than could be effected by any commercial treaty, and it is supposed he commissioned Anthony Jenkinson to make a formal offer of his hand to Queen Elizabeth; but we may feel sure that she who preferred to live in maiden meditation fancy free, rather than marry one to whom she was tenderly attached, was hardly likely to think seriously of allying herself to a man like Ivan the Terrible.

He had previously, in 1569, written to the Queen, asking whether, in the event of his having to leave Russia, he could obtain an asylum in England, and the Queen assured him he should have a cordial reception. No doubt Elizabeth saw the advantages to England of securing Russian trade, and it was possibly the wish to get this trade established that led to the communications passing between the

Sovereigns. In 1581 Robert Jacobi, an English Court physician, arrived in Moscow armed with a very flattering letter from Elizabeth to Ivan, in which the Tsar was told he might repose unbounded confidence in the doctor's professional skill. Whether the Tsar had faith in Jacobi we are not told, but we learn that Ivan asked him whether a suitable wife for a king could be found in England, and he named Lady Mary Hastings, a daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon.

In 1582 Ivan entrusted Feodor Pissempsky to approach the Queen with the object of obtaining her influence to induce Lady Mary to marry him.

On Pissempsky arriving in England a grand reception was accorded him, and divers other great ladies and maids of honour were present as well as Lady Mary. The Ambassador was either overpowered by Lady Mary's beauty, or pretended to be, for he threw himself at her feet, got up again and ran backwards, every one in the room admiring his conduct as much as he admired the lady. This must have been a curious scene, but the description is somewhat marred for us by the knowledge that Lady Mary had only recently recovered from small-pox.

The project of the marriage must have been seriously entertained, for we find that in 1583 Sir John Bowes had an interview with Ivan, and Sir John seems to have stipulated that if the marriage took place, and if issue followed, the throne was to be inherited by such issue. Most likely Ivan would have agreed to this arrangement, but it did not please the Russian nobles, more especially the Godonofs, and they plotted against it.

Magicians and soothsayers were sent for by the score. These, after reading the stars, declared the constellations were unfavourable, and Ivan's favourite minister, Belskoi, was charged with conveying the message to his master. It is not a very pleasant duty to give an answer to a tyrant which he does not want, and Belskoi told the magicians plainly enough that if they did not change their tune they would all be burnt that day, from which we may gather that Ivan's man had less faith in astrology than Ivan himself. We do not know whether the magicians changed the reading of the stars, or whether they were burnt, but we do know that Lady Mary gave up all idea of the marriage when she learnt what sort of a man Ivan was.

Soon after this Ivan's health began to fail grievously. Dropsy, consequent, we judge, on some affection of the heart, set in. Sir Jerome Horsey, who was much in the royal palace, and seems to have been on very intimate terms with Ivan, gives us a graphic account of his last days. The Tsar was now about fifty-six years,

and his feebleness increased rapidly. He had to be carried to the Treasury, where he spent much of his time in looking over his jewels and gems. His belief in the occult sciences never forsook him for an instant, and we have a most interesting description of the powers inherent in precious stones. It is not easy to refrain from smiling when we hear that the coral and the turquoise showed their virtues by changing colour when placed on his arm, and so proved conclusively that he was diseased. He called for his regal staff, "an unicorn's horn" set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and other gems, which Ivan said had cost seventy thousand marks. His physicians were called on to make a circle, and spiders were placed in it, but the spiders did not behave well ; and poor Ivan said : "It is too late ; it will not preserve me." The ruby, he remarked, was most comfortable to the heart, brain, and memory of man, and it clarified congealed blood. The emerald was an enemy to uncleanness ; the sapphire preserved courage, cleared the sight, and strengthened the muscles.

And so Ivan goes on, death ever nearer to him, pulling him down with relentless hand. Neither physicians, nor soothsayers, nor jewels can avail him anything when he reaches March 17, 1584. The end of the Rurik dynasty which had governed Russia for upwards of seven hundred years was at hand. Belskoi has another unpleasant message for Ivan from the magicians, and he told them again that the Tsar would either bury or burn them for their false illusions and lies, and they answer : "Sir, be not so wrathfull ; you know the daie is com, and ends with the settinge of the sun." Ivan has a bath prepared for him, and when in it he is amused with pleasant songs. The bath refreshes him, and, seated on the edge of the bed, he calls for an attendant to bring the chess-board, and he sets the men, all except the king, which he could not get to take its place on the proper square. Ivan is dressed in his "lose gown, shirtt, and lynnene hose, faints and falls backwards."

There is a great commotion. The attendants call for aqua vitæ, and marigold and rose water, and for his ghostly father and his physicians. But all is useless. Ivan is beyond recall. Verily a strange death for a strange man !

RICHARD GREENE.

WILD FAUNA OF SCOTLAND.

A VERY great and increasing interest seems to attach to the picturesque scenery of Scotland. This, undoubtedly, owes its origin to Sir Walter Scott. When that artist stretched his canvas for "The Lady of the Lake," and laid on its bright and glowing colours, the new era dawned. Something approaching a passion to see what was there portrayed took possession of the world.

Next to the Wizard of the North, Scotland owes its popularity to Queen Victoria. From the moment that lady, so remarkable in the simplicity of her character and her tastes, chose her residence among the Aberdeenshire hills, the fortunes of the country were assured. If we contrast the Highlands in Dr. Johnson's time with their aspect now, we shall be able to measure the extent of our obligations to those two benefactors.

Not only is Scotland the El Dorado of tourist and wandering naturalist, but it is the happy hunting ground of the modern sportsman. This latter development of the enthusiasm is not altogether for good. Unhappily, we are disturbing the balance of the wild life of the land, killing out a great many forms in the supposed interest of the rest, sacrificing the variety and charm of nature, and probably at the same time defeating the very end we have in view. Possibly, a plain and simple statement as to how the matter stands to-day may help to put a stop to the mischief.

Our larger feral fauna may be classified as game, and their antipodes, so-called vermin, together with those intermediate forms which rank as game or vermin according to the nature of the ground and the sporting habits and traditions of the place.

Among the game birds, the nearest approach to a tame animal is the pheasant. In rearing, he is the child of many cares. And if the charm of shooting is in the skill exercised and the difficulties overcome, in this case the element of sport is at its minimum. Nevertheless, his rich plumage and wild night-scream would be missed from our woodlands.

Still bigger, and better able to look after himself, is the capercaillie,

or cock of the woods. Reintroduced into Scotland quite recently, he has already made himself at home, and is spreading with remarkable rapidity. He has passed beyond his former limit, is common on the north shore of the Firth of Forth, and probably not unknown in the further side. Indeed there is no reason why he should not breed and thrive wherever there are fir-trees.

The handsomest of our game is the black grouse. Although widely distributed, he seems to be on the decrease, it may be from constitutional exhaustion. His cousin the red grouse is Scotland's game bird *par excellence*, and makes August the red-letter month of the year. Thoughts of hills and dogs, and the rising covey, and "right and left," visit the wearied legislator and cheer him through the long sittings of the dog-days. He supports an army of gillies, and makes a barren moor a more enviable possession than an equal stretch of the richest arable land. Wherever there is a height or waste with heather on it, grouse are found, or may be introduced. These birds are specially liable to a form of zymotic disease which, in damp seasons, has a tendency to assume an epidemic form. This seems to show that they are not so hardy as they look. Possibly, as in the case of black grouse, there is some constitutional enfeeblement.

Further up the hill, nearer the snow line, and confined to the very highest districts of the central and northern highlands, are the ptarmigan; noticeable as our only native birds which change their plumage to white in the winter.

All these forms are quite safe. The gun of the sportsman is wisely conservative, and always leaves unmolested as many as will keep up the stock against another autumn. Care is also taken, with only too great success, as we shall see, to preserve them against their natural enemies, real or supposed.

A second division of birds go by the name of vermin, for no other or better reason than that they are supposed to molest the game. The skin of some more or less innocent owl is frequently found nailed to the door of an old outhouse as a warning to evil-doers. Being a night-bird, however, he manages fairly well to maintain his numbers.

More hapless is the fate of the day-fliers. Nothing is more characteristic of Scots scenery than our eagles and falcons. He enjoys a rare privilege who, in his wandering among the hills, happens to hit on one of those rare moments when they are in sight. Many have spent weeks and months there and never once seen them.

The days of the golden eagle are numbered. The case of the peregrine falcon makes one long for the return of the days "when the customary breeding haunt of a pair was placed under the especial care of the occupiers of the land, and they were made responsible, by the terms of their tenure, for the safe keeping of the noble birds and their offspring."

The osprey, or fishing falcon, which is to the lakes and streams what the golden eagle is to the mountains, is now seldom seen. His visits are few and far between; and when rumour of his presence gets abroad, care is taken that he will not return for a long time. One would imagine that, in the interest of the picturesqueness of their property, owners would forbid the slaughter. But, in the meantime, that consideration does not seem to weigh against a well-letting moor.

And so the bodies of these noble creatures, which for plumage, size, strength, majesty, and general beauty and interest rank among our rarest possessions, are on their way to the museum, and their spirits to the Hades of extinct birds, there to consort with the shades of the dodo and the gair-fowl.

To reason successfully with unsentimental people, it is usually necessary to advance practical considerations, and to appeal to the selfish instincts. It were easy to show that, whereas the eagle slays its thousands, grouse disease slays its ten thousands. This dire scourge usually begins with a weakling, and that is just the victim which the eagle selects, or would strike if he were allowed. But the over-zealous gamekeeper shoots nature's messenger of health and lets the plague-stricken bird escape to contaminate the rest.

Still another service is recorded by that excellent naturalist Charles St. John. "The actual damage done to game by eagles," he remarks, "is, in my opinion, comparatively small, the favourite food of these birds being the mountain hare; and every sportsman knows that the fewer of these animals he has on his ground the better. Where they increase too rapidly they become a perfect plague to grouse dogs; for, however well broken your setters and pointers may be, the manner in which mountain hares run cannot fail to make the dogs fidgety and anxious, besides tainting the ground. Instead of running clear away when started, like the common lowland hare, this animal hops quietly from before the dog's nose, and stops to sit erect on the very first hillock he meets with, within a hundred yards of the dogs. I know of some grouse shootings where these hares have increased to such an extent, owing to the destruction of vermin, that they have been killed by hundreds in a day. A few eagles on such ground would be of great use."

No better instance of the disturbance and readjustment of the balance need be desired than that supplied by the recent vole plague in the South of Scotland. The increase of the pest threatened ruin to the farmer, until the short-eared owl stepped in, and, contrary to his habit, remained during the summer amid the plentiful supply of food. The reasonable assumption is that, if Nature had been left to herself, this vole plague would not have happened.

Passing along "The Scaurs," in the dusk of a recent evening, my attention was attracted by strange cries of fear and pain from the neighbourhood of the old Castle of St. Andrews. I could make out a large bird, whose silent flight proclaimed it a tawny owl, bearing off a starling. Now we know that starlings are increasing with such enormous rapidity as to threaten the extinction of other species, and to forecast, at no distant time, a struggle for existence among themselves. It may seem a rude way of preserving the balance, but we shall make a huge mistake if we try to improve upon it.

Nor is this all. Zeal for the protection of game is often a mere excuse to cover greed. The skin will sell to some so-called naturalist; and the rarer the bird the higher the price. The eggs, too, are eagerly bought up on the same scale by that abominable loafer, the professional egg collector. Under these circumstances, ordinary human nature, and especially gamekeepers' nature, can scarcely be expected to let a nest escape.

Next to the eagles and their allies, in our ordinary classification, come the species of the crow family. They are next also in their power of mischief, and in the unwelcome attention they receive.

Though shot at whenever seen, the raven is still fairly common in the Highlands, and occasionally by the seaside. He is an ominous but a grand bird, and well worth keeping alive. Brightest and liveliest of the family, and indeed of all our woodland birds, are the jay and the magpie; and both are fast disappearing before incessant persecution. This is especially the case with the jay, which is not numerous in any of the central and eastern counties where he used to be familiar enough, and is entirely absent from some—Aberdeenshire, for instance. What chance has a noisy, showy bird when he is a suspect?

Of the four-footed game the largest are the deer. The roebuck is the only member of the family in a truly wild condition. His small size, nimbleness, and ungregarious habits enable him to wander from one place to another with a measure of impunity. In wooded valleys, and within reach of the hills, he seems to be well able to look after himself. He abounds in the northern counties: in Perth-

shire, the highland districts of Aberdeenshire and Forfarshire, and is thinly scattered over the central valley.

The red deer, or stag, has by no means the same claim to be regarded as a wild animal as in the days when the Commons King made his memorable excursion through the Trossachs. He is now cooped up in savage fastnesses, with mountain fences 3,000 feet high, beyond which he only wanders in an exceptionally hard winter. The "forests" with which I am acquainted would neither maintain a crofter, nor even reimburse a sheep farmer, and are simply incapable of being put to any other use.

In the middle of the day the deer are seldom to be seen, except by a practised eye, as they are then at rest and lying quietly among the rough heath, or it may be in the shadow of some birch copse. In the early morning, or on the approach of evening, they feed downward toward the grassy sides of the rivers and burns. Their scent is sharper than their sight. They detect the intruding botanist or geologist long before they see him; and, by their actions, apprise the keeper that a trespasser is at hand. The fallow deer is still further from the true feral condition, and can only be regarded as an ornamental domestic animal, kept to give picturesqueness to the park around the mansion. His grass is provided and his water is sure.

Of the mammals, which are preserved or shot according to the part of the country in which they are found, the fox takes the first place. He is at once the most honoured game and the rankest vermin. In lowland counties, where a cross-country ride is possible, he is a welcome guest until he is needed; only the other day one was run to death within a mile of this place, and a girl got the brush. In rough or upland districts, where fox-hunting is impossible, where feathered game abounds and the ewe drops her offspring on the wolds, he is an unmitigated nuisance.

Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,
Whoever reck'd where, how, or when
The prowling fox was trapp'd and slain.

In the southern division of Scotland, or Tweedland, a somewhat interesting trade is carried on with the midland districts of England. It seems that the hill foxes, because of the rough ground and the frequent need to take a stretch up a slope, are longer-winded than those reared on the plains, and give a better run. For this reason many are caught and sent off by train.

The otter is in the same anomalous position. If nowhere

systematically preserved, it is because he has a genius for looking after himself. He frequents wild parts of the stream, and is a night-feeder, startling the silent fisher, who is casting his moth-like flies over the dark water, with a sudden rustle among the sedges. He *is* among the aristocracy of natural game, having held the honour long enough to create for himself a special breed of dogs. The chase is perhaps the most exhilarating and picturesque of pursuits. To start before daybreak to where the current glides between the boulders and then slackens into a deep and rocky pool, is an experience to freshen one for the rest of the year. The otter is still fairly plentiful, except in the streams which are carefully preserved and let for salmon fishing.

Among "vermin" pure and simple we reckon four animals, the wild-cat, the polecat, the marten, and the badger. All belong to the carnivora. For these, it seems, no plea can be urged, except perhaps the foolish one that they add to the picturesqueness and variety of our living forms ; and the presumption that, unless they served some good purpose, they would not be there. They probably kill and eat a great many creatures we are glad enough to get rid of, and help to keep even useful animals free from the evils of over-protection. The better a game bird is able to look after itself, the more true sport it is likely to afford.

Concerning the wild-cat, it is extremely difficult to get reliable information. So many tame cats become feral, breed in the wilds, and rear offspring which have never known domesticity, that all reports of its appearance, especially from unskilled observers, must be received with caution. "The wild-cats," says Charles St. John, "are brindled grey, and I have observed that domestic cats of the same colour are more inclined to take to the woods, and hunt for themselves, than any others." When they do so, they invariably grow very large, and are most destructive to game of all kinds. Nevertheless, the true wildling is easily known by his square jaw, thick short rough tail, more regular stripes, and somewhat forbidding appearance. From the frequent mention of him, we gather that, at one time, he must have been a familiar object in the Highlands. He seems to have given his name to one of the clans : and Scott compares the spring of Rhoderick Dhu at his adversary's throat to that of the mountain or wild cat. Now he is extremely rare throughout the highland districts of Perthshire, Forfarshire, and Aberdeenshire, and practically extinct to the south of Strathmore. If he is common anywhere, it is in the rough bare north-west, especially its rocky sea-coasts. Much of the land there being unsuitable for game, he is less molested.

The polecat, or fougart, is a large weasel with all the bloodthirsty habits of his kind. He is relentless in pursuit, and probably destroys more than he has any need for. Readers of Smiles' interesting biography will remember the exciting encounter of Edwards, the Banffshire naturalist. In one of his nightly excursions he sought shelter, during the silent hours, in an old ruin. There his rest was disturbed by a polecat, doubtless attracted by the scent of the dead bird he had about his person. The brute returned several times, and uttered cries which Edwards believed to be a summons to others in the neighbourhood. Many a night might now be spent in the same place without fear or hope of such a visitor.

The marten is another large weasel, still more rapidly disappearing. Asked as to whether he had ever seen the marten, a gamekeeper replied, "Often." This seemed hopeful, and, as he hailed from the wildest part of the Highlands, not improbable. But more particular inquiry brought out that he meant the sand-marten. And there is reason to fear that is well-nigh the only marten Scotland boasts.

The last of the four is the mildest and most inoffensive. But perhaps he owes his comparative commonness less to his amiable qualities than to his night habits, and to his deep lair by day. Whereas inquiries after the wild-cat, polecat, and marten were met on every hand by a disappointing "No," "Extinct," "Doubtful," the badger was reported as common from all the highland districts, and even as very rare from lowland and less promising counties. Still he is on the way to extinction like the rest, only a little further from the end.

The laws on behalf of those forms which have no sporting significance, and are of no commercial value, need amending. One glances with interest over "The Wild Birds Protection Act," and rejoices to see a powerful arm raised on behalf of some feathered friend. One recognises in it a somewhat tardy assertion of the nation's interest and property in these creatures. The weaknesses are that any should be excepted; and that the protection to rare forms should not be extended throughout the year. But is not this care of birds, even were it more thorough than it is, in many cases a mere sentimental fad? Such dainty creatures are never likely to want an argument in their favour, or an advocate to make use of it.

The same fair play should be extended to mammals also. The same fiat should go forth on behalf of the four-footed denizens of the earth. And the present protest is raised against the wanton destruction of our native tiger, the wild-cat, our native bear, as it is sometimes called, the badger, and those grand weasels, the polecat and the marten.

J. H. CRAWFORD.

FREAKS AND FANCIES OF MEMORY.

THE story was told the other day of Whittier, the deceased American poet, having applauded at a public meeting the quotation of some of his own verses, in complete forgetfulness of the fact that he had written them himself. But this is as nothing compared with the remarkable instances of cerebral eccentricity that have been recorded at various times by physicians and others. The study of memory, especially in relation to age, is indeed exceedingly interesting, besides being of some practical as well as philosophical importance. As Dr. Richardson has remarked, it bears on the value of observed facts and phenomena at different stages of life. There are thousands of persons who could give no evidence worthy of credence respecting sayings and events of to-day, who could yet give the most accurate and reliable evidence about sayings and events of fifty years ago ; and, if sympathies change with memories, there is an explanation clear enough why, with age, likes and dislikes should undergo the astonishing modifications we so often witness.

The most curious incidents connected with memory are, of course, its entire lapse ; and such cases are not by any means so infrequent as is generally supposed. It is startling enough, no doubt, to hear a fellow-creature asking another fellow-creature to tell him who he is, but such things have actually happened. Indeed, it was only last year that a case of the kind was engaging the attention of Melbourne physicians. A young man, about thirty years of age, called at the police barracks and demanded to be informed as to his own identity. At first it was thought that the man was a lunatic ; but it soon became evident that his statement as to his memory having failed him was perfectly genuine. He was taken into custody and kept in Melbourne Gaol, where he was the object of much attention and curiosity on the part of physicians and warders. He persisted in the declaration that he did not remember anything before the day on which he visited the police barracks, and several medical men expressed their belief in his statement, attributing his lack of

memory to masked epilepsy. Curiously enough, the man ultimately recovered his "senses" through the music of the gaol Sunday service. One morning he was observed listening intently to the singing. He was questioned about it, and said, "I seem to have heard that before somewhere. What is it?" He did not understand when told it was music, but at the close of the service Dr. Shields took him up to the organ, and having shown him that the sounds he had heard were produced by fingering the keys, seated him in front of the instrument. The man struck several notes unintelligibly, and then a chord or two in harmony, and in an instant, with a look of pleasure, he commenced a selection from "The Creation," which he played correctly, and well. He used the stops, and showed that he was familiar with the instrument, and in this way, as already indicated, he gradually recovered his loss of memory.

Such protracted cases as this are not very common, but instances of a temporary loss of identity could be quoted without number. The late Dr. Spring, of New York, it is told, was once observed by one of his parishioners to be standing vacantly gazing outside the Post Office. The parishioner went up to him and said, "How do you do, Dr. Spring? I'm glad to see you." To which the doctor replied, "Ah! *that's* what I am. I am very thankful to have met you, sir, for I have a letter in the Post Office addressed to myself, but I could not get it because I could not remember my name. Now I can go in and get it." On a par with this is the anecdote told of Dr. Duncan, the great Scottish theologian and Oriental scholar. Having to preach in a church near Aberdeen, he set off one Sunday morning to walk to the place. Slowly moving along, he quickly got into the seventh heaven of mental exaltation, and time, space, and matter fell from him like garments. Reaching the church and seeing people entering, it occurred to him to be a very proper thing to engage in public worship. Going up to the elder at the plate, he inquired who was to preach, and only "came to himself" when he was told that the preacher was to be "Mr. Duncan, from Aberdeen." One is at first inclined to doubt the authenticity of such anecdotes, but the present writer is ready to believe anything of the kind since an absent-minded friend of his own returned home—after performing part of his journey by rail—to ask where he was going!

The most striking cases of lapsed memory are, however, to be found in persons who have had a severe illness, or are temporarily diseased mentally. The more common form of the malady, too, is the forgetting of every incident of the past save one, on which the

morbid mind never ceases to harp. A very pathetic case of the kind is recorded in Beck's "Medical Jurisprudence." It is that of a young clergyman who was accidentally shot in the forehead by a friend just two days before his marriage was to have taken place. For a long time his life was despaired of. He recovered, but his mental faculties had become impaired. He remembered nothing but the idea of the approaching marriage. Everything was absorbed in that one recollection: his whole conversation related to the preparation for the event. He would never speak on any other subject; it was always within two days of his wedding. Years went on, youth passed away, and still in a couple of days more his marriage would take place. In this condition the unfortunate man reached his eightieth year, and no doubt sank into the grave with the one life-long idea as the last thought of his mind.

Another touching story of the kind is told by Dr. Nevins in his "Disorders of the Brain." A patient of his, a young lady engaged to be married, was often visited by her intended husband by the stage-coach which passed within a mile or two of her house. One day she went to meet him, and found, instead, an old friend, who brought the news of his sudden death. The lady uttered a terrible scream, "He is dead!" and then all consciousness of her misfortune ceased. Day by day for fifty years did this poor creature, in all seasons, journey to the spot where she expected to see her lover alight from the coach: and day by day she uttered in a plaintive tone, "He is not come yet. I will return to-morrow." As has been truly remarked, it would be impossible to think of anything sadder or more pathetic than this romance from a doctor's note-book.

Some of the instances of alcoholic trance, involving loss of memory, cited by Dr. Usher, are so marvellous as almost to transcend belief. Thus, we have the case of a man, a moderate wine-drinker, who, to drive away a fit of the "blues," one day drank some champagne, and felt much better. From this moment his memory became confused, and when a couple of weeks later he recovered, he found he had married a French lady and was on his bridal trip! Except that during the whole of this time he drank steadily of champagne and showed a tendency to fall asleep whenever his surroundings became dull, nothing unusual was noticed in his behaviour; yet of the marriage itself, or of the events connected with it, he professed afterwards to have no memory whatever, an assertion which was confirmed by subsequent occurrences. This is but one of many similar instances, and it is, therefore, probable enough that many crimes for which the law has meted out its

punishment may have been committed in such a trance-like condition.

A doctor tells of being once called in to see a dying man who was advanced in life. He was muttering something strangely—"all about Monday," as the nurse remarked. The doctor listened attentively, and soon caught the words repeated many times: "O Jesu, Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis." The physician thereupon observed to his professional brother, whom he had called to meet in consultation, "He is saying part of a Romish litany. He is a Roman Catholic." "Impossible," rejoined the other; "I have known him for thirty years, and he has been a man of the freest thought, good in every way, but allied to no creed whatever, and quite opposed to the Roman Catholic faith." "That may be," was the reply, "but in his early life, I warrant you, he was brought up in that faith, and learned its services." On inquiry being made this conjecture proved to be entirely correct. In the first five years of his life the patient had been trained in the Catholic ceremonial, since which time he had come under influences that had changed the whole tenor of his thoughts. Yet, here was memory asserting itself, as it were, against mind, and bringing back an early phase of existence which, in a state of physical vigour, the patient would have regarded with something like antipathy.

Another very strange freak of memory of the same kind has been recorded for us by Coleridge. In a Roman Catholic town in Germany a young woman who could neither read nor write was seized with a fever, and was declared by the priests to be possessed of a devil, because she was heard talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Whole sheets of her ravings were written out, and were found to consist of sentences intelligible in themselves, but having no connection with one another. Of her Hebrew sayings only one or two could be traced to the Bible, and most seemed to be in the Rabbinical dialect. Anything like a trick was out of the question, for the woman was a simple creature, and there was no doubt about the fever. It was long before any explanation, save the absurd one of demoniacal possession, could be obtained. At last the mystery was solved by a physician to whom it occurred to trace the girl's history, and who, after much trouble, discovered that, at the age of nine, she had been charitably adopted by an old Protestant pastor, a great Hebrew scholar, in whose house she lived till his death. On further inquiry it appeared that it had been the old man's custom for years to walk up and down a passage of his house, into which the kitchen opened, and to read to himself with a loud voice out of his books:

The volumes were ransacked, and among them were found several of the Greek and Latin Fathers, and a collection of Rabbinical writings. In these works so many of the passages taken down at the young woman's bedside were identified that no reasonable doubt could exist as to their source.

It would thus seem to be at the very entrance of the Valley of the Shadow that memory plays some of its strangest tricks. Goethe told Eckermann that he once knew an old man who in his very last moments began to recite beautiful Greek sentences. These he had as a boy been required to learn for a special purpose, but not for fifty years at least had he uttered them. They were there in his memory all the same, and some unexplainable cerebral action suddenly gave them form and expression. A dying peasant was heard by Dr. Steinbeck to pray in Greek and Hebrew. Questioned about it when conscious, he said that when a boy he had often heard the parish priest use the same words, but did not know anything of their meaning.

In some cases where the functions of memory are temporarily suspended they resume at the very point where they were deprived of power. A physician tells the story of a lady who was seized with apoplexy while having a game of cards. She remained unconscious from Thursday until the following Sunday, and when she spoke the first words she uttered were, "What is trumps?" Still more curious is a case recorded by Dr. Pritchard. A man was engaged in splitting wood with a mallet and wedge. Previous to going home in the evening he hid his tools in a hollow tree, and told his sons at night to go for them in the morning. But the same night he became insane. Several years afterwards his reason suddenly returned, and his first question was whether his sons had brought home the tools. They told him they had not been able to find them; whereupon he rose, went to the place where he had been working years before, and took out of their hiding-place all that was left of the tools—the iron parts, for the wood had mouldered away.

A very curious case of lapse of memory was that of Linnæus, who, in his old age, was delighted by the reading of his own works, without recognising them. And then there is the strange story of how Sir Walter Scott, producing "The Bride of Lammermoor" during illness, was afterwards found to have forgotten entirely what he had thus created. According to James Ballantyne, "The book was written and published before Mr. Scott was able to rise from his bed; and he assured me, when it was first put into his hands in a complete shape, that he did not recollect a single incident, character, or conver-

sation it contained. The original incidents of the story, which he had known from boyhood, he still remembered ; but he knew no more about the story he had written than he did before he began to write or even think about writing it." These facts are corroborated by Mr. Lockhart, Sir Walter's son-in-law and biographer, so that they are placed beyond question.

The poet Beattie, the author of "The Minstrel," records the case of a gentleman who, falling suddenly and recovering, found that all recollection of four years previous to the attack had vanished. He was obliged, we are told, to go to the public journals of the forgotten years for information about the passing events of these years, and although, of course, he had once been perfectly familiar with the events in question, he read of them now with interest and surprise. Beattie also tells of a gentleman who, after a blow on the head, found that he had lost his knowledge of Greek. Nothing is better known than the fact that a sudden blow may as suddenly obliterate all recollection. By a fall from his horse a learned English gentleman received an injury to his head. He recovered, but his learning had vanished so completely that he had actually to begin his education with the alphabet ! Sir Henry Holland has told of how he once suffered a partial loss of memory. He says : "I descended on the same day two very deep mines in the Hartz mountains, remaining some hours underground in each. While in the second mine, exhausted both from fatigue and inanition, I felt the utter impossibility of talking longer with the German inspector who accompanied me. Every German word and phrase deserted me, and it was not till I had taken food and wine, and had been for some time at rest, that I regained them."

Sir Astley Cooper relates the case of a soldier who, having been wounded in the head, fell into a long stupefaction, until he was restored to speech by an operation in the hospital. When he *did* speak, it was in a language which no one in the hospital understood. By-and-by a Welshwoman was brought in for treatment, and she at once recognised the language of the sick soldier to be her own tongue. The man had not been in Wales for thirty years, yet here he was speaking his own long-forgotten language fluently, and not only so, but was unable to recollect any other. Nor was this the only curious thing about the case ; for, when the soldier recovered, his English came back to him, and his Welsh was once more forgotten.

An Aberdeen physician relates the case of a girl who was subject to somnambulism, which is not without interest. During these attacks

she would converse with bystanders and answer all their questions. "At one time she went through the whole baptismal service of the Episcopal Church. On awakening she had no recollection of what had occurred, but on falling into it again she would talk over all that had been said. At another time, while in a somnambulistic state, she was taken to church, where she appeared to join in the service with great devotion. She would become much affected and shed tears at some passages. When restored to the waking condition she had not the faintest recollection of the circumstances, and in the following attack would give the most vivid description of all that had taken place. She would give a full account of everything, repeating verbatim the passages at which she shed tears." This girl appeared, in short, to have two memories, one for the waking state and another for the sleep mysterious.

Of remarkable feats of memory there are enough and to spare, some of them being exceedingly doubtful as to authenticity. An Englishman once presented himself to Frederick the Great, and informed him that he was possessed of such a retentive memory that he could remember, word for word, any speech or treatise of considerable length after once hearing or reading it. The king at once decided to put him to the test, and the result was somewhat amusing. It so happened that Voltaire had just been announced as a visitor, and as he was going to read a copy of verses which he had recently written, Frederick looked upon it as a favourable opportunity for proving the truth of the man's assertion. He therefore concealed the Englishman in a closet, and commanded him to remember every word he heard during his confinement. The poet read his verses, but the king listened with apparent coolness, and at the end charged Voltaire with attempting to pass off the verses of another as his own. Of course, the author was indignant, asserting that he had only that day finished the composition of the lines he had just read. "Well," replied the king, "I have just seen an Englishman who has repeated them to me as his own writing;" and he thereupon directed the man in hiding to come forth and recite the lines. This he did without the variation of a single word. The performance naturally threw Voltaire into a passion, and led him to declare that the gentleman must have dealings with the Evil One. At length, however, the king let him into the secret, and dismissed the Englishman with a suitable reward for the amusement he had caused by the aid of his extraordinary memory.

We are told of La Croze that after listening to twelve verses in as many different languages, he could not only repeat them in the order

in which he had heard them, but could also transpose them. Scaliger, too, was proud of his memory, and he became so thoroughly acquainted with one Latin work that he undertook to repeat any passage with a dagger at his breast, which was to be used against him in the event of the slightest failure of his memory. Such stories as these should, however, be taken with the proverbial grain of salt.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

THE REALISM OF BALZAC.

WITHOUT a certain catholicity of taste it is useless to even approach the works of Honoré de Balzac—works whose chief attraction lies not in their literary but in their human quality, in which the universal man is the great centre-piece, and the problems of existence the all-pervading ground-motive. For Vice is there, and Virtue is there, though even when existing side by side they are never confounded. Nor are the wicked always punished, but immutable law reigns, and even in the gloom of an unsuccessful life good deeds and noble aspirations shine like the stars over the forest. Our author realises that every human being is a mixed creation, that there is some good and some bad in most people, and that the perfect hero and the perfect villain are rarely met with ; that some people have morals without principles, and others principles without morals. The duty he has laid upon himself is that of discriminatingly studying life, within certain limits, as he finds it ; of exposing, in all sincerity, its weaknesses and imperfections, its evil and its ugliness, but also its beauty and its nobility. Life he recognises to have a meaning, and he would also have it with a recognised purpose. His realism is simply a protest against conceit and artificiality and conventional morality. In a word, with a conceit which is largely justified by the results obtained, his aim was to make his work a mirror of the manners, the occupations, the spirit, and the society of his day ; a work so huge, so vast, so monumental in its scope and character, that our imagination quails before the extraordinary mental vigour and intellectual energy which could first conceive and then so indomitably execute a scheme so complex. Yet we have a work withal overflowing with sound sociological and political maxims enforced by the most felicitous illustrations and epigrams.

I am quite prepared to admit that, with the exception, perhaps, of Dickens, Balzac is not like any other writer. But where can we find the parallel of the “Iliad” of Homer, the “Æneid” of Virgil, the tragedies of Racine, or the dramas of Shakespeare? “After

Aeschylus," says M. Schérer, "came Shakespeare, after Dante came Goethe, and each gave voice to a new order of ideas, new modes of expression, new sentiments." Each was the spokesman of his generation, but the epochs marked by these giants are periods not of systematic revolt and defiance, but of ordinary evolution. They recast rather than repudiated their inheritance of tradition, and Balzac simply continued the train of thought which had found voice centuries earlier in the analytical "*Canzoniere*" of the scholarly Petrarch and the famous "*Decamerone*" of the poetic Boccaccio, each according to the lights of his day. For whatever genius a writer may possess, whatever personal stamp his works may bear, he must, after all—and I say this with all due deference to those who maintain that the moral atmosphere is created by its literature—be largely governed by his surroundings, be more or less the product of his age and circumstances—as Thackeray makes Ethel Newcome say, "We belong to our belongings." And this is the ground taken by Balzac. He acknowledges its truth in posing as the mirror of the society of his day, and consecrating his literary activity to the reproduction of a complete picture of that society in all its varied phases. "Society," says cynical Vautrin to de Rastignac, in "*Père Goriot*," "is like Nature, it makes the man; he develops according to the social centres in which he is placed, and circumstances change with the whims of civilisation." A man receives the same education as his contemporaries, lives amidst the same ideas, is governed by the same slowly evolving sentiments, reads the same books, and so, when choosing his subjects, he takes those offered by the preoccupations of his epoch. He is led by the taste of his day, and is, therefore, only able to produce what is offered him by the state of society and literature at the time of writing. Previous works can only by their influence give a direction to that taste.

Literature has been described as the holding up of a mirror to nature; the reflection of human life and the expression of human character and human passion. And, after all, though circumstances may alter, human nature itself ever remains very much the same; and the fact that a book is founded on the broad basis of human nature will alone give it a permanent place in literature, and gain for its creator a pedestal in the gallery of the world's immortals.

"Change dress and language, sky, landscape, and architecture, the outside aspect of people and things," says George Sand, in her preface to "*André*," "and you will find that at the bottom of all this man is always the same; and woman more so, because of the tenacity of her instincts." The women of Venice, she found, told each other

just such stories as she had heard them tell at Nohant, and indulged in just such reflections and speculations as might have been begotten there.

It is this human essence which constitutes the great charm of Balzac. His books are alive with human associations, with the interest of life, with the warmth and personality of their characters. For it was from personal contact with men and with the world, through struggles and misfortunes, that his remarkable knowledge had been gained. No man, says one writer, ever stood so long or so hopelessly at the foot of the ladder of fame. At times, perhaps, his attention—one might even say devotion—to accessories proves somewhat wearisome, but ere long we discover that what frequently appear to us, at first, unnecessary digressions are really only the excuse for some marvellously sagacious reflections on human nature, the expression of a wonderful psychological insight into life. Indeed, so keen is his analytical pen that Taine has described him as, "with Shakespeare and St. Simon, the greatest storehouse of documents on human nature we possess."

One respect in which his knowledge of the world is exemplified is the skilful manner in which, with each new story, a fresh locality is chosen in which to lay the scene, thus arousing a special interest in the work in special places; and, although most of his books were written either at Paris, Angoulême, or Saché, all the spots, all the town and country places, chosen as the scenes of his stories were carefully visited, in order that he might be able to describe them with the greatest accuracy. Every feature of a district, of a house, the smallest details of the furniture and of the appearance of the *dramatis personæ* are reproduced with photographic minuteness, a loving lingering over the least significant accessories. And in this respect Balzac has left his trace, a permanent influence, on literature. Hitherto accessories had been considered of relatively no importance. Details were of no account in the *ensemble* of the Romanticist; they are an essential part of the picture of the Realist; and though critics disagree with regard to the literary merits of Balzac's novels, on this point they are at least at one—that in the quality of intense realisation of actors and scenery he stands unique. The Maison Vauquer, "whose very atmosphere appears to be tainted with misfortune," the Crétin village, the cheerless abode and neglected garden of the miser Grandet, become as familiar to the reader as though he had himself been there. He can almost see the old man, in his pretentiously chill abode, doling out the necessities of life to the household ounce by ounce; the keen, close-fisted, avaricious man of the world, his

iron nature ill-concealed beneath an outward veneer of unctuous softness, apparently heedless, but in reality ever careful, of what his neighbours think ; economising in everything, even in speech and movement ; methodical to a degree. One of that old school of routine in whose establishments fires are lit for the first time on November 1 and dispensed with on March 31, regardless alike of the chills of an early spring or of those of a wintry autumn. And side by side with her parsimonious and exacting master stands big Nanon, with her simple heart and hound-like faithfulness. One finds no effort necessary to assist at the party given in honour of Eugénie's twenty-third birthday in the old gray room dimly lighted by two tallow candles, or to distinguish between the rivalries of the rusty little lawyer Cruchot and that superlative youth Adolphe des Grassins and their respective relations, whilst the cunning old cooper, aided by his diplomatic stutter, plays his own game and makes his own calculations in the background.

We follow the pathetic and withal proud figure of the Père Goriot, "the foolish, fond old man," pursued by his passionate fatherhood from floor to floor of Maman Vauquer's musty pension in the Quartier Latin, until little by little he has denuded himself of every possession and every comfort, and with de Rastignac—who, in the course of the comedy, becomes Prime Minister of France—and the good-hearted "medical" Bianchon, we watch the last struggles of this modern King Lear in the miserable attic which is his last refuge. We listen with the same de Rastignac, beside the weather-beaten Cupid in the neglected garden behind the Pension, to the specious oratory of the escaped convict Vautrin. We are one with General de Montriveau in the remote island cathedral, when he hears and sees for the last time the woman he has sought throughout Europe—found at last only to be lost again for ever. We stand with the practical and strong-minded Dr. Benassis in the wretched cottage of the dying Crétin ; we walk in the market-place with the self-centred citizens of Guerande, still sunk in mediæval sleep ; or watch in the laboratory of the alchemist Claës, without the slightest strain, every detail of the scene is so clearly presented to the mind's eye. So careful is the author in working out the most insignificant details, that it is said his story of "César Birotteau" has been quoted in French law courts in illustration of the law of bankruptcy. His knowledge of finance is equally remarkable, but this might have been due to his own condition of chronic insolvency ; and to this ever present difficulty of making extremes meet we may also attribute the great part money plays in so many of his stories. "The

modern god," as he calls it in "Eugénie Grandet," "the only one in whom faith is preserved. Who sways the law, politics, and morals? Where is the man without desire, and what social desire can be gratified without money?" Gold is his *deus ex machina*. It is everywhere. In "Les Célibataires," "Le Bal de Sceaux," "César Birotteau," "Eugénie Grandet," "La Recherche de l'Absolu," we find that inexhaustible treasure-house whence, like the genii of the "Arabian Nights," he has the faculty of enriching his heroes. Unexpected inheritances, treasures of art, priceless pieces of furniture, remarkable inventions, all turn up at the opportune moment, and are showered on his impoverished heroes. Even the heartless Charles Grandet is not forgotten in his moment of necessity. And this is where Balzac differs so much from his more modern disciples. He seldom descends with his *dramatis personæ* to the deepest depths of perdition to revel with them there. When matters have got sufficiently bad some fortunate coincidence usually happens, and the turning-point is reached. But, of course, this is not always the case, or the point of his moral would be lost.

Still we must remember that Balzac was nothing if not original. Everywhere one is struck by his individuality of thought and expression. He does not, like other people, say he has seen Rome from end to end, but "I have seen Rome from A to Z." Or, again, when wishing to remind his nieces that he has not heard from them for some time, he writes to his sister: "A thousand good wishes to you and your dumb daughters." Everywhere we notice his independence of schools and current traditions, his personal point of view, his preoccupation with an object as he perceives it. And did not Goethe say that every Frenchman who dared to think differently from his fellows was a hero?

A good instance of Balzac's method may be found in the short and thrilling "Episode sous la Terreur," so familiar to us from its many services rendered to British periodicals, and which he culled from Samson, the chief headsman of Paris under "The Terror." Possessed by a strange desire to see this dread official, and ascertain the thoughts and preoccupations of a man whose whole soul must, he thought, have been overburdened with the recollections of so many awful tragedies; anxious to know the effect his terrible calling, his miserable mode of livelihood, had on him, he contrived with much difficulty, through the medium of M. Appert, the Inspector-General of Prisons, to arrange for an interview. It was a kind of study peculiarly attractive to the Apostle of Realism. Calling by appointment one day on his friend, Balzac found himself in the

presence of a stranger, a very pale man with a serious air and noble face. The manners, language, evident culture and intelligence of the stranger led the author to take him for some learned man, moved by the same interest and curiosity as himself. The stranger was Samson. Warned by M. Appert, Balzac carefully repressed all sign of surprise or repulsion, and skilfully turning the conversation to subjects of personal interest, the novelist was ultimately successful in gaining the headsman's confidence. In vivid colours Samson gave him a harrowing description of the sufferings and miseries of his wretched life. Himself a Royalist, the death of Louis XVI. and his unfortunate consort had left the executioner with all the terrors and remorse of a criminal. Since those hideous days he had known no peace, despite the expiatory Mass which he had caused to be said for the king the morning after the execution, and which was probably the only one celebrated in Paris on that day.

The "Episode" and the "Passion dans le Désert"—which was founded on a story related to the author by a celebrated lion-tamer of the day—with two other short stories, "*L'Illustre Gaudissart*," a clever skit on the commercial traveller, and the weird, Poe-like "*Hidden Masterpiece*," are published in the same volume with the "*Duchesse de Langeais*." This latter, the principal story of the volume, is told with power and with pathos. It is the tale of a woman with high ideals and noble sentiments, the victim of the society in which she lived. And if to us and in our day many of the incidents seem more than improbable, we know that in that day they were not considered extraordinary. In fact, replying to the challenge of a friendly critic—the mysterious Louise of his letters—who accused him of drawing portraits of great ladies without knowledge of originals, he retorted: "Say what you like about the *Duchesse de Langeais*, your criticisms do not affect me; but a lady,¹ both illustrious and fashionable, whom you may perhaps also know, has approved everything and corrected everything like a Royal censor. I am safe under the shadow of her shawl." As a matter of fact it is in his pictures of womankind that Balzac is considered to have scored his greatest successes. It has been said that women are the keystone of his great social history; that if the men were to be taken out there would be great gaps and fissures, but if the women were taken out the whole fabric would collapse. They are to him what his Tenth Legion was to Cæsar. He is never weary of impressing [upon us the great part they play in the world. He appears to hold the same views as Madame de Tencin in her famous advice to Marmontel:

¹ The *Duchesse de Castries*.

"By means of women," she said, "you can do all that you want to do with men, for men are too much absorbed in their own interests to take care of yours. Instead of which, women think about them if it be only from idleness. Talk to your woman-friend some evening of what is troubling you; the next day you find her at her wheel or her tapestry-work thinking and scheming in her own mind how to serve you." And this is practically the same advice as Madame de Beausèant gives to her young kinsman as the philosopher's stone of social success.

Balzac has drawn great numbers of women who are nobly pure in intention, but he does not always act the *preux chevalier*. If he recognises that women are absurdly superior to men in their morals, he is not slow to point out the distinctly stricter and more definite principles which men possess. Women, he would have us believe, seldom value the truth for its own sake, but for some personal use they can make of it. Indeed, he finds the whole spring of their actions in personal motive. His *grandes dames* are, of course, all beautiful and attractive, for he was only too well aware of the sway woman's beauty, as a merely physical attribute, has always exercised, ever since the world began, over man and his destinies. "She likes to have a circle of admirers, to receive the devotion of talent and genius," says Vautrin to de Rastignac, "but, after all, her only real care is how she herself looks." And this opinion is borne out in another place, where we find a lament that "a mind whose qualities had done work for the world was now contracted to the limits of a lady's boudoir."¹

It has frequently been objected in the case of Balzac, as in that of Rossetti and many other famous writers, that the flavour of immorality which is to be found in certain of his novels renders him unfit for general reading. Yet one can find few novels in the English language of a more healthily stimulating tone than "*L'Envers de l'Histoire Contemporaine*," and in the whole range of fiction one comes across few nobler or greater characters than Madame de la Chanterie and the *bonhomme* Alain in that book. At the same time it must be remembered that in the times and society which form the basis of his marvellous stories a tone prevailed which runs

¹ It is not a far cry to find here the inspiration of Disraeli's famous phrase in his great Slough speech, of May 1858. When referring to the frequent appearance of the Editor of the *Times* at Lady Palmerston's receptions, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer declared that "leading organs now are place-hunters of the cabal, and the once stern guardians of popular rights simper in the enervating atmosphere of gilded saloons" (vide *Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1894).

decidedly counter to our ideas of propriety in the present day, and to endeavour to estimate the worth of Balzac's work regardless of the characteristics of his country and his day, would be as foolish as to chide Homer for being ignorant of the existence of America. "Other times, other manners," runs an old proverb ; and indeed it was only a very short time ago Mr. Gladstone told the citizens of Liverpool that even he remembered the days when Parliamentary candidates based their appeals to the suffrages of the people on their support of the slave trade ; praying for their return on this ground, in the names of their families, of their country, and even of religion. Here, in itself, is a marvellous witness of the changes which in recent years have occurred in the general estimate of human freedom and social morality. To peer into an author's work as if we were examining a clause in a new Parliamentary Bill or a new treaty, or cross-examining a witness before a jury, is absurd. We must keep his object in view, we must keep his audience in view, and remember that many things would appear quite natural to them which would appear very dubious to us. The times themselves were responsible for Balzac's works, not his works for the times, even as the wave produces the bubble, not the bubble the wave ; and the race the hero, not the hero the race. His portraits and his surroundings as revealed to us in his books are generally fair and candid. The Stoic, with his leading doctrine of "Do," is just as much in evidence as the Epicurean with his constant watchward of "Be." He paints the world he lived in as it was, not as it might have been. If it was not a good world the fault did not lie with him. Its virtues he praises and its vices he condemns, and if he is to show that corruption of the body inevitably follows corruption of the mind he can hardly ignore the dark corners of life. Because one passes misery and human ruin by without seeing it through one's carriage windows, their existence, even in these days of advanced civilisation, is none the less real. I am quite well aware there are those who maintain that excellence which satisfies no standard but that of faithful imitation is a barren excellence. But one cannot leave behind a memorial of one's times based wholly on illusion, and the intellectual aspiration and ideal of a people is not embodied in its literature, that is the mission of its art.

"The sole business of the writer is to make the reader reflect," George Sand once said ; and if such be the true mission of an author, our obligation is surely equally great to the one who tells us what to avoid as to him who advises us what we should do ; to the social historian like Balzac, with his experience, as to the Romanticist with

his ideals. The writer who points out the defects of our qualities, as some one has well said, and who provokes serious meditation, has surely the most claim to be called a moralist. To Balzac, then, we must at least be grateful for pointing out to us the influence every human soul exercises on its surroundings, on its day, aye, even on its generation. And withal he has shown us human beings in a human world, for his characters are living people drawn by the hand of genius. Like those of his only rival, we recognise them at once, and we never forget them. We see what life meant to them, we can compare their experiences, great and small, with our own, and we note the many wasted opportunities men have to lament. Moreover, he has proved to us that Realism does not consist of a collection of sufficiently disagreeable and vulgar facts linked together by a chain of pessimistic and discouraging views and *dénouements*, and disclosing a society and humanity without form and void. We do not altogether object to be taken to a hospital and made to witness amputations and other operations when this is essential to a development of character and the enforcement of a truth. We are prepared, for a purpose, to enter the squalid dens of the city, or become acquainted with the sordid and brutal existence of vulgar country hovels ; but we must be led by a master, not by any 'prentice hand, for the company of an unrefined and commonplace writer is worse than the worst things he can depict. And, after all, are not our human surroundings, our speculations on the future, our surveys of the past, our relations one to another, social problems of all kinds, legitimate subjects of fiction? A true literature cannot be always sparkling and gay, for ever shun and ignore the dark and the sorrowful. Much the larger number of the great *chefs-d'œuvre* of literature, of whatever period, exhibit life in its sadder phases, careless of the emotions with which the reader is left. Look, for instance, at the "Iliad" and the "Æneid," the masterpieces of Shakespeare and of Molière, or the best works of Hawthorne or of Dickens. As a recent writer has well said, "No other part of literature has proved so perishable as the fun." And so it is with the "Comédie Humaine." The types, again, are not conventional types, for conventionality irritated the author's sense of individuality, but life is there as it appeared to him—in all the sadness of reality, in all the horror of its inevitable fatality, or sometimes in all the ferocity of its grossness or its weakness. His diagnosis of the evils of his time is as searching as it is fearless, and yet exhibiting neither the pessimism of Ibsen nor the moral squalor of Zola, with his gospel of sordid facts unrelieved by any spiritual aspiration. In his faculty of seizing

and rendering the smallest as well as the most significant traits, Balzac is incomparable. Everything that struck him was carefully noted down in his "Larder," as he called the large note-book which was his constant companion. Even in the most desolate places he found a fountain springing. "I do not invent human nature," he once said to his sister, "I observe it in times past and in the present, and I endeavour to show it as it really is." It was not the world of our ideals, but that of our senses which he sought and painted. All the names for his characters were found in the course of his daily walks. Only those, he used to say, which had belonged to real people endowed the personages of a book with vitality. And these personages were no mere fancy sketches. Madame de Surville, his sister, tells us that he would actually go and read his descriptions to the very persons who had stood for the originals, and when once asked if he had no fear of the portrait being recognised, he sagely replied : "Do you imagine that anyone knows what he really is? If some literary Van Dyck were to paint my portrait, I should in all likelihood look at my own image as though it were some stranger."

Thus it is that to the stranger in Saumur the dwelling of Eugénie Grandet is still pointed out by the proud townspeople. In Douai it is that of the alchemist Claës. In one way or another the story of Claës is familiar to most of us. The subject is one which has become almost classical. Like many of Balzac's novels, "*La Recherche de l'Absolu*" (published in 1834) contains many statements at which we might easily cavil. But these are entirely forgotten in the interest of the story, whilst we follow the highly-favoured youth as, in Paris, he traverses the famous salons of a famous epoch ; or, through his studies under the celebrated chemist Lavoisier, to his withdrawal from the whirlpool of society in order to marry Mademoiselle de Tenninck, and his return to the beautiful old house at Douai. His life is happy, but gradually a change comes over him ; his manner and habits alter, a new passion takes possession of him, and he recommences his studies in chemistry with renewed ardour. A conversation with a Polish officer finally launches him on the "*Recherche de l'Absolu*," or the search after the philosopher's stone. Everything is given up or neglected for the all-absorbing work. The smoke of his crucible devours all, and his delusions rapidly bring his family to the verge of destitution. His wife, hopelessly hoping for a return of the old days, dies at last of a broken heart. Claës himself becomes the prey to an insatiable desire. A raging, palpitating fever of greedy credulity enthral him. In order to drag him away from the fatal crucible which has made such sad havoc

with the family happiness and patrimony, his daughter—the fairy of the lamp in this case—obtains for him a Government appointment in an out-of-the-way place in Brittany. But it is of no avail. The victim cannot escape from the chains he has forged for himself. Many a time we turn away with impatience from the man, and call him a fool ; but, as with all Balzac's better works, only to return again, forced to follow to the end, until, just as the long-sought secret is discovered, the alchemist is struck down by paralysis and dies—the victim of his mis-devotion to science—making frantic but fruitless efforts to communicate his discovery to his much-wronged family. “Revolutions,” as the author wisely says elsewhere, “trouble only the interests of mankind, but one passion can uproot every other feeling in the heart of a man.”

In his pages we find characters moved by the most sordid, selfish, and the basest of passions, as well as by the best of virtues. Could anything, for instance, exceed the beautiful fidelity of “big Nanon,” or the notary Chesnel ; the simplicity of Eugénie Grandet, the devotion of Madame Birotteau, of Popinot, of Marguerite Claës ; the commercial probity of Cesar Birotteau, the unselfishness of Cousin Pons, and a host of other kindly worthies ? But, on the other hand, he maintains that for a writer who proposes seriously to illustrate the human soul there is no absolutely forbidden ground. “It is hard,” says Henry James, “to think of a virtue or a vice of which he has not given some eminent embodiment.” For this reason it is essential to read Balzac as a whole, in order to know and understand him. And, indeed, this should be done in the original to obtain a perfect knowledge, for, as Mr. Lowell has admirably said, “Commonly we open a translation as the door of a house of mourning,” and with the French language, which Sir Frederick Pollock recently described as “the most exquisite instrument of human thought and exposition that has been fashioned since the Attic of Plato,” this is peculiarly so.

The merits of Balzac are immense, but naturally in such a stupendous work he has many faults. He has produced thistles as well as flowers, and for this reason it is impossible to judge him fairly by specimens. This, too, was what he himself most feared. “People,” he says, “obstinately refuse to look upon my work as a whole, in order to tear it to pieces in detail. My critics, in their false modesty, drop their eyes before certain characters who are just as true to life as the others, and who spring up in the society of the present time like an undergrowth which has been once cut down. There are vices in our own days as in all others. I have not invented

the Marneffes, male or female, nor the Hulots, nor the Philippe Bridaus, who brush against everybody in the crowd of our old civilisation ; but let anyone point to a single page in which religious or family life is attacked."

But, criticise him as we will, it is impossible not to admire the depth of his insight, and the marvellous scope and comprehensiveness of his genius. He has succeeded in leaving behind him a unique work in literature ; work with clear thoughts, definite aim, organic cohesion, and marked individuality ; the reflection of human life, and the expression of human character and human passion. He may well be called the precursor of the evolution of imaginative literature towards simplicity and truth. "A noble work," he has told us, "is the equal of a noble name ;" and if the work be great, how much greater must the workman be ! Equality may, indeed, be a right, but no power on earth, in the presence of such giants, can convert it into a fact. He has left behind him his own epitaph : "Content to leave all to Time, the Sovereign Justice," and in the universal verdict his work finds its justification. Like the bow of Ulysses, which none could bend but he, is the perception of Balzac ; and, to again adapt Lowell's words, even where the arrow goes astray, it sings as it flies, and one feels, with Shakespeare's great contemporary Chapman, as if it were

The shaft
Shot at the sun by angry Hercules,
And into splinters by the thunder broken.

W. H. GLEADELL.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF WESTMINSTER.

THE destruction of the records of the City of London by the Great Fire of 1666 renders the collection of Charters, deeds, and other documents possessed by the City of Westminster of unique value. In the pages of these archaic records the historian will find new lights for historical reading, the palæographer facts never as yet thoroughly explained; while the legal antiquary, the writer on manners and customs, and the student of antiquarian research cannot fail, from a careful perusal, to glean many useful and novel facts.

There is not an Englishman living who may not trace the liberty he enjoys to the day when King John signed at Runnemedes the Great Charter. How few remember that Magna Charta was barely saved from destruction on October 23, 1731, when the Cottonian and Royal Libraries at Westminster were burnt! The present shrivelled state of the document, the seal a mere shapeless lump of wax, tells not of age, but of the wonderful escape from annihilation this valuable historic relic then had.

The history of the Political Capital of Great Britain has a world-wide significance. At Westminster, History has been made, enacted, and judged; the Constitution, of which we are all so proud, has there grown to be the model form of government, created by centuries of lawgivers; our Kings have resided within its boundaries; hence all details of local history have specific meaning. The earliest notice of the place on record is in the grant given by King Offa, the ruler of Mercia, under the Saxon Heptarchy, to St. Peter's Church, of lands at Aldenham, county Herts. It is dated A.D. 785:—"Iccirco ego Offa divina dispensante pietate monarchia Merciensis regni munitus pro amore omnipotentis Dei in memoria æterna dedi Sancto Petro et plebi Dei degenti in Torneia in loco terribili quod dicitur æt Westmunstur quandam partem terræ id est. . . ." A wax model of the seal of King Offa was exhibited November 22, 1893, before the Society of Literature of Great Britain and Ireland. The impression shows the king's bust in profile to the right, with crown or circlet, on which a floreated ornament is visible.

Next in chronological order comes the Charter of King Eadgar granting the privilege of Sanctuary to Thorney, March 15, A.D. 968 for 969. Considering the fact that Westminster has always suffered, and still suffers, from what Dean Stanley termed most aptly its "unhappy privileges," this Charter possesses a significant interest. It is signed "Edgari inclyti et serenissimi Anglorum regis, Eduardi filii regis, Ethelredi fratris ejus;" then, "In nomine Christi ego Dunstanus," the proud prelate of whom Saxon history tells much that is evil and little that is good, 12 Bishops, 11 Abbots, 9 Presbyters, 8 Dukes, all affix their names to this Charter. The following extract may be of use :

. . . . Et tanquam dicenti mihi domino, 'a capite incipe,' imprimis ecclesiam domini specialis, et patroni ac protectoris nostri beati Petri, quæ sita est in loco terribili quæ ab incolis Thorney nuncupatur : ab occidente scilicet urbis London ; quæ olim est dominicæ incarnationis anno sexcentesimo quarto, beati Ethelberti hortatu, primi Anglorum regis Christiani, destructo prius ibidem abominationi templo regum paganorum a Seberto prædivate quondam subregulo London, nepote videlicet ipsius regis, constructa : Et non ab alio, sed ab ipso Sancto Petro apostolorum principe, in suum ipsius proprium honorem delicata. Dehinc ab Offa et Kenulpho regibus celeberrimis possessionum privilegiis et variis ornamentorum speciebus vehementer fuerit ditata : et in qua sedes regia, locus etiam consecrationis regum antiquitus erat. Hanc precepi ut studiosius restruerent et omnes possessiones ejus readunarent. Cognoscat ergo magnitudo seu utilitas vestra quoniam determinamus, et in perpetuum mansurum jubemus atque constituimus : ut pro reverentia reliquiarum gloriosissimi Apostoli Petri et pro quiete monachorum ibidem Deo famulantium, honor et laus ejusdem ecclesie habeatur et observatur. Id est, ut quisquis fugitivorum pro quocumque scelere ad præfatam basilicam beati Apostoli fugiens, procinctum ejus intraverit sive pedes, sive eques, sive de curia regali, sive de civitate, seu de villa, sive cujuscumque conditionis sit, quocumque delicto facinoris contra nos vel succedentes reges Anglorum, vel contra alium quemcumque fidelem ecclesiæ sancte Dei forisfactus sit, relaxetur et liberetur, et vitam atque membra absque ulla contradictione obtineat. . . .


The Charters and deeds in the possession of the Dean and Chapter of St. Peter's Collegiate Church, Westminster, undoubtedly possess great historical and ecclesiological value, but in this paper I confine myself to a cursory notice of those documents in the keeping of the civic authorities.


It is a matter of collateral history that successive kings enriched the Abbey of Westminster with lands and privileges ; but only within the last few years, owing to the antiquarian knowledge and research of the present Vestry Clerk, Mr. J. E. Smith, has access been possible to many valuable documents, ignored for centuries through official ignorance, which throw no uncertain or superficial light on the social, domestic, and political economy of England.



The Town Hall of Westminster is a modern building, opened

July 19, 1883, by the Duke of Buccleugh, the present High Steward of Westminster; it was built on the site of the Almshouses of the once quaint "Palmer's Village," a locality swept away, within the memory of those living, to meet the modern requirements of the district. The name, however, still lingers in Palmer Street, a passage between the Windsor Hotel and Peabody Square Buildings, which constitutes the short cut from the Town Hall in Caxton Street into Victoria Street. In the Town Hall are now preserved Charters, Letters Patent, and other records of antiquity and interest belonging to Old Westminster. Many of the Charters preserve unbroken the fine impressions of the seals of the grantors, and compare most favourably even with the specimens of the same period preserved in the British Museum. These Charters, which have thus by accident marvellously escaped the ravages of time, are now carefully encased in glass and framed, so that they can be easily examined and studied without injury to the parchment or seal. In each frame is inserted a printed interpretation of the curiously abbreviated *lingua franca*, once the official legal language of England, traces of which survive in many Parliamentary phrases still in use, and in the "Oyez" of a country-town bellman. The seals have been carefully identified by the writer, and the description of each is hereafter given.

The interests of Westminster have been strangely interwoven with those of the reigning Royal House, as the records extant of our Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian sovereigns prove; corroborated in many instances by the documents locally preserved, now under consideration.



To notice these in chronological sequence, first are the Letters Patent of King Henry III., dated November 4, 1256, by which the Abbot of Westminster was granted power to hold a weekly market in "Touthull," and an annual fair of three days on the "Vigil, the Day, and the Morrow of the Feast of St. Mary Magdalene," *i.e.* July 21, 22, and 23. The initial letter H of Henricus is missing, a space having been left for the elaborate flourish usual at the commencement of such documents. The seal shows—. The king enthroned, in a closely fitting tunic, embroidered edges, loose overdress, short sleeves, open throat, flowing skirts gathered up by a belt, the end of which hangs down in front. In the right hand a long sword, held nearly erect; in the left hand an orb ensigned with a cross on a staff of considerable length adorned with foliated ornaments. Throne elaborately carved, with two leopards' heads in circular countersunk niches, foliage, and two wyverns' heads beneath a cushion,



represented by lozenge work, having in each interstice a small quatrefoil, and footboard, the feet rest on two small lions, the dexter dormant, the sinister couchant guardant. Legend: "Henricus Dei Gratia Rex Anglie Dominus Hybernie."  King on a horse to the right, hauberk of chain mail, surcoat, helmet surmounted by an open crown of three points, rowel spur. Broadsword in right hand; in left hand, suspended by an embroidered strap, a shield of the arms of England. Horse-trappings, head-gear, breastband, saddle, and crossed girths. Legend: "Henricus Dux Normannie et Aquitanie Comes Andegavie." Seal is $3\frac{7}{8}$ inch and is applied by a green and red bobbin.

King Edward I. granted on May 2, 1298, to Westminster one fair of thirty-two days in lieu of two fairs of sixteen days each granted by Henry III. The seal on this Charter is bronze green in colour, and is applied by green and red silk cord—. King enthroned in majesty, open crown of three points fleury, sceptre ensigned with dove and branch, and orb surmounted with a long cross. Throne of elaborate tabernacle work, with back rising, sides and front adorned with arcading, footboard or corbel, ornamented with foliage and rings or annulets, under foot two small lions couchant guardant, and at each side of throne a lion leaping toward the king. Legend: "Edwardus Dei Gratia Rex Anglie Dominus Hybernie Dux Aquitanie."  King on a horse to right in hauberk of chain mail, with crown, surcoat, and spur, broadsword elevated, and shield of the Arms of England. The bardings of neck and flank of horse charged with the same arms reversed. Legend as on other side, with substitution of contraction DÑS.

The peculiar favour in which Westminster was held by King Henry III. and King Edward I. may in some measure be attributed to the influence of Queen Eleanor of Provence with both husband and son. To the mutual hatred of this Queen and the Citizens of London can be traced the extraordinary privileges granted to Westminster by these monarchs—privileges which had to be cancelled in after years by heavy monetary payments by the City of London, as they proved so detrimental to the commercial interests of that city. Thus did the Queen Eleanor repay the Citizens of London for pelting her with mud when shooting London Bridge in her state barge on her journey from the Tower to Windsor in 1263. Henry IV. also granted a Charter allowing a fair to be held in "Touthull."

Henry VI., on February 3, 1446, granted under his great seal a Charter giving to the commonalty of Westminster permission to

utilise the waste water from the conduit in the King's Palace of Westminster, and to carry it to a convenient place. Seal dark green wax, with finely plaited cord of purple and white, attached to Charter, shows—. Gothic compartment between two side niches in centre under a carved canopy, in which are the Virgin and Child, the King crowned, holding a sceptre and orb, feet on carved pedestal between two lions sejant. In each of the large canopied niches at the side a branching tree, over which is slung the strap of a shield of arms: quartered France semé, and England. Outside these are two small niches, in each of which is a man in armour, three-quarter length. Legend: "Henricus Dei Gratia Rex Anglie DÑS Hibernie et Acquitannie." . King in coat of mail and heraldic surcoat, with chained broad-sword held aloft, crest on helmet, and cap, a lion statant guardant crowned, in his left hand a shield of arms as above. Horse galloping to the right with heraldic housings and plume, with caved and cusped Gothic engrailed border of twenty-four cusps. In cusped space by the hilt of sword ought to be a small oak leaf, but the wax is partially mutilated just at this portion; however, a small quatrefoil in a space between two of the cusps in the lower part of the field near the hanging corner of the caparisons is clearly discernible. Legend same as other side. In reference to this Charter, probably the oldest known referring to the water supply of the metropolis, the Churchwardens' Books of St. Margaret's Parish for 1524 contain the information that "the King's Charter for the Condett at Pales-gate remayneth in the custody of the Churchwarden." Three centuries of oblivion followed, but the Charter was re-discovered in 1883.

Among the Charters in the Town Hall is the indenture of a lease, dated June 18, 1535, between Abbot William (Boston) and one of the Abbey tenants, regarding a tenement in the Little Sanctuary. This is chiefly of interest owing to the fine impression of the Abbey seal, $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches. This seal was the second seal used by the "Mitred Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter, Westminster." It was first used early in the thirteenth century. . St. Peter seated on a carved throne, his feet resting on a supine human figure, with its head to the left, with engrailed nimbus mitre and pall, vestments partly embroidered, and interlaced ring work, in right hand a crozier, in left hand two keys. Legend: "Dimid . . . Ecclesie Sancti Petri Westmonasteri." . King Edward the Confessor seated on a carved throne, his feet resting on a supine human figure with its head to the right, wearing embroidered robes, in right hand a sceptre fleury; in left hand ought to be a small model of the Monastic Church, but

the wax is here mutilated, and in the field on left a large rose between three pierced roses and small flowers, and on right an ornament of foliage with rays between three pierced roses and other flowers. Legend: "Dimidia Pars Sigill Ecclesie Sancti Petri Westminsterii." The faces are so distinct and finely chiselled that the seal has the appearance of a cameo.

The Letters Patent, under the Privy Seal of King William III., dated July 21, 1698, in the tenth year of his reign, granted absolutely to the Churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the relief of the Poor of the Parish, on August 11, 1698, the Old Westminster Clock Tower and the bell Great Tom thereof. The tower was in such a decayed and ruinous condition that the estimated value of the gift by "our trusty and well-beloved Sir Christopher Wren, Surveyor General to the King's Works," was calculated at £225. Strange to add, the Parish Account Books show that the aforesaid materials sold for nearly three times Sir C. Wren's estimate, as £600 was realised for them. This bell Great Tom has a strange history. Before the Reformation it was called Edward, and bore on it the legend (according to Walcott):

Tercius aptavit me Rex, Edwardque vocavit,
Sancti decore Edwardi signeretur ut hore.

Gough conjectures it was afterwards called "Tom" from a corruption of "grand ton," signifying its deep sonorous tone. The weight was 82 cwt. 2 qrs. 21 lbs. It was recast in 1716 by Whitman, and on it was then inscribed: "Brought from the Ruins of Westminster." The bell was bought for the new Cathedral of St. Paul's, and was taken there on a trolley. A stone existed for many years in St. Margaret's Churchyard which related that a woman rode inside the bell, but while passing through Temple Bar the bell rolled off the trolley, and the woman was killed. The ruinous condition of the old Clock Tower may be accounted for by the fury of the Round-heads in 1649-50 being directed against the Westminster monuments, at the same time that they demolished Charing Cross, denouncing them as Popish symbols.

In 1727 George II. granted Letters Patent sanctioning a hay market to be held in the Broadway. This market was held for many years, but the institution was killed in process of time. At the beginning of the deed a curious and elaborate pen-and-ink portrait of the king is noticeable inside the initial G. The seal is of uncoloured wax, darkened by exposure to dust, about six inches in diameter, and attached with finely plaited red and white silk cord.

9. King enthroned between mythological personages, in right hand a sceptre, in left hand an orb, small crown on king's periwig, feet resting on tasselled cushion on footboard. At his right hand stand : 1. a figure of Hercules with club over right shoulder, at feet a lion couchant with crown royal ; 2. Plenty, with a cornucopia ; 3. Minerva with spear and oval shield, behind a figure of Innocence with a lamb in her arms. At his left hand stands Great Britain personified as a female figure in classic dress holding sceptre and oval shield of arms of England and Scotland. Impaled under king's seat a figure of Envy overthrown and chained. Behind, a crown and two sceptres in saltire on a carved entablature, and in background a colonnade with Corinthian columns supporting an oval shield of arms as used by George I., enriched with Garter inscribed with motto and ensigned with royal crown between a palm branch and a cornucopia. Legend : "Georgius II. Dei Gratia Magnæ Britanniae, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Rex, Fidei Defensor." 11. King in classical armour, with chlamys and sword, on a horse prancing to the right. Horse-trappings a loose and short cloth buckled in front, reins, &c. Foreground, some flowering plants ; background, a distant view of the City of London, with river, bridge, &c. Legend : "Brunswigen. et Lunebergen. Dux, Sacri Romani Imperii Archithesaurarius et Princeps Elect. &c." The legend on each side is within a floriated border. The impression of this seal compares unfavourably in regard to clearness and sharpness of outline with those of the earlier kings, and yet the Westminster impression is decidedly equal to that of George II. exhibited in the British Museum.

The most modern Charter shown in the Town Hall of Westminster proves in what high estimation the Parish of the House of Commons was held by American Citizens even so far back as the last century. By this Charter, dated May 10, 1733, the Corporation of Georgia nominate the Churchwardens of the Parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, as treasurers of a fund then being collected in the metropolis for colonising that State. It is written on paper affixed to red silk. A drawing at the top of the document shows most quaintly the process of clearing a plantation, and laying it out with mulberry trees for the use of silk-worms for the produce of silk. The seal of this Charter is of common clay, on one side a confused group of figures, on the reverse a silk-worm on a mulberry-leaf.

A.D. 1601, in the 43rd year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, under seals of office of Garter Principal King of Arms, and Clarendieux King of Arms, the City of Westminster was granted the following : Azure, a Portcullis or, on a chief of the first. A cross

patoncée between five martlets, four in the cantons of the cross and one in base or, between two roses, seeded or barbed vert. The portcullis, it may here be mentioned, was a favourite device of Henry VII., as it signified a descent from the House of Lancaster, John of Gaunt's children having assumed it. Hence we see this and the double or Tudor rose carved profusely over the Chapel which bears this king's name at Westminster. As for the origin of the Rose of York and Rose of Lancaster, is it not graphically described by Shakespeare?

The Fairs of Westminster have always had peculiar interest for the historian, mainly, no doubt, as stated above, on account of the rivalry between Westminster and London. Says Mathew of Westminster : "In 1248, my Lorde the King did hasten to the Feast of Saint Edward, that is the translation of the same Saint 15 days after the Feast of St. Michael. He did command that proclamation should be made by voice of herald through all the City of London, and in other parts that he gave command to celebrate a new fair to last for 15 days at the Monastery. All other fairs and all merchandise wont to be held and exercised at London indoor or out of door under pain of loss and confiscation he straitly forbade, so that the Fair of Westminster might be more fully furnished with company and wares." St. Edward's Fair was held in St. Margaret's Churchyard till the thirty-fourth year of the reign of Henry III., in 1250, when it was transferred to Tothill Fields. In 1303 the Abbot of Westminster levied tolls on all who sold during the time the fair was held, even within the Palace precincts. In 1353, in the 27th year of the reign of Edward III., on the "Morrow after St. Matthias Day," this king made Westminster one of the towns where the "staple" or market then removed from Bruges might be held for wool, leather, woolfels (*i.e.* fleece or skin), lead, &c. The Seal of the Statute Staple of Westminster is of interest. In curved and traced Gothic rose of six points, two at sides are semicircular, others pointed oval, enriched with quatrefoils in spandrils, a lion's face enrayed between two fleur de lis, and four small pierced sixfoils. Legend : "Maiorat Stapuli, Westm : P : Statut : Mercator." Kings Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., Henry VII., and Henry VIII., all used the same Staple Seal as above ; the colour of the wax varies, and the counter-seals are different. "In 1557," Machyn tells us, "on the xxix day of June, Sent Peter's Day, was a small fare kept in Sant Margetts Church-yerde, as wolle and odor smalle thynges, as tornars and odor ; and the same day was a godly processyon, the wyche my lord Abbott whent with ye myter and ye crosse, and a grett number

of copes of cloth of gold and the verger and many worshipfull gentyllmen and women at Westmynster went in processyon."

A curious statute of Charles II., 1667-68, may here be mentioned, for it required all persons to be buried in sheep's wool, under a penalty of £5. The Churchwardens' Account Books contain many entries of payment of these fines. The strong feeling of the period respecting this stringent regulation was graphically described by Pope in his "Moral Essays." Noticing the directions given in her will by the actress Nance Oldfield in regard to her shroud, he wrote :

Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke ;
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.)
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face,
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.

The object of the Act was "the encouragement of the woollen manufactures of the kingdom and prevention of the exportation of the moneys thereof for the buying and importing of linen." When free-trade opinions began to prevail the Act was repealed in 1814, in the fifty-fourth year of the reign of George III.

The muniment room of the Westminster Town Hall contains much valuable information ; the Churchwardens' Account Books for over *four hundred and thirty-three* years throw most valuable side-lights on contemporaneous history, customs, and manners.

The first dates from the reign of Henry VI., 1460 ; it is written in Latin, but from exposure or other causes is well-nigh illegible. That of 1463, the second year of Edward IV., is in good preservation, and is easily deciphered. After 1476 these books are kept in English. The earlier books are written on paper, but after 1572 they were written on parchment for over a hundred years. All these books were carefully rebound in 1730-35, by the care of the then churchwardens. In each of these old books the churchwardens of the parish are described as the "keepers of the goods, jewels, and ornaments of the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster." Notes of payment for bells, knells, tapers, and shrouds abound in these pages, but the names of the historical personages associated therewith render these details of no common interest.

The office of Overseer was first created in 1535, in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Henry VIII., although an erroneous impression exists that the office was first made by the oldest of the Rating Acts passed in 1601, in the forty-third year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The obligations of an overseer vary according

to local Acts of Parliament ; the number of General Acts affecting them is over eighty. The chief duty of an Overseer is to make the quinquennial valuation lists, as this assessment is the basis on which Imperial taxes, local rates, and, in the metropolis, water rates, are calculated. Overseers have not only to do with poor-law affairs, but heavy duties devolve on them under Highway, Education, Public Health, Vaccination, Free Library, and Public Bath and Washhouse Acts.

The Overseers' Books for St. Margaret's Parish, Westminster, date from 1560. Writers on the subject generally assert that the compulsory payment of rates began in the seventeenth century, but these books conclusively prove that such payments began in Westminster in 1562 ; for some years, however, the ordinary receipts of weekly contributions were not termed rates.

The Overseers' Books are certainly of more general interest than those of the Churchwardens, for in their carefully kept columns can be traced the germ out of which the present system for the Relief of the Poor has been evolved by the process of time and the course of events. From the sparse extracts to which space limits me, some useful facts may be gleaned :

(i.) That relief to the poor was given weekly.

(ii.) That boarding-out is no modern feature of the Poor-law system, but a return to the customs of our forefathers.

(iii.) That relief in kind was chiefly given.

(iv.) That the removal and charge to the Parish of lunatics is an ancient custom.

(v.) That the application of the law of settlement and removal was in the olden days attended with far more real and physical hardships and difficulties than at present.

The heading of each page of the Overseers' Book for 1561 is : "Jesus be our Creede." The flyleaf has the following inscription :

Here followeth the accompts of John Wheler, William Statcher, and Roger Bosleye, collectors for the use of the poure within the Parish of St. Margaret of West^m, begynninge at the Feast of the birth of our Saviour Jesus Christe 1561, and endinge at the Feast of the Annunciation of our Ladie St. Marie for one quarter of a yere anno 1562.

Then follows the list of payments. In the better parts of the Parish, where payment was not obliged to be enforced, the collectors were content to take sums which they entered under the head of "Benevolences." The following examples of these entries may be of interest :

The Comptroller of the Quenes house	vis
Recevid of the Speaker of the Pliament house	xxs
Recevid of the Benevolence of the Knights and Burgesses of the Neather House of Pliament at the endinge of the same	xls
Of the Lords and Nobles of the higher house of Pliament as of there honorable benevolence	xiijs—iiij ^d
Item of the Lord Chief Justice of England the first daye of December 1572	xiijs—iiij ^d
Item recevid the xxiii ^d day of Ffebruarie 1572 of the right honorable the Erle of Derbye	xxs
Item of the Earle of Hertford the xv of Ffebruarie	xxs
Queen's Maundy	lxs
Lord Dacre of the South	xxs
Dean of Westminster for shroude of a Poor woman who died at Park Corner	xii ^d

About the middle of the Overseers' Book for 1561 the entry occurs :

Hereafter ensueth the payments made to the Poure weekly during one quarter of a yere, begynninge at Christmas and ending at the Feast of the Annunciation of O. Ladie 1562.

In 1566 in the aforesaid book we read :

Item Paid to Agnes Reynold for nursing a fatherless child xxvi weekes at xiiij ^d the weke	xxxis
Item Paid to a poore woman who found the aforenamed childe	iiij ^d
Paid to Alice Mayne for nursing of a pore orphan for xiiij weekes at xii ^d the weke	xiijs

Relief appears frequently to have been given in kind. In 1572 :

Ffirst recyved from the right honorable the Lord Burleighe L. Treasurer of England the x th day of Januarie 1572 for the releife of the poore of St. Margarett of Westm ^r vj score peces of heiffer by estimacion a stone a pece vj castes of breade & xliijs iiij ^d in money the which was gyven the same daye to fyve score of the poore aforesaid by us the Collectors & Master Baylise	vijll iijs iiij ^d
Item gyven to Mr. Chaunter to bestowe uppon the prissoners of the Gate House and Convicte house of West ^m xlvijj messes of the almes of the Colledge valued at iiij the messe	xvis
Item given to Father Maddockes for kepinge and makinge cleane the trene disshes wherein the almes was served xxiiij messes of meat valued at iiij ^d the messe	viijs
Item gyven to Robert Chapman by the said Chaunter for settinge the people in order at the almes and callinge of them, xxiiij messes of meat valued at iiij ^d the messe	viijs

These entries are not consecutive, but are taken promiscuously, as likely to be of general interest, and also as substantiating to some extent the statements adduced.

The accounts were duly audited by the "Minister of the Parish

de Sancto Margareta Humffre Ffletcher," members of the Vestry present (some of whom, being unable to write, make their mark x), the Overseers, *who sign as such*, and two magistrates, Dean Goodman, and W. Fletewode. These two magistrates sign the Parish Accounts regularly for over a space of thirty years, and were remarkable personages of the epoch. Dean Goodman was born in 1528, at Ruthin, Denbighshire, Wales, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. After taking his M.A. degree he became an inmate of the household of Sir W. Cecil—it is supposed he was tutor to his son. He was made Dean of Westminster in 1561, when he became a D.D. As a member of the High Commission Court he favoured the establishment of the Reformation, but his zeal rendered him unpopular; hence he was never raised to the Episcopal bench. He was very charitable, and enriched his native place of Ruthin by many benevolent bequests. He died in 1601, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. William Fleetwood became Recorder of London in 1569, Serjeant-at-Law in 1582, Queen's Serjeant in 1592, and died 1593-94. He wrote Annals of the reigns of Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.; also a posthumous law book on "The Office of a Justice of the Peace."

In 1574, among the list of streets given in the Overseers' Books, occurs the name of "Petty France," now York Street. This fact refutes the oft-advanced hypothesis that this locality gained its name from the French Refugees, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Reverting to entries in these books, we note that in 1575 £40 was spent to "provide flax and to lay up billets and faggots in the summertime against the winter season, that the same wode then be sold at an easy price." About £42 also was at the same time similarly expended, being part of a legacy from a Mr. Patterson. At the same time £20 was given to be used for the same purpose by Cornelius Vandon, that munificent benefactor to Westminster charities, whose memory ought to be blessed by the citizens of Westminster for one at least of his bequests, for to this day the sick poor of Westminster are indebted to the stalwart Yeoman of the Guard of the Tudor sovereigns for the attendance of trained nurses in their own homes.

In 1570 the name of Lord Cromwell as a resident in Tothill Street occurs as a contributor to the "Benevolences." Another contributor, also a resident in Tothill Street in 1643, was Thomas Viscount Fauconbridge, who, although a member of a Royalist family, married in 1657 a daughter of Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Realm.

In 1579 Maurice Pickering (the donor of the celebrated Armada

Cup to the burgesses of Westminster) was resident in the "Almery," and served the office of "Collector." In 1589 he signed the Accounts Book and Inventory as Churchwarden.

In 1571 a curious entry may be observed :

Item for paper to macke up our bouckes for thys hole yere xvi^d

In 1578 some typical entries relating to manners of the epoch occur:

Item given at the Interement of the Right Noble Lady the
Counties of Lynnes in money among the poore in Westm. xv^l

Item given to dyvers and sundrye poore people of the prshe
aforesaid the money offered by Mourners at the Buriall of
the Lady Lynnes vii^s viij^d

The status of different persons buried may thus be inferred from the amount of charity distributed to the poor at their funerals.

In 1581 vij^s iiij^d was paid "to the Keeper of the Hospitall of Bethlehem by composition for the takinge into His governmente Rice Evans of Westm^r being distraste out of his memorie and witts."

During the period when the great plague devastated the metropolis, page after page of entries of money given to "Poure sickke of the Plague" occur. The Justice of the Peace who then signed the Rate Books for many subsequent years was Emery Hill, one of the greatest benefactors perhaps to the Parish Charities that Westminster can boast, even among the long roll-call of the charitable dead enshrined in the annals of the ancient city. Emery Hill not only left almshouses well endowed for the poor of the parish who have been "honest housekeepers," but he was a generous benefactor to the educational foundations, for the United Westminster Schools receive five-twelfths of the large income left by this pious citizen. He died in 1677, and was buried in St. Margaret's Church, where a marble tablet tells of his "boundless charity and many virtues." His memory is about to be honoured and perpetuated locally, for the new street designed to relieve the traffic of Victoria Street, now in course of construction between Francis Street and Rochester Row, is to be named after him.

Much abuse is levelled at our casual wards in this nineteenth century ; surely the accommodation now afforded is superior to what was given in 1667, for an entry shows that then money was paid by the parish authorities to a man "for straw to lodge a poore man in his *hog-stye*."

That freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is always won.

This glorious aphorism is certainly set forth distinctly in the prosaic business columns of the Overseers' Account Books of St

Margaret's Parish, Westminster. In them we see no fictitious appeals to our sympathy, but a plain statement in pounds, shillings, and pence, setting forth, often, such terrible details of "man's inhumanity to man" that they are unfit for publication in the pages of this magazine; suffice it to mention that "4*d.* paid to Beadle for running a woman out of the Parish Bounds," to prevent a child being born in the streets and thereby chargeable to the rates, is no unusual item.

The receipts and expenditure for 1561 were entered quarterly, and amount respectively to £33 and £29 for the year. In 1590 the receipts were £162. 16*s.* 7½*d.*, the expenses £147. 15*s.* 2½*d.* A gradual increase is noticeable yearly; the rates in the same area for 1886-87 were (omitting the Metropolitan Board of Works and School Board) £110,000.

In previous papers on "Old Westminster" which have been published in this magazine¹ notice has been taken of the churches, the public buildings, the historical and antiquarian associations, the ancient charters and other documents, without which the description of the old historic town would be incomplete; but no mention has yet been made of the curious and valuable collection of silver possessed by the ancient city.

The Burgesses of Westminster own a silver-gilt standing Cup presented to them in the Armada year by the then Churchwarden of St. Margaret's Parish, Maurice Pickering; on it is inscribed:

The giver to his brother wisheth peace,
With peace he wisheth brother's love on earth,
Which love to seal I as a pledge am given,
A standing bowle to be used in mirth.

The gift of Morris Pickering and Joan his wife, 1588.

The cup is still used at their banquets with the quaint toast: "The City and Liberties of Westminster and the Trade thereof, not forgetting Maurice Pickering and Joan his wife." In 1585 he also presented to the Burgesses the Mace belonging to the old House of Commons. The description given by Hume of the scene when General Cromwell with his 300 soldiers dissolved Parliament in 1653 is as follows: "Stamping with his foot, which was a signal for the soldiers to enter, 'For shame,' said he to the Parliament, 'get you gone; give place to honester men, to those who will more faithfully discharge their trust. You are no longer a Parliament.' . . . He commanded a soldier to seize the mace. 'What shall we do with this bauble? Here, take it away.'" The present Speaker of the House of Commons has, however, stated that he believes Cromwell's "bauble"

¹ See *Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1893 and for April 1894.

is at the present time in Jamaica, so the Mace at present used is probably of more recent date. It may be of interest here to note that, according to local tradition, in the small "oratory" in the old cloisters adjoining Westminster Hall Cromwell signed the death warrant of King Charles I. This may be true, as the chamber is situated in that small portion of the old Palace of Westminster which was spared by the fire of 1834.

The "Vestry of the United Parishes of St. Margaret and St. John" is the municipal authority which now holds the local government of what was once the City of Westminster, and, as such, possesses a unique collection of silver, unequalled, I am given to understand, from an antiquarian point of view, by that possessed by any similar body. The Overseers of St. Margaret's Parish are the custodians of the Loving Cup presented to the parish in 1764 by the then churchwarden, Mr. Pierson, to commemorate the satisfactory termination of the three-and-a-half years' litigation entailed by the erection of the historic East Window of the church.¹ This cup, with cover and stand, is of silver-gilt, hall-mark 1710, weight 93 ozs. 15 dwts. An engraving on the side of the cup, two inches in diameter, represents St. Margaret trampling on a winged dragon, holding in her hand a palm leaf, the emblem of a martyr; it has the following inscription: "St. Margaret was born at Antioch in Pisidia, & suffered martyrdom for the Christian Faith A.D. 278, in the reign of Aurelianus, Emperor of the Romans."

The Tobacco Box belonging to the Past Overseers' Society of St. Margaret's Parish was originally purchased in 1713 at Horn Fair for 4*d.* by Mr. Henry Monck, and presented by him to the members of the society for use at their meetings. The society, out of respect to the donor, had it ornamented with a silver rim, on which his name was engraved. Yearly, for over a century and a half, each succeeding overseer has enriched the box and its cover with some addition in silver commemorating local and national events of importance, till the box has become "a memorial of some of the most remarkable occurrences relating to the history of Great Britain accurately illustrated and chronologically arranged." Besides the names of the donors being given, it is also a complete record of the society to which it belongs. The original horn box was $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch outside by $\frac{3}{4}$ inch inside depth; it weighs $10\frac{1}{2}$ ounces; it has now seven cases; the seventh case is 60 inches round the body, 79 inches round the base, 34 inches in height, and weighs 49 lbs.; the total weight of the box and cases now exceeds 102 lbs.

¹ See "The Parish Church of the House of Commons," *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1893.

On February 20, 1860, the box with its then cases was taken to Buckingham Palace. The Queen and the Prince Consort expressed themselves as "very much interested in this very curious and interesting box." This episode is noted on the silver plate added for the year 1859-60. On January 18, 1877, the Overseers exhibited the box to the Society of Antiquaries at Somerset House: the printed "Proceedings," second series, vol. vii. pp. 105-107, tell us: "The humble horn tobacco box has now become of great value and bulk. It was ornamented within and without to repletion, and there was no longer room for any additions. But each senior overseer (with one or two exceptions) showed a desire to emulate the example of his predecessors, and so it became necessary to manufacture a new outer case for it. This was then ornamented, and when there was no longer room for additions a new case was added, which was in turn ornamented, until at the present day the original trumpery horn tobacco box reposes in six massive and embellished cases; each case fitting one in the other, so that the whole is of greater bulk and worth than any other tobacco box in the kingdom—probably in the world."

The present seventh outer case and pedestal is octagonal in shape, and is made of an oak beam taken from Westminster Abbey. The design was contested for by the students of the School of Art at the Architectural Museum, close to Church House. In 1882 the box and its cases were shown at the exhibition held by the Horners' Company at the Mansion House.

In 1793 an Overseer refused to make the customary redelivery of the box and its cases, alleging as a reason for so acting the refusal of the Vestry to pass his accounts and pay him the balance he said was due to him. As he then threatened to destroy the box the Overseers' Society filed a bill in Chancery, and obtained an order of Court that the box should be deposited, pending the decision, in the office of Master Leeds. Ultimately Lord Chancellor Loughborough decreed that "the box and cases should be returned to the plaintiffs. Costs, £300, allowed." The detention and restitution were commemorated on a silver plate which was then added to the box. The total costs were £376, and the surplus was subscribed by the Overseers' Society.

Yearly an impressive ceremony attends the transmission of the box and cases from one Overseer to another. At a dinner presided over by the Senior Churchwarden of St. Margaret's Parish, after the usual toasts a demand is made for the restoration of the Box. It is then examined and reported on as to whether it is in as good condition as when delivered, whether any fresh ornaments have been

added, and whether the original box contains the proper quantity of tobacco. If the report be satisfactory the box is then placed in front of the Chairman, who proposes the toast, "The late Overseers of the Poor, with thanks to them for their care of the box and for the additional ornament." It is then delivered over to the succeeding senior Overseer with the following CHARGE : "This Box and the several Cases are the property of the Past Overseers' Society and are delivered into your custody and care *upon condition* that they are produced at all parochial entertainments which you shall be invited to, and shall contain 3 pipes of tobacco at the least under a penalty of six bottles of claret ; and *also upon further condition* that you shall restore the box with the several cases belonging to it to the Society in as good a state as the same now are, with some additional ornament, at the next meeting thereof, after you shall go out of office, or sooner if demanded, under the penalty of two hundred guineas."

It is impossible with pen and ink to give an adequate idea of this quaint relic. Some of the representations on the box and its cases are works of art. Some are embossed, some engraved, some chased. In 1720 the silver rim to commemorate the circumstances of the original gift of the box was added to it. In 1746 Hogarth engraved on a silver plate, fastened inside the lid, a bust of the Duke of Cumberland, with an inscription to commemorate the Battle of Culloden. In 1765 the arms of the City of Westminster were elaborately engraved on a silver plate outside the lid. A complete list of the ornaments of this box and its cases would take up considerable space, and would be, in fact, to enumerate the principal events of the history of Great Britain from the middle of the eighteenth century until now. A few of the more striking engravings may be mentioned. In 1773 appears a curious representation of the fireworks in St. James's Park after the peace of Aix la Chapelle. In 1778 the plate added was descriptive of the engagement of the English and French fleets off Ushant, and subsequent court-martial and acquittal of Admiral Keppel. In 1767 John Wilkes, the then Churchwarden of St. Margaret's, had his ugliness immortalised by Hogarth, who engraved on the silver plate the great democrat of the eighteenth century, surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves and acorns ! The first plate added to the first case in 1783 represents the Overseers giving Relief to the Poor of the Parish, and affords a most striking impression of the then class distinctions of dress, and of the customs of the period. It conclusively shows that the Overseers of the eighteenth century, as well as those of an early period, had, unpaid, to

administer Relief to the Poor, a duty which, during the present century, under the modern development of the Poor Law, devolves on the paid officials termed relieving officers. In 1791 a fine impression in silver is given of the new reredos of St. Margaret's Church, described in the October 1893 number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In 1789-90 the tower and west front of St. Margaret's Church, and an engraving of St. John the Evangelist, were the subjects of the plate. In 1788-89 a gold medallion of King George III. commemorated the king's restoration to health, and a General Illumination, March 10, 1789. The battle of the Nile, the conquest of Egypt, each were honoured by a silver plate. Other plates treat, among other subjects of less general interest, of the proclamation of peace at Charing Cross in 1802 (this gives a wonderful picture of the locality as it then was ; even the lion on old Northumberland House recalls an ancient landmark, now no more) ; of the battle of Trafalgar ; portraits of Admiral Nelson, of Pitt, and of Fox ; of the deaths of George III. and the Duke of Kent ; of the bombardment of Algiers ; of the battle of Waterloo ; portraits of King George IV. as Prince Regent ; of his daughter, Princess Charlotte ; of his mother, Queen Charlotte ; also, in commemoration of George IV.'s visit to Scotland, a most comical representation of the king as a very fat man in a very short kilt. Plates also are given showing the interior of the House of Lords during the trial of Queen Caroline ; an embossed portrait of the great Duke of Wellington ; a likeness of the Earl of Liverpool. The engraving commemorating the passing of the Bill for the "Removal of Disabilities from His Majesty's Catholic Subjects" is headed :

Persecution may make them Hypocrites,
But will not make them Christians.

One plate notices the Accession and Coronation of William IV., and a portrait of the king is given ; another celebrates the passing of the Reform Bill. The Accession, Coronation, and Marriage of Queen Victoria are noticed ; her portrait and that of the Prince Consort, the birth of all her children, their marriages, the deaths of the Prince Consort, the Duchess of Kent, and Princess Alice, all form subjects of the yearly additions to this wonderful box. The visits of great European Sovereigns to this country, the portraits of great celebrities, the passing of remarkable Bills through Parliament, are all catalogued on these silver plates. In 1887-88 an exquisite silver statuette of the Queen, royally crowned, holding sceptre and orb, was affixed to one of the cases to commemorate her Jubilee. The plates for 1890-91 do not rival in artistic design those of the end of last century,

but a description of them may be of interest, as they are typical of the fulness of the details on the preceding plates. On them notice is taken of the Jubilee of the Penny Postage, July 1890 ; the erection of the new West Porch of St. Margaret's Church ; an engraving of the North Porch of Westminster Abbey completed ; the foundering of H.M.S. *Serpent* with all but three hands, off the coast of Spain, November 10, 1890 ; the eight weeks' frost, rendering river traffic ice-bound, and a carriage with two horses driven on the Serpentine is seen. The plates for 1892-93 show an engraving of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who died January 14, 1892, "giving universal sorrow and sympathy with H.M. the Queen, his bereaved parents, and his affianced bride, Princess May of Teck;" and notice that H.L.M. the German Emperor inspected the Queen's Westminster Volunteers at Buckingham Palace, and that the corps mustered 1,100 strong at 6 A.M. July 10, 1891 ; London and Paris connected by telephone April 1, 1891 ; April 2, 1892, third inspection of Standards of Weights and Measures deposited in the House of Commons in 1853 ; Electric Lighting installation in the main streets of Westminster ; "the Free Education Act came into operation September 1, 1891" ; the population of Great Britain ascertained to be 37,740,285 ; In Memoriam intimations : the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P. for Westminster 1868-85, and then for the Strand Division, October 5, 1891, First Lord of the Treasury, Leader of the House of Commons, &c. ; H.E. Cardinal Manning, R.C. Archbishop of Westminster, January 14, 1892 ; Right Hon. Viscount Hampden, Speaker of the House of Commons 1872-84, March 14, 1892. In 1892-93 an engraving was also given of Emanuel Hospital, founded by Anne, Lady Dacre, 1594 (vacated and the site sold 1894) ; notice of the creation of Prince George Frederick of Wales Duke of York, May 25, 1892 ; of the General Election, Lord Salisbury's Government defeated by a majority of 40 for Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule ; In Memoriam Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "crossed the bar October 6, 1892, and was interred in Westminster Abbey." These particulars will show that the silver plates and engravings on the Westminster Tobacco Box not only render it a guide to local history, but that they give also copious details of the contemporaneous history of Great Britain. The average yearly cost of the additions is computed at £12, although £50 was expended on the silver statuette of the Queen in the Jubilee year.

The Vestry Club of St. Margaret's Parish were dining in 1805 at the "Ship," at Greenwich, when the news was announced of the victory of Trafalgar. To commemorate the event, a subscription was

made and expended on a Silver Cigar Box, which since that time has been placed on the table duly filled at all the meetings of this club. The Box is oblong ; it is 10 inches long, 5 inches wide, and weighs 54 ozs. 5 dwts.; it is capable of holding 100 cigars. Each corner rests on a Sphinx, ropes and nautical emblems are introduced, and the handle is formed of a crocodile ; the ends of the box represent respectively the bow and stern of the *Victory*, Nelson's flagship ; the lid bears the inscription : "Britain's Best Bulwarks are her Wooden Walls." On one side is engraved : "St. Vincent, 14th February, 1797," with the shield and motto, "Tria juncta in uno" of the Order of the Bath, an honour bestowed on Admiral Nelson after this victory ; "Copenhagen, 2nd April, 1801," and a coronet over a shield with the motto, adopted by Lord Nelson, "Palmarum qui meruit ferat." These words, from an "Ode to the Winds" in the "Lusus Poetici" of Dr. Jortin, were, at the instigation of Lord Grenville, applied by Mr. Canning to Nelson in a speech made in the House of Commons after the Battle of the Nile. The whole of the passage quoted was :

Et nobis faciles parcite et hostibus ;
Concurrant paribus cum ratibus rates :
Spectant numina ponti, et
Palmarum qui meruit ferat.

Mrs. T. K. Hervey translated these lines thus :

O Winds ! breathe calmly o'er us and our foes ;
Let ship with equal ship contending close ;
And while the sea-gods watch above the fray,
Let him who merits bear the palm away.

For the victory of the Nile Nelson was created Baron Nelson ; for that of Copenhagen Viscount Nelson. On the other side of the Box is a medallion portrait of Nelson between the words—

Nile, 1st August, 1798.
Trafalgar, 21st October, 1805.

The Box has a plain oak case with a silver plate upon it which records—"The Box was formed from the plank of the starboard gunnel of Lord Nelson's ship *Victory*, which plank was severed by a 36-lb. shot in the memorable battle of Trafalgar." In 1862 a second oak case of superior design and workmanship was added ; a silver plate on it tells : "That this piece of old oak taken from the Parish Church of St. Margaret was presented to the Vestry Club."

The churchwardens of St. John's Parish are responsible for a curious silver Snuff Box, purchased at a local fair and presented by "Thomas Gaffere, Esq., Father of the Vestry of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, to the members thereof, 1801 ;" it, like the older

and more valuable Tobacco Box of St. Margaret's Overseers' Society, has depicted on its rims and silver plates engravings of personages and events that recall many national events as well as local incidents. To describe them at length would in many instances be to recapitulate details already alluded to in connection with the Tobacco Box ; but the plate on the bottom of the fourth outer case of the Snuff Box merits description, as it represents the interior of the room in which William Evans, Esq., Sheriff of London and Middlesex, Churchwarden of St. John's in 1833-34, "was confined when committed to the custody of the Sergeant at Arms, January 1st, 1840, under the warrant of the Speaker of the House of Commons." Through the window a glimpse of old Westminster is visible. The original horn Snuff Box with its silver rims and plates weighs 5 ozs. 5 dwts. It has four outer cases, the two inner ones of solid silver with medallions, the two outer ones covered internally and externally with silver plates ; the whole weighs 56 ozs. 6 dwts.

In this account of the unique collection of engraved silver plates and ornaments, the ancient Charters and other papers, which belong to the United Vestry of St. Margaret and St. John, representing the old City of Westminster, the fringes merely of some vast subjects have necessarily been only cursorily touched upon. The time is fast approaching when the old Vestries of the Metropolis will be merged into the new Parish Councils. We may surely trust that our new representatives, like their prototypes of the olden days, who contributed to the formation of the strange relics alluded to in this paper, will also ever bear in view Lord Nelson's memorable words, "England expects every man to do his duty," despite the discouragement which surely awaits them. Within the last fifty years legislation has done much to lessen the burdensome duties which devolved on unpaid parish representatives, but many are still left, best perhaps described here by a verse of the old ballad called "The Overseer," quoted some few years ago by a writer in "Notes and Queries" :

But if you prefer care and vexation,
And to work without remuneration,
You should aim at parochial station,
And get chosen an overseer.

MARY L. SINCLAIR.

LITTLE AYMERY.

CHARLEMAGNE, King of France and Emperor,
Returns from Spain : his heart is sad and sore.
“O, Roncevalles,” he cries, “Roland ! Roland !”
For tidings reach him on that foreign strand
That brave Roland and half his chivalry
Down in the grasses of the valley lie—
Betrayed and slaughtered !

On the mountain track
The peasant with his dog wends calmly back,
And says, “’tis well” : he laves from crimson stain
His horn and bow, in pools of stagnant rain.

The bones of heroes whiten on the plain.

Fast fall the Emperor’s tears. O piteous sight !—
His day of glory turns to darkest night.
There is no triumph more, for he has lost
The best and bravest of his conquering host ;
And bitterest thought—the centuries will tell
How by the peasant churls his warriors fell.

But on they march till they have gained at last
The highest Pyrenees, from whence the vast
Expanse of land and sea before them lay,
Lit with the radiance of a dying day.
Upon the plain beneath them they behold
A City girt with towers of molten gold :
Like to some Pagan Mosque : the circling walls
Were set at intervals with glittering balls.
The ramparts shewed from every embrasure
That watchful eyes could mark and rest secure
Approach of distant foeman. Threatening
The hideous gargoyles gaped.

Entranced—the king
Stood gazing—then he said : “’Tis guarded well,

And, by my faith, a royal citadel !
 Duke of Bavaria—my sage and friend—
 I see my bitter crosses at an end—
 How do they call this city ? for I swear
 It shall be mine ! ”

Then grim and rueful there,
 The old Duke answered—“ Buy it then, my Liege,
 For 'tis impregnable to storm and siege.
 A thousand Turks besides the garrison
 Defend it. As for us, that we have won
 In wars, 'tis true, but we are spent and worn—
 Flagging and faint, with heavy hardships borne.
 Sire, I speak frankly, one were mad to take
 New toil and peril, for a fancy's sake.”

The Emperor said, smiling : “ All the same
 You have not told me, Duke, the City's name.”

“ One grows a bit forgetful at my age !
 But, Sire, have pity. Dear ones, hearth and home,
 Leisure, repose, and quiet days to come,
 These we desire ! and no more victories.
 We have won battles—conquered provinces,
 And now, we sigh for peace without alloy !
 Always to strive, is never to enjoy.
 The voice of all, my Liege, you will not blame.”
 “ But still, I have not heard the City's name ! ”
 “ Narbonne ”—

“ Narbonne is fair,” the Emperor said.
 Then, as a captain passed with martial tread—
 “ Montidier, the poor Duke is failing fast—
 But you are young and come of warlike race,
 You at new conquests will not stand aghast.
 Take Narbonne ! Parbleu ! if you win the place,
 You shall have fief of all the country round
 From here to Montpellier ! ”

With sigh profound
 Montidier bent his head. “ Alas, my Liege,
 I am no longer fit for arduous siege.
 Wounded and helpless lay me on the shelf,
 What care I now for glory or for pelf ? ”
 The Emperor turned away in cold disdain :
 He signed to Hugo, Count of Contadin,
 And said : “ Narbonne is yours ! ”

“ Believe me, Sire,
The peasant knave is happier whose desire
Is but to till the land—to toil and sleep.
Give Narbonne to another ! ”

Loud and deep
The king’s curse fell on cowards ; then his eye
Lighted on Richard, Duke of Normandy :

“ You of the hardy race and valiant heart,
Will you with recreants such as these take part ? ”

“ Sire, I am noble by the grace of God,
And no adventurer. Nor sou nor sod
I seek but from mine own ! ”

To all his train
The Emperor made appeal—to all in vain.
“ Dastards,” he cried, and rose and drew his sword.
“ Alas ! my noble paladins who fell
Beneath the arrows of yon savage horde—
Betrayed and slain in that accursed dell—
O high hearts ! Giants ! were you here to-day,
What should withstand our sovereign array ?
But from your cruel graves you rise no more ! ”

Then from the ranks a youth stepped suddenly :
“ St. Denis guard the King ! ” his fearless eye
Sought Charlemagne, and he, as Saul of yore,
Beheld a second David ! rosy, fair,
With confident, serene, intrepid air.

“ Who art thou ? and what seek’st thou ? ” said the King.
“ That which none else desire—that men may say—
If God so will—upon a future day :
“ *’Twas he took Narbonne.* ”

Dazed and wondering
He asked : “ And what thy name, youth ? ”
“ Aymery.”
The nobles laughed aloud. “ Ho Aymery,
The little sucking dove ! ”

He passed them by,
And spoke again, with grave simplicity :
“ I am as poor as any mendicant friar ;
Fortune forgot me from my cradle, Sire :
I have nor fief nor birthright, but the whole
Expanse of Heaven can hardly hold my soul.

Victorious I will enter fair Narbonne,
And after—chastise scoffers—rest there one.”

As sun the clouds, smiles chased the Emperor's frown.
“For these brave words of thine,” he cried, “I here
Create thee Chief, Count Palatine, and Peer,
And henceforth, Aymery ! no tongue shall dare
Affront thee. By St. Denis this I swear !”

Upon the morrow Aymery took the town.

C. E. MEETKERKE.

From Victor Hugo.

NAUSIKAA.

CLASSICAL literature has nowhere painted a more perfect picture of the primitive Greek girl than has Hómer in his portrait of Nausikaa. Nowhere, too, has the simplicity and naturalness of budding womanhood been better represented. The modesty, the reticence and open-hearted guilelessness of a pure daughter of Eve are as discernible in her during the mythical period of Greece as they are in any of the best modern specimens of the sex. Much as the purity of the Lacedæmonian virgins was vaunted by the Spartans, there must have been a certain knowledge among them which is conspicuously absent in the highest types of girlhood. There is no reason to suppose that an ignorance of all they ought not to have known was at all inherent in Greek damsels of the early historic days. In later days the influence of the *hetæra* must have reacted with evil effects upon Greek maidenhood, just as some taint of their modern frail sisters infects girls at present who prefer "fast" notions in dress and manners. Yet the great bard does not seem conscious that in Nausikaa he has produced a model of chaste, lovable virginity for all time. She succeeds, in his verse a great contrast in every way, Kalypso, but with subtle art he never points to the difference or brings them together. The thoughtful mind may find it, just as it finds much else that is instructive in the Greek Epic. Nausikaa, too, is helpful and full of thought for others—

So wise in all she ought to know,
So ignorant of all besides.

Homer has produced a type of womanhood in her which may still be discerned among English maidens. Thoughtfulness, modesty, simple truth are apparent in her character. *Arrière pensée* is entirely absent.

Alkinous, Nausikaa's father, is king of the Phæacians, and is only a step removed from myth and legend. He had dwelt of old near the Cyclopes in Hesperia, and by their tyranny had been obliged to migrate from Hesperia, which is either a part of Sicily or an island off Sicily, probably, as Cluverius suggests, Melita. Nausi-

thous, father of Alkinous, had planted the Phæacians in Scheria, "far from men possessed of sense and reason." This is supposed to have been Korkyra, a land which has been rendered immortal by the genius of the great Greek historian. The Phæacians are described by Homer as hardly enduring strangers, and trusting in their swift ships. So they cross over the great deep, and "their ships are swift as a bird's wing or the passage of a thought."¹ The mythical character of Alkinous may be discerned in Homer's description of his palace. It resembles Tennyson's "Palace of Art" or a picture from the "Arabian Nights," and is best characterised by one line of Homer, referring to the palace of Nestor's son—

Such forsooth is the gleam of Olympian Jove's halls within !

Brazen walls and golden doors were enclosed in a frieze of dark blue, while the art of Hephæstus had been lavishly called in. He had fashioned animated creatures of metal. In this the great poet is seen, as in his account of Kalypso's cave, tapping the treasures of Oriental fancy. His words are : "On either side stood dogs of gold and silver which Hephæstus fashioned with cunning wit to guard the palace of great-hearted Alkinous—dogs that were immortal and ever young all their days." More marvels occur a few lines further on : "Golden youths set upon firm bases stood holding lighted torches in their hands, to give light by night throughout the halls to the feasters." The gardens of Alkinous are equally mythical ; their fruit never fails, "but the west wind ever blowing brings on some and ripens others. Pear grows old upon pear, apple upon apple, clustered grapes upon clustered grapes, and fig upon fig." This garden is highly characteristic of its age, with the two founts of water and well-ordered orchard-trees and flower-beds. Just as the ordering of our flower-gardens came to us from the Continent, especially Holland, so the East, with its fertile terraces and well-cultivated patches round deities' temples, to say nothing of the hanging-gardens of Babylon, supplied inspiration to Grecian gardeners. The end of Homer's description seems to point in this direction : "Such were the renowned gifts of the gods in the abode of Alkinous."

Against this background of marvels in nature and art Homer cunningly paints his masterpiece of womanhood, Nausikaa, much as Burne-Jones arranges his tall fair damsels in front of a decorative frieze of foliage or artificial scroll-work. When Nausikaa is first seen she is asleep, after the manner of the Enchanted Princess, in a marvellously-wrought chamber, "like the immortals in stature and

¹ *Odyssey*, vii. 32, 88 seq.

form.”¹ Two handmaids, beautiful as the Graces, watch by the closed doors. Athene appears and bids her prepare for her wedding, now close at hand. The girl awakes with “well-throned dawn,” and betakes herself to her parents. Her mother is found sitting by the hearth with her attendants, winding on the spindles wool of sea-purple dye. The appropriate nature of this colour to the place and the magnificence around it is very noticeable ; and yet people have deemed Homer colour-blind ! She begs of her father a waggon to take her brother’s clothes to be washed ready for the dances. The expression of affection with which she asks this is striking, and the manner in which she suppresses all allusion to her marriage removes us to a very primitive state of society which meets the modesty of the present time. “So she spake, for she blushed to name happy marriage to her father ; but her sire noticed” all this modesty and silently humoured it, granting her request. Accordingly, with her handmaids she drives down to the mouth of the river, well provided by her mother with provisions for a picnic after the work was concluded. The washing of the clothes is duly described, every subject being dignified in a true poet’s hands, and the ensuing leisure of the maidens is charmingly described. “They having bathed and anointed themselves with olive oil by the banks of the river, next proceeded to take their mid-day meal, waiting till the clothes should dry in the sun’s bright beam.”

The next picture of Nausikaa is worthy of the poet. “Then they began to play at ball, casting down on the ground their veils ; and among them white-armed Nausikaa struck up a song, and as Artemis, who rejoices in her arrows, comes down from her mountain, either along the lengthy slopes of Taygetus or Erymanthus, delighting in the wild boars and swift stags, and together with her the Nymphs, daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus who haunt the lawns, proceed to sport, and Leto is glad in heart, while she towers over all of them by a head and brows, and is easily discernible where all are beautiful ; so did the maiden show conspicuously among the band of her attendants.” The rest of the story is well known : how Nausikaa accidentally casts the ball into the sea, and Odysseus, with much searching of the heart, reveals himself to her in his forlorn, naked condition. The reserve and reticence throughout this passage is very striking, and has deservedly won Mr. Gladstone’s admiration. The scene of Odysseus emerging from the sea on the coast of Scheria, he says, “will always be regarded as one of the most careful, and yet most simple and unaffected, examples of true modesty contained in the

¹ *Odyssey*, vi. 15 seq. 66.

whole circle of literature.”¹ All her maidens fled, but Nausikaa boldly stays to confront and succour the hero. He is much struck with her beauty, and tells briefly his recent adventures. Patriotism is one of her virtues, and not often are even the maidens of Greece found expounding it more eloquently. “This is no ordinary man rejoicing in his strength, no, nor could he, who should come with warlike intent to the land of the Phæacians, for they are very dear to the immortals. We live indeed apart in a land much beaten by the waves, the furthest of men, nor does any other mortal mingle with us. But here some wretched wanderer arrives and we must help him on his way, for all strangers and poor men are of Zeus, and a little gift is dear.” Nay, her extremely natural thought is not disguised to her maids. She is so pleased with the hero’s behaviour and appearance that she wishes he could always stay there and be her husband, yet almost in the same breath her hatred of gossip and fear of her fair fame being sullied is very noticeable. So she sends Odysseus to the palace by himself, after giving him food and raiment and precise instructions how to proceed. The glimpses we obtain of Nausikaa’s parents are sufficiently characteristic. Her mother “sits by the hearth in the gleam of the fire winding on her spindle wool.” As for her father, “there the throne of my father is set hard by her near the fire, in which he sits and sips his wine, like an immortal.” What hints and unfoldings, so to speak, of patriarchal and heroic Greece are not here displayed! How intensely natural, like a few verses from the book of Genesis, is not the whole recital!

The narrative proceeds, Odysseus relating his mishaps to Alkinous, and with extreme tact softening before Nausikaa’s father reference to the ball-play on the shore. When her father, too, is inclined to be angry because Odysseus was not at once brought to the palace, he takes the blame upon himself, “for we, the tribes of men, are a jealous people upon the earth.” No wonder that Alkinous also wishes for so “gentlemanly” a man (as he would now be called) as his son-in-law, as he loads him with good deeds and helps him to leave his kingdom! No wonder that the hero and his preserver both open their hearts as he prepares once more to put to sea. And so the beautiful episode ends with a few well-weighed words. As in the case of parting from Kalypso, there is no parade of impassioned feeling, no appearance of what our worn-out age calls sentiment. All here is grave, reticent, true-hearted. “Then Nausikaa, glowing with beauty from the gods, stood by the pillar

¹ Gladstone, *Studies*, ii. p. 466.

which upheld the well-built hall, and wondered as she gazed upon Odysseus, and addressing him spake winged words."

"Farewell, stranger ! see that when thou findest thyself in thy native land thou remember me, for to me first thou owest the price of thy life." Then wise Odysseus, in reply, addressed her : "Nausikaa, daughter of high-souled Alkinous, so now may Zeus, loud-thundering husband of Hera, bring me home, and grant me to see the day of return. To thee then there, as a goddess, would I pray even all my days, for thou hast given me life, O damsel."¹

Nausikaa's admirable forethought when rescuing Odysseus, lest depreciating remarks should be made on her or any occasion be given for gossip, should in nowise be forgotten.² "In this remarkable passage," says Mr. Gladstone, "we have such an exhibition of woman's freedom as scarcely any age has exceeded."³ Every possibility is considered, all precautions taken, and then the maiden intuitively chooses the best course in the embarrassing circumstances in which she finds herself, and forthwith acts upon it. Wordsworth's ideal was seldom realised more completely :

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

Multitudes of painters have represented Nausikaa and the ball-play with her maidens. It would be a subject worthy of Burne-Jones's pencil to depict her interview with the shipwrecked hero. The sea, the shrubs, the unconquered hero, the wise and prudent and beautiful damsel—what more is wanted than the glow of colour and spark of genius to give them, as they have already a poet's, so also a painter's immortality ?

A few words more are appended by Odysseus in the way of adieu to Alkinous, and then the delightful idyll ends characteristically, and, as such a narrative only could end, by raising it into a higher atmosphere and infusing a suggestion of the supernatural : "At home may I find on my return my blameless wife, my companions all safe and sound, and you—may you remain here and cheer your wedded wives and children, and may the gods afford you all manner of good, and no evil be among thy people !"⁴ Then at evening a ship waits for Odysseus, well found and laden with

¹ *Odyssey*, vii. 457-468.

² *Ibid.*, vi. 275 seq.

³ *Studies*, ii. 484.

⁴ *Odyssey*, xiii. 42.

gifts, and he lays him down on the deck. In silence the mariners bend to their oars, a deep sleep falls on him, and at early morn the Phæacians make the island of Ithaka. Silently the hero is lifted out on the beach and the presents of Alkinous placed by him, and, like ghosts in the grey morn, the sailors once more embark and speed home ("even a hawk could not keep pace with them"), and the fairy episode is over; "the man whose counsels are godlike, who before had suffered many woes in his heart, passing through wars of men and grievous waves, then indeed slept a deep sleep, forgetful of what he had endured."¹

It is now possible to estimate the character of Nausikaa. Men have ever delighted to commend her, not merely as one of the finest creations of Homer, but as one of the purest ideals of womanhood ever created. One of the latest encomiums of her says: "No more perfect specimens of womanhood were ever seen than Penelope or Nausikaa."² Outside the great Homeric picture gallery, she may well be compared with Ruth in Holy Writ and Miranda in fiction. There is in her a constancy, purity, and maidenly demeanour resembling Ruth; while her sense of pity, by which she is first endeared to us, reminds us of the opening words of Miranda after the storm:

Oh! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer; a brave vessel
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her
Dashed all to pieces.

Miranda's innocence is conspicuous in Nausikaa:

More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Miranda is represented as about fifteen years old. Probably Nausikaa was conceived of no greater age by her creator. The former's feelings at the first sight of Ferdinand resemble Nausikaa's with regard to the hero:

Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form.
I might call him
A thing divine, of nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Her heart is softened by any distress, and Ferdinand's fervid words suit both characters equally well—the Homeric and the Elizabethan types of womanly feeling:

¹ *Odyssey*, xiii. 89.

² Froude, *Inaugural Lecture*, Oxford, 1892.

For several virtues
Have I liked several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.¹

The influence of Nausikaa on Grecian womanhood can only be matter of speculation, but it could not be that a pure, high-minded Hellenic maiden should not have been fired by the sweet grace and perfect naturalness of the Homeric girl, while listening to the reciter going through her history and her *rencontre* with the shipwrecked Hero. During the revival of learning in the Middle Ages it must have exercised equal fascination on girlhood, and assuredly its lessons are neither neglected nor unnecessary at present. The innocent and perfect maidenhood of Nausikaa forms one of the golden chains which will for ever link the *Odyssey* with the modern world.

M. G. WATKINS.

¹ *The Tempest* ; *passim*.

TABLE TALK.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW POEMS.

THE most assertive of Mr. Swinburne's claims upon the attention of lovers of poetry is, perhaps, his marvellous lyrical gift. No poet of any age or country has shown an equality with him in the management of the lyre. In his hands the instrument is itself an entire orchestra. Scores, hundreds even, of lyrical measures have been essayed or invented by the poet, whose hand neither falters nor strays. In very wantonness, as now it seems, does he venture upon feats unattempted and undreamed of before. He may be said, indeed, in words of Milton slightly paraphrased, to

Lap *us* in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the melting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The *nimble hand* through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony.

From the appearance of "Atalanta in Calydon" it was seen that Mr. Swinburne's lyrical gifts were magical. In his later works, and especially in the latest,¹ he has seemed to some extent to pride himself upon the triumph over difficulties. It is not only the "nice conduct" of a line, the mere shaping and management of which would overtask most practised artists. Mr. Swinburne augments purposely and enormously the difficulties of his self-imposed task by the addition of rhymes, not only at the close, or even in the middle of his verse, but twice, or even thrice, in the course of each line. I will quote an instance of a double intermediate rhyme accompanied

¹ *Astrophel, and other Poems.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto and Windus.)

by a double, if not a triple, cæsura. What I give is the opening stanza of "England : an Ode" :—

Sea and strand, | and a lordlier land | than sea-tides rolling |
 and rising sun
 Clasp and lighten | in climes that brighten | with day when day |
 that was here is done,
 Call aloud | on their children, proud | with trust that future |
 and past are one.

The same metre, difficult to read, even, to those who have not made a study of prosody, is employed again in "Birthday Ode, August 6, 1871."

TRANSMISSION OF LYRICAL GIFTS.

NEXT to imagination, the gift of lyrical fervour or sweetness may be regarded as the highest endowment of the poet. It may be doubted whether of the two possessions sweetness is not the higher. In the dawn of our literature, or in its sunrise at least, a certain ineffable charm of poetic diction was a common attribute of most of our poets. Marlowe had it in perfection; the lyrics in Beaumont and Fletcher are as marvellous and quintessential as those in Shakespeare. Ben Jonson, in his Song to Diana, in the last verse especially —

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal-shining quiver;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright —

all but reaches it; and Webster in an occasional dirge or other poem reaches it absolutely. To the song-writers who were not dramatists the same powers were allotted, and Mr. Bullen, Professor Arber, and Mr. Grosart have practically given us the exquisite music of Thomas Campion, Nicholas Breton, Richard Barnefield, and Barnabe Barnes. This inspiration lingered, and its influence was felt to some extent in the Restoration song-writers. Milton had, of course, lyrical gifts in the very highest degree, and blank verse such as his is only to be hoped from a man able to command every stop of the instrument. After Milton's time came a period of slumber, first dispelled by Blake. The present century has listened, however, to music which has been equalled but never surpassed.

OUR GREATEST LYRISTS.

THE great English masters of the lyre in the present century, excluding, as a Scotchman, Robert Burns, are Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Swinburne. I

cannot quote in justification of this assertion "The Skylark," the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," or the choric ode "Before the beginning of years," and I will not quote poems which, like "Thyrsis" or the songs in the "Princess," are known by heart by every genuine lover of poetry. I will ask leave, however, to give one verse from "Songs before Sunrise," by Mr. Swinburne, as disclosing what may be called the limits of dithyrambic poetry, being unequalled in magnificence of epithet, and conveying a picture of a Bacchic rout which the brush has never rivalled :—

We too have tracked by star-proof trees
 The tempest of the Thyiades
 Scare the loud night on hills that hid
 The blood-feasts of the Bassarid,
 Heard their song's iron cadences
 Fright the wolf hungering from the kid,
 Outroar the lion-throated seas,
 Outchide the north-wind if it chid,
 And hush the torrent-tongued ravines
 With thunders of their tambourines.

To write a single verse such as this requires a soul saturated with the knowledge and spirit of paganism, the highest imaginative gifts, and a lyrical fervour and power that through the countless ages of mankind have been accorded only to a few individuals. With this contrast "La Belle Dame sans Merci" of Keats, of which I can give the last quatrain only :—

And this is why I sojourn here
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

He on whose mind verses such as these do not dwell as things of dream-like and exquisite beauty, or who can compare with them the facile versification of Byron or the sugared sweetness of Moore, may make up his mind that the finest metrical sense is denied him. I am inclined to believe that Keats intended to use "mere" instead of "lake" at the end of the third line, but this expression of faith is likely to be resented as blasphemy. It is useless to go on quoting poems such as these, or the "Lotus Eaters," concerning which Mr. Swinburne himself has gone into raptures. My readers may turn and consult for themselves these and other poems in works which they have, or ought to have. I will only give one more quatrain, this time in French, from a writer whose lyrical accomplishment is different from that of our English poets, but not less than theirs. This is the concluding stanza of the "Chanson de Fortunio," from "Le Chan-

delier " of Alfred de Musset. One verse, of course, conveys little without the context:—

Mais j'aime trop pour que je die
Qui j'ose aimer,
Et je veux mourir pour ma mie
Sans la nommer.

Each of these specimens of lyrical possession is excellent. That of Musset is perhaps the most exquisite in workmanship; Mr. Swinburne's is the most passionately inspired; while that of Keats has an elfin-like and unworldly charm, the influence of which is irresistible.

MR. SWINBURNE'S PRAISE OF PAST MEN.

ANOTHER characteristic of Mr. Swinburne's new book calls for mention. "Astrophel, and other Poems" constitutes a sort of Parnassus or Walhalla of English worthies. No writer of any epoch has bestowed upon his compeers and inferiors praise so magnanimous and so honouring as Mr. Swinburne. Most of the Elizabethan dramatists have been the subject of essays as elaborate as appreciative; and modern writers, English and French, have received tribute such as Mr. Swinburne alone can bestow. In the present volume the homage is in verse, and its immortality is so secured. The book itself derives its title from the praise of Sir Philip Sidney with which it opens, and its motto might, indeed, be taken from the opening poem, since it is the book

Of the praise and thanksgiving
Of Englishmen dead.

Sidney is called the

. . . light of the land that adored thee
And kindled thy soul with her breath,
Whose life, such as fate would afford thee,
Was lovelier than aught but thy death,
By what name, could thy lovers but know it,
Might love of thee hail thee afar,
Philisides, Astrophel, poet
Whose love was thy star?

Grace Darling comes next, and is, with her father, the theme of some noble stanzas:—

Not our mother, not Northumberland, brought ever forth,
Though no southern shores may match the sons that kiss her mouth,
Children worthier all the birthright given of the ardent north
Where the fire of hearts outburns the suns that fire the south.

In "England: an Ode" we have, combined with the repetition of a consoling utterance, praise of four of England's sons:—

All our past acclaims our future: Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in this our chosen and chainless land,
Bear us witness: come the world against her, England yet shall stand.

While dedicated to the general "lords of state and of war" nursed within its walls, "Eton: an Ode" is specially consecrated to

Shelley, lyric lord of England's lordliest singers.

"Inscriptions for the Four Sides of a Pedestal" are intended for the recently erected statue to Marlowe in Canterbury, and are devoted to

Marlowe, a star too sovereign, too superb,

To fade when heaven took fire from Shakespeare's light.

Richard Burton is the subject of special eulogy, more than one entire poem being dedicated to him, and Robert Browning and Philip Bourke Marston are engarlanded. Not confined to Englishmen, even, is Mr. Swinburne's tribute. I have exceeded, however, my limits, and can but add that the new volume is worthy of Mr. Swinburne's glorious reputation, and is the one book of poetry of highest mark for which during the present season the lover of poetry may look.

PRAISE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE affection Mr. Swinburne shows for Northumberland opens out a question whether the loyalty which, so far as regards the national interest, seems old-fashioned and out of date, does not still prevail with respect to counties and narrower districts. Is it not a fact that the heart of a man not seldom warms to the patois, barbarous as it may seem, that he heard in his youth? I have known a London tradesman, of no very sentimental disposition, when spoken to in broad Yorkshire, say that the sounds were music to his ears. Regiments raised from the same district have been the bravest as well as the loyalest, and men have scorned to desert their neighbours in danger or difficulty. When an imposition or a fraud is practised it is not seldom backed up by some appeal to local pride or neighbourly feeling. The sentiment with which I deal is perfectly natural, and, on the whole, more gratifying than local animosities, which have made more mark on literature. Still, county loyalties have exercised a considerable influence upon literature and upon history. I have never been more thrilled by anything than by the song of the Cornish miners upon hearing that the life of their bishop was menaced, in the days of James II.—

And shall Trelawney die,
And shall Trelawney die—
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.

This, of course, refers to Jonathan Trelawney, consecrated November 8, 1685, and confined with other prelates in the Tower. The further north we proceed the more of the spirit of local patriotism is found, until the climax is reached in the Scottish clans.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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